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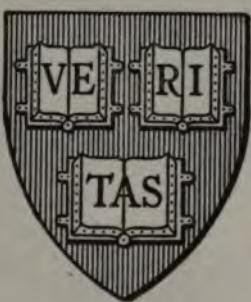
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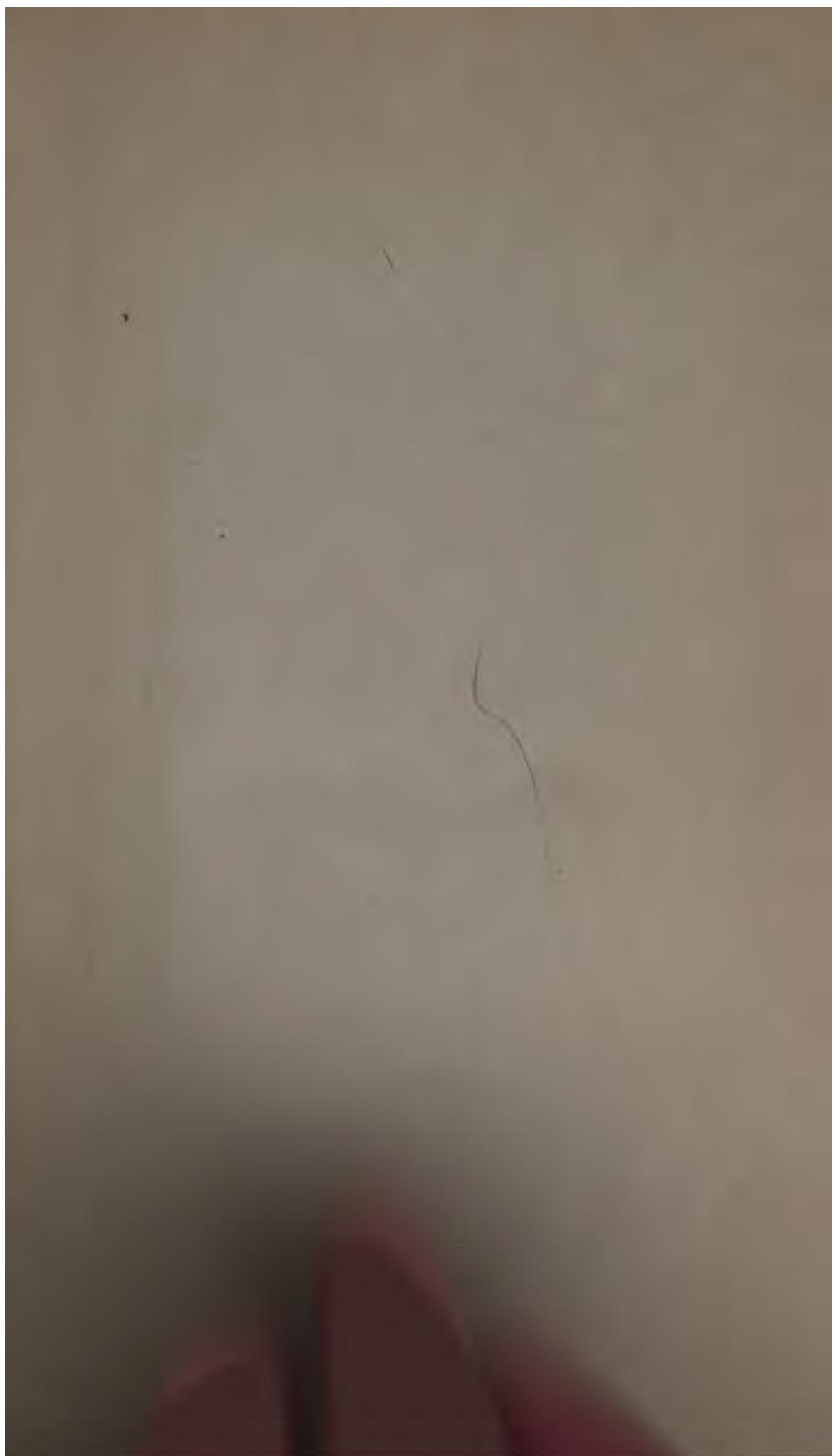


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G. L. Knobell

RELIQUIÆ ANTIQUÆ.

S C R A P S

FROM

ANCIENT MANUSCRIPTS,

ILLUSTRATING CHIEFLY

EARLY ENGLISH LITERATURE

AND THE

ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

EDITED BY

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AND

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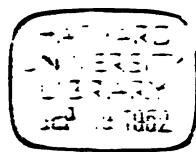
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TO
SIR THOMAS PHILLIPPS, BART.
THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED,
A TESTIMONY OF RESPECT
FROM HIS
HUMBLE, FAITHFUL, AND OBLIGED SERVANTS,
THE EDITORS.

P R E F A C E.

THE object of the publication, the first volume of which is now laid before the public, is to collect together such pieces from ancient inedited manuscripts illustrative of the literature and languages of our forefathers during the middle ages, as are not of sufficient extent to form books by themselves, and from their want of connection, do not easily find a place in other collections. To those whose attention has been given to the subject, it is unnecessary to say that these shorter pieces are often of much greater importance than those which are more extensive. The larger proportion of them are in the English language, in some of the stages through which it passed from the pure Anglo-Saxon to the form in which we now speak it; but from the nature of the subject, a fragment has occasionally been admitted in Latin and Anglo-Norman, languages which were once as familiar to our countrymen as their own vernacular tongue.

The Editors of the *RELIQUIÆ ANTIQUÆ* are unwilling to neglect the opportunity now afforded of returning thanks for the liberal support their periodical has received from the Antiquarian public—a support so unusual in works of this nature that they have been induced to extend the publication

beyond the first volume, which was the limit originally intended. On their parts no exertions will be spared to render the work still more worthy of the encouragement it has received.

It is only necessary to add that the sole aim of the Editors has been to render materials available to others, and on this account they have carefully avoided any lengthened notes or comments on the documents here printed. They again call the attention of those who take interest in these subjects to this plan, and earnestly invite their aid. In the course of the present volume they have been materially assisted by the communications of Sir Henry Ellis, Sir Frederick Madden, the Rev. Joseph Hunter, W. B. D. D. Turnbull, Esq., John Bruce, Esq., the Rev. J. J. Smith, S. Charles, Esq., G. J. Aungier, Esq., E. H. Hunter, Esq., and others: to these gentlemen they beg to return their best acknowledgments.

Dec. 30th, 1840.

RELIQUIÆ ANTIQUÆ.

SONGS FROM MANUSCRIPTS AT CAMBRIDGE.

I.

From the University Library MS. Ff. 5, 48, Art. 23, written on paper, about the beginning of the fifteenth century. There is perhaps no part of popular superstition so curious as the worship of wells, of which many traces remain even to the present day, of which this song is a remarkable illustration. The fairs, or *wakes*, in our country villages, often originated from the custom of “waking the well.”

I have forsworne hit whil I life, to wake the well.

The last tyme I the wel woke,
Sir John caught me with a croke,
He made me to swere be bel and boke
I shuld not tell.

3et he did me a wel wors turne,
He leyde my hed agayn the burne,
He gafe my mayden-hed a spurne,
And refe my bell.

Sir John came to oure hows to play,
Fro evensong tyme til light of the day;
We made as mery as flowres in May,
I was begyled.

Sir John he came to our hows,
He made hit wonder copious,
He seyd that I was gracious
To beyre a child.

I go with childe, wel I wot,
I schrew the feder that hit gate,
With-owten he fynde hit mylke and pape,
A long while ey.

II.

From Trinity College Library, MS. R, 3, 19, containing Poems chiefly by Lydgate and Chaucer, written in the reign of Henry VI. on paper.

Men may leve all gamys,
That saylen to Seynt Jamys;
Ffor many a man hit gramys,
When they begyn to sayle.
Ffor when they have take the see,
At Sandwyche, or at Wynchylsee,
At Brystow, or where that hit bee,
Theyr herts begyn to fayle.
Anone the mastyr commaundeth fast
To hys shyp-men in all the hast,
To dresse hem sone about the mast,
Theyr takelyng to make.
With “ howe! hissa!” then they cry,
“ What, howe! mate, thow stondyst to ny,
Thy felow may nat hale the by; ”
Thus they begyn to cраке.
A boy or tweyn anone up-styen,
And overthwart the sayle-yerde lyen;—
“ Y how! taylia!” the remenaunt cryen,
And pull with all theyr myght.
“ Bestowe the boote, bote-swayne, anon,
That our pylgryms may pley thereon;
For som ar lyke to cowgh and grone,
Or hit be full mydnyght.”—
“ Hale the bowelyne! now, vere the shete!—
Cooke, make redy anoon our mete,
Our pylgryms have no lust to ete,
I pray God yeve hem rest.”
“ Go to the helm! what, howe! no nere?
Steward, felow! a pot of bere? ”
“ Ye shall have, sir, with good chere,
Anone all of the best.”
“ Y howe! trussa! hale in the brayles!
Thow halyst nat, be God, thow fayles,
O se howe well owre good shyp sayles! ”
And thus they say among.

“ Hale in the wartake ! ” “ Hit shal be done.”
 “ Steward ! cover the boorde anone,
 And set bred and salt thereone,
 And tarry nat so long.”
 Then cometh oone and seyth, “ be mery ;
 Ye shall have a storme or a pery.”
 “ Holde thow thy pese ! thow canst no whery,
 Thow medlyst wondyr sore.”
 Thys mene whyle the pylgryms ly,
 And have theyr bowlys fast theym by,
 And cry aftyr hote malvesy,
 “ Thow helpe for to restore.”
 And som wold have a saltyd tost,
 Ffor they myght ete neyther sode ne rost ;
 A man myght sone pay for theyr cost,
 As for oo day or twayne.
 Som layde theyr bookys on theyr kne,
 And rad so long they myght nat se ;—
 “ Allas ! myne hede woll cleve on thre ! ”
 Thus seyth another certayne.
 Then commeth owre owner lyke a lorde,
 And speketh many a royall worde,
 And dresseth hym to the hygh borde,
 To see all thyng be well.
 Anone he calleth a carpentere,
 And byddyth hym bryng with hym hys gere,
 To make the cabans here and there,
 With many a febyll cell.
 A sak of strawe were there ryght good,
 Ffor som must lyg theym in theyr hood ;
 I had as lefe be in the wood,
 Without mete or drynk.
 For when that we shall go to bedde,
 The pumpe was nygh our bedde hede,
 A man were as good to be dede
 As smell therof the stynk.

Explicit.

He that wyll in Eschepe ete a goose so fat,
 With harpe, pype, and song ;
 He must slepe in Newgate on a mat,
 Be the nyght never so long.

Secundum Aristotelem.

III.

From the University Library, MS. Ee. 1, 12, containing an English metrical version of the Psalms, said in the MS. to have been written in A. D. 1342, on vellum, but the MS. itself evidently belongs to the fifteenth century.

- The fals fox camme unto owre croft,
And so oure gese ful fast he sought;
With, how, fox, how, with hey, fox, hey;
Comme no more unto oure howse to bere oure gese
The fals fox camme unto oure sty[e], [aweye.
And toke oure gese there by and by ;
With how, etc.
The fals fox camme into oure yerde,
And there he made the gese aferde ;
With how, etc.
The fals fox camme unto oure gate,
And toke oure gese there where they sate ;
With how, fox, etc.
The fals foxe camme to owre halle dore ;
And shrove oure gese there in the flore ;
With how, fox, etc.
The fals fox camme into oure halle,
And assoyled oure gese both grete and small ;
With how, fox, etc.
The fals fox camme unto oure cowpe,
And there he made our gese to stowpe ;
With how, fox, etc.
He toke a gose fast by the nek,
And the goose thou begann to quek ;
With how, fox, etc.
The good wyfe camme out in her smok,
And at the fox she threw hir rok ;
With how, fox, etc.
The good mann camme out with his flayle,
And smote the fox upon the tayle ;
With how, fox, etc.
He threw a gose upon his bak,
And furth he went thou with his pak ;
With how, etc.

The goodmann swore, yf that he myght,
He wolde hym slee or it were nyght,
With how, fox, etc.

The fals fox went into his denne,
And there he was full mery thenne ;
With how, fox, etc.

He camme ayene yet the next wek,
And toke awey both henne and chek ;
With how, fox, etc.

The goodman saide unto his wyfe,
This fals fox lyveth a mery lyfe ;
With how, fox, etc.

The fals fox camme upponn a day,
And with oure gese he made a ffray.
With how, fox, how, etc.

He toke a goose fast by the nek,
And made her to sey wheccumquek,
With how, etc.

“ I pray the, fox,” said the goose thoo,
“ Take of my fethers but not of my to.”
With how, etc.

These two last lines are much defaced in the MS. and have been added
by another hand, possibly because they were originally carried up to the
next leaf, and then defaced to make way for something else.

Hull.

CHARACTERISTICS OF DIFFERENT NATIONS.

From MS. Cotton. Vespas. B. xiii. fol. 123. r°. written about the middle
of the thirteenth century, in England.

Italici quæ non sacra sunt et quæ sacra vendunt ;
Allobrogas de perfidia cuncti reprehendunt ;
Teuthonici vix Catholici, nullius amici ;
Gens, tibi, Flandrena, cibus est et potus avena ;
Gens Normannigena fragili nutritur avena,
Subdola, ventosa, mendax, levis, invidiosa ;
Vincere mos est Francigenis, nec sponte nocere ;
Prodere dos Normannigenis belloque pavere ;
Alvernum cantat, Brito notat, Anglia potat.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO ENGLISH LEXICOGRAPHY

I.

Middle English glosses, selected from a verbal commentary on the Latin Missal and Liber Festivalis of the Romish Church. The MS. preserved in the collection of J. O. Halliwell, Esq. (MS. Hal. No. 210), appears to have been written in the latter half of the fourteenth century, and many of the words are explained in English.

<i>merenda</i> , nonemet. (fol. 1, v°)	<i>frutex</i> , undirglowyng.
<i>obsonium</i> , a wakemete.	<i>benignus in loquela</i> , goode to speke with.
<i>titubare</i> , to wagge. (2, v°)	<i>conor -aris</i> , strengthe.
<i>cespitare</i> , to stumble.	<i>mitigo</i> , to swage. (13, r°)
<i>vibrare</i> , to schake.	<i>torques</i> , a pillyre.
<i>nutare</i> , to stoupe.	<i>sulcus</i> , a forow. (13, v°)
<i>vacillare</i> , to wagge, sicut navis in aqua.	<i>rusticatio</i> , boystesnes.
<i>vallum est inter murum et fossam</i> , a paale. (5, r°)	<i>litigo</i> , to stryve.
<i>vallis</i> , a waley.	<i>pusillanimus</i> , of a nele wylle.
<i>trituro</i> , to thresche. (6, v°)	<i>discipulatus</i> , a discipylhod. (14, r°)
<i>digere paulisper vinum quo mades</i> , defye the wyn of the wheche thou art dronken, and wexist sobre. (8, r°)	<i>marceo</i> , to welke, sicut flores.
<i>linum</i> , flex.	<i>marcidus</i> , welked.
<i>lignum</i> , wode.	<i>emerceo</i> , to wex drie and welkynge.
<i>timpanum</i> , a tabor. (8, v°)	<i>capra argrestis</i> , a wyld gote.
<i>presto</i> , I am redy.	<i>turbo</i> , the qwyrlwynde.
<i>nudiustertius</i> , thre dayes gone.	<i>cacabus</i> , a panne. [(14, v°)]
<i>nates</i> , the bottokes. (9, r°)	<i>contumax</i> , sturdie. (15, r°)
<i>accidit</i> , happuthe.	<i>excidit</i> , hewe.
<i>recordia</i> , cowardnes. (10, v°)	<i>tinea</i> , a mowthe. (15, v°)
<i>mentum</i> , the chyne.	<i>calliditas</i> , a queyntyse or a slythe.
<i>funda</i> , a sclynge.	<i>cirus</i> , a rusche. (16, r°)
<i>aliquin</i> , ellis. (11, r°)	<i>arrogans</i> , to bostere.
<i>cavella</i> , a wege.	<i>incus</i> , anvelt. (16, v°)
<i>compelli</i> , to be constreyned. (11, v°)	<i>relegare</i> , to exilen. (17, r°)
<i>investigare</i> , to spere.	<i>adjurare</i> , to othe.
<i>panissine fermento</i> , therf breed.	<i>lento gradu</i> , softe goynge.
<i>amplicitus</i> , y-put to. (12, v°)	<i>inquietudo</i> , unreste. (19, r°)
	<i>obsides</i> , prisoners, or a thing that is layde to wedde. (19, v°)

- phiola*, a cruet.
paulus, i. *ludus*, a marrys, or a
 myere. (21, v°)
saltus, a launde.
sartago, a friyngpanne.
penso, to thenke. (23, r°)
internus, withinnen.
complexus, foldon to-gidere.
invito, to bydde.
devito, to scheuen or eschuen.
infimus, aldyrlowest. (23, v°)
cautius, queyntlyer.
circumvallabunt, be-segen
 abowtyne. (24, r°)
perfide, of mysbeleve.
recenta michi hunc ciphum,
 rynce this cuppe. (27, v°)
hirundo, a swallow. (28, r°)
hirudo, a watere leche.
arundo, a rede.
vomere, a schare.
falx, a sikyl or a sithe.
pedica, a snare. (34, v°)
torcular, a pressure. (36, v°)
scurra, a harlotte. (37, v°)
scurrilitas, a harlotrye.
servitus, servage.
nummularius, a changeour.
 (40, r°)
alveolum, a trouht. (42, r°)
pinso, to knede *pastam*.
condensus, thekke. (42, v°)
exprobrire, to chyde. (43, r°)
sertum, a garlounde.
endo, sendel. (45, v°)
concitaverunt turbam, stirryd
 the folke.
cribrum, a cyve. (46, r°)
pelvis, a bacyne. (46, v°)
lavacrum, a lavour.
diluculum, the morow-tyde.
faz, a broonde of fyere.
contextus, y-woven. (47, v°)
bissus, qwite silke. (48, r°)
linum, lyne.
contumacia, a sturdynesse.
 (48, v°)
- spina*, a thorne or a rigge-bone.
cervus, an herte. (49, r°)
fermentum, i. *pasta amara*,
 sour-dogh. (49, v°)
detraho, to bakbite. (50 v°)
comisCEO, to menge. (51, r°)
comissa, a mengyng.
utres, botells.
collaterales, costrells. (*de cute dic utres, de ligno collaterales.*)
lorica, a habergeon.
galea, a helme.
litus, brynde of the see. (52, v°)
parasitus, a gloton. (54, v°)
adipatum est quodlibet edulum adipe inpinguatum, brow-
 esse.
efficaciter, spedfully. (56, r°)
lippus, bler-yed.
luscus, one-yede.
vas cum quo seminatores se- minant, a sedelepe or a ho-
 pere. (58, r°)
vas in quo pinsitur pasta, a
 cowele or a sake.
talentum, a besaunte. (58, v°)
numisma, the coyne of the rene.
scuama, a scale or a pile.
 (60, v°)
jusjurandum, a othe unswore.
 (64, v°)
mola, a grynstone. (65, r°)
ventagile, a wyndmylne.
taxus, a brokke. (67, r°)
taxus, ewe.
discordia, contake. (67, v°)
monile, a broche. (69, r°)
sors, a kut or a lotte. (72, v°)
excessus, out passyng.
camus, quoddam instrumentum quo equi per labia coguntur domite stare, barnakyls.
lubricum, slidere.
gratis, self willy, i. sine causa.
exprobrire, to a-breyde.
inops, nedful.

<i>egenus</i> , pore.	<i>affigi</i> , y-stikyd to.
<i>molestus</i> , angris.	<i>trudi</i> , to be schetyn.
<i>euge</i> , euge, scornynge.	<i>eculium</i> , galows.
<i>confusio</i> , scham.	<i>crebrescentibus</i> , waxyng
<i>reverentia</i> , drede.	<i>aci</i> , aste. [thikke.]
<i>disperire</i> , to myscarie. (73, r°)	<i>fortassis</i> , happylyche.
<i>molas</i> , tuskes. (73, v°)	<i>civis</i> , a burgeys. (79, r°)
<i>statera</i> , a balaunce. (74, r°)	<i>assiduitate</i> , a bysynes.
<i>scrutor</i> , to ransake.	<i>probitas</i> , prowes.
<i>pallor</i> , a palnesse.	<i>assolet</i> , is wont.
<i>prodigium</i> , a marvel.	<i>limina</i> , thresschefolde.
<i>confusi</i> , schamede.	<i>stropha</i> , a sleyghte.
<i>calumpnior</i> , a chalanger.	<i>prosiluit</i> , skypgid-owte. (79, v°)
<i>securis</i> , an axe. (74, v°)	<i>præsilire</i> , to passe forthe.
<i>ascia</i> , a dyse.	<i>fulvus</i> , bloo.
<i>bis acutum</i> , a twybille.	<i>siste gradum</i> , abide thor at grees.
<i>mansuetus</i> , stille.	<i>calliditate</i> , be sleyth or be a covetyts.
<i>exercitatus sum</i> , I am usyde.	<i>valva</i> , a wyket. (80, r°)
<i>scopare</i> , to swepe.	<i>dolopes</i> , dussiperes.
<i>vana</i> , a paddoke.	<i>poples</i> , the ham of the leg.
<i>nisiquia</i> , bot for qwhi. (75, r°)	<i>cervicem</i> , the cop of the hevede.
<i>herenacius</i> , an urchone. (76, r°)	<i>linates</i> , anoymentis.
<i>conturnix</i> , a corlu.	<i>exsummatim</i> , aboven.
<i>transgrediens</i> , trispassyng. (76, v°)	<i>ignari</i> , nothe wytynge.
<i>milia auri et argenti</i> , milyons of golde and of silvere. (77, r°)	<i>insecutus</i> , nexst suyng. (80, v°)
<i>illuc</i> , thedirwarde.	<i>decidit</i> , fel don.
<i>forsitan</i> , peraventure.	<i>attentius</i> , bysyliere.
<i>torrens</i> , a storme.	<i>meatus</i> , a goyn-owte.
<i>novellæ</i> , ymps, quæ crescent de radicibus arborum vel arboribus inseruntur.	<i>difficultas</i> , sleyght.
<i>minus proiectus</i> , noht borne up be conyng. (78, r°)	<i>apparatus</i> , aparaelyng.
<i>nodosarum dictionum</i> , clubid wordis.	<i>comes</i> , an erle. (81, v°)
<i>patibulum</i> , a gibet.	<i>comitatus</i> , a schyre.
<i>præses</i> , a meyre.	<i>sinceriter</i> , clerliche. (82, r°)
<i>insanus</i> , wode.	<i>tenaciter</i> , holdynglyche.
<i>audacia</i> , hardines.	<i>sanitas</i> , hoolness.
<i>excluderet</i> , schwde scheten owte.	<i>pulsatus</i> , pute awaye.
<i>extenderet</i> , schulde spredyn oute.	<i>prædia</i> , maners. (82, v°)
<i>fatigatus</i> , y-made wery. (78, v°)	<i>lixinum</i> , lye, cum quo vestes lavantur. (83, r°)
	<i>in foro venali</i> , in the saale market.
	<i>evenit</i> , happid. (84, r°)
	<i>proalla</i> , a porche.
	<i>caminus</i> , a chymnei.

<i>fornax</i> , a fornayse.	<i>innatus</i> , growne with-inne.
<i>instrumentum ad hauriendam aquam in troclea</i> , a wyndas. (84, v°)	(91, v°)
<i>giraculum, quidam ludus puerorum</i> , a spilquerene.	<i>pedissequa</i> , a fote-mayden.
<i>situla</i> , a boket.	<i>blandiens</i> , glosyng. [(92, r°)]
<i>insitus</i> , y[m]pyt to. (85, r°)	<i>inolevit</i> , clefe to, or ȝef entent.
<i>lances ferreas</i> , barris of yrene.	(92, v°)
<i>magicus</i> , tregetowrs, s. <i>falsus</i> , <i>fictivus</i> , deceptorius.	<i>tempus maturum</i> , i. oportunum, conabil.
<i>ægre</i> , slowlyche. (85, v°)	<i>tempore congruo</i> , conabil tyme.
<i>panis cibrarius</i> , cribil-brede.	<i>acsı</i> , as thei.
<i>pluscula</i> , a blayne.	<i>integritas</i> , holnesse.
<i>indies</i> , fro day to day. (86, v°)	<i>cerum</i> , i. <i>quidam liquor</i> , qwhey.
<i>blandimentum</i> , a flaterynge, or a glosyng.	<i>fulvus</i> , blo. (93, v°) [(93, r°)]
<i>singulus</i> , i. <i>unus per se</i> , sun- derly. (87, r°)	<i>vulva (ventris)</i> , a wyket.
<i>vadum</i> , a forthe.	<i>consuevit</i> , was wonte. (94, r°)
<i>obses</i> , a borow.	<i>gregatim</i> , flokynglyche.
<i>intererat</i> , it be-fallys.	<i>agrestis</i> , wylde.
<i>mollescere</i> , to wax nesche.	<i>aselius sternitur</i> , i. <i>insellatur</i> ,
<i>insitus</i> , ympyd. (87, v°)	y-sadeld, vel herneyseyd.
<i>surreptio</i> , a nowndir crepynge.	<i>insensatus</i> , wytlese.
<i>recusatus</i> , forsakynge. (88, r°)	<i>pecten</i> , a comebe.
<i>subarro</i> , i. <i>latenter dare</i> , to ȝef privyly eernys, (89, v°)	<i>cataracta</i> , a catarac of the ethere, i. via subterranea.
<i>dextrotirum</i> , a by of golde an- orning the ryght arme.	<i>parentela</i> , kynred. (94, v°)
<i>solicudo</i> , a bysynesse. (90, v°)	<i>excidi</i> , kyt-away.
<i>resolutus</i> , unlesde. (91, v°)	<i>acrior</i> , bitterer. (95, r°)
<i>efficax</i> , spedeful.	<i>volutare</i> , to weltyr.
<i>crepitans</i> , sparklyng.	<i>insertus</i> , ympyd in to. (95, v°)
<i>quadragena</i> , a qwyppē.	<i>querulare</i> , to playne.
	<i>toloneum</i> , a tolbothe. (96, v°)
	<i>fatigatus</i> , y-taried.
	<i>eminentior</i> , more semyng.
	<i>efficacitas</i> , spedfulnessesse.
	<i>gentilitas</i> , paynemerye.
	<i>dementia</i> , wodeness.

II.

Anglo-Saxon glosses, from two leaves of a Prosper of apparently early in the ninth century, loosely bound up, in MS. Cotton. Tib. A. vii, fol. 165, 166. The first leaf begins with Prosperi Epigramma xc, line 3, (Opera, fol. Par. 1711, p. 669.) and ends with Epigram. xciii. The second leaf contains the last line of the last Epigram. (Ep. evi, p. 681,) and the 53 first lines of the poem *ad uxorem*, (Opera, pp. 775, 6.)

<i>patitur</i> , þolap. (f. 1, r°)	<i>exteriora</i> , þa yttran.
<i>mala</i> , yfelu.	<i>movent</i> , astyriap.
<i>pugnam</i> , ge-winn.	<i>perfecto</i> , on full-fremedium.
<i>internis</i> , þan incundum.	<i>capitur</i> , biþ on-fangen.

<i>victoria</i> , sige.	<i>ponderibus</i> , hefum.
<i>bello</i> , ge-campe.	<i>scrutari</i> , smeagan.
<i>securus</i> , or-sorh.	<i>ne cura</i> , þæt na caru.
<i>fruatur</i> , bruce.	<i>procax</i> , dyrstig.
<i>discordes</i> , un-ge-twære.	<i>abstrusa</i> , forditt.
<i>contagia</i> , be-smitenessa.	<i>labore</i> , swince.
þ <i>serpunt</i> , smugab.	<i>nosse</i> , cunnan.
<i>ipsaque</i> , þa sylfan.	<i>habere</i> , habban.
<i>gaudia</i> , ge-fean.	<i>datur</i> , his ge-seald.
<i>vulnus</i> , wunde.	<i>desperandum</i> , to ortruwienne.
<i>longa</i> , langsum.	<i>sed</i> , ac.
<i>experiencia</i> , afangdung.	<i>fiant</i> , hi beon.
<i>notum</i> , cuþ.	<i>studiosius</i> , ge-cnyrdlicost.
<i>hoc plenam</i> , on þysse fulle.	<i>supplicandum</i> , to biddenne.
<i>tempore</i> , tyde.	<i>quia</i> , þi þe.
<i>justitiam</i> , rihtwisnesse.	<i>numerus</i> , ge-tel.
<i>miserendo</i> , miltiende.	<i>de numero</i> , of ge-tele.
<i>lavet</i> , aþwea.	<i>auctus</i> , ge-iht. (f. 1, v°)
<i>dans</i> , syllende.	<i>impiorum</i> , ærleasra.
<i>virtutum</i> , mægna.	<i>morbo</i> , mid adle.
<i>munera</i> , lac.	<i>obsessis</i> , of-settum.
<i>veniam</i> , forgyfenesse.	<i>præstanda est</i> , to tþienne is.
<i>divinorum operum</i> , godcundra	<i>cura</i> , caru.
wurca.	<i>medendi</i> , lacniendes.
<i>secretas</i> , digne.	<i>donec i. dum</i> , þa while.
<i>noscere</i> , on-cnawan.	<i>in ægroto corpore</i> , on adligum
<i>causas</i> , intingan.	lichaman.
<i>humanis</i> , menniscum.	<i>vita</i> , life.
þ <i>possibile</i> , aræfniedlic.	<i>manet</i> , wunaþ.
<i>ingeniis</i> , orþancum.	<i>pravis</i> , ðweorum.
<i>ullo</i> , sunre.	þ <i>vitiorum</i> , hleahtra.
<i>intuitu</i> , sceawunge.	<i>mole</i> , hefe.
<i>speculatur</i> , sceawaþ.	<i>gravatis</i> , ge-hefedum.
<i>operta</i> , ofer-wrigene.	<i>sanctarum</i> , haligra.
<i>qui multa</i> , se fala.	<i>pietas</i> , ærfastness.
<i>ut lateant</i> , þæt ðlutian.	<i>adhibenda</i> , to ge-arcygenne.
<i>scit</i> , wat.	<i>precum</i> , ge-beda.
<i>placuisse</i> , ge-lician.	<i>dum</i> , þa hwile.
þ <i>imbuta</i> , þæt ge-tydde.	<i>possibile</i> , arfæniendlic.
<i>simul</i> , samod.	<i>mutari</i> , beon awende.
<i>discit</i> , leornaþ.	<i>horrescat</i> , ge-anðracige.
<i>per</i> , þurh.	<i>noctis</i> , nihte.
<i>speciem</i> , hyw.	<i>devia</i> , of wege.
<i>artificem</i> , cræftean.	<i>lucis</i> , leohtes.
<i>minensis</i> , on-ge-metum.	<i>amor</i> , lufu.
<i>numeris</i> , on ge-telum.	<i>conversisque</i> , ge-cyrredum.

<i>novam</i> , niwe.	<i>temporalia</i> , hwil-wendlice.
<i>mentem</i> , mod.	<i>crescere</i> , wehsan. (f. 2, r°)
<i>det</i> , sylle.	<i>Expliciunt Epigramata Pros-</i>
<i>gratia</i> , gyfu.	<i>peri.</i>
<i>qua</i> , þære.	<i>Versus Prosperi ad conugem</i>
<i>justificante</i> , ge-riht-wisiendre.	<i>suam.</i>
<i>comprehendenda</i> , to getriw-	<i>age jam</i> , nu la.
enne.	<i>precor</i> , ic bydde.
<i>doctrina</i> , lar.	<i>comes</i> , ge-sið.
<i>inter</i> , betwyh.	<i>inremota</i> , un-ascyrod.
<i>turbationum</i> , ge-drefednesse.	<i>trepidam</i> , forht.
<i>turbines</i> , ðreohnessum.	<i>brevem</i> , sceort.
<i>difficulter</i> , ea foþlice.	<i>domino</i> , drihtenum.
<i>agnoscitur</i> , biþ on-cnawen.	<i>celeri</i> , swyftr.
<i>+ nec</i> , nena.	<i>vides</i> , þu ge-sybst.
<i>facile</i> , eaþelice.	<i>+ rotatu</i> , turnunge.
<i>inveniuntur</i> , beoþ ge-mette.	<i>rapidos</i> , swyfste.
<i>in adversitate</i> , on wiþerwerd-	<i>meare</i> , faran.
nesse.	<i>fragilis</i> , tyddres.
<i>præsidia</i> , helpas.	<i>membra</i> , lima.
<i>dum non perturbant</i> , þa whyle	<i>mundi</i> , middan-eardes.
þe na ge-drefaþ.	<i>minui</i> , wanian.
<i>+ discrimina</i> , orhleahtras.	<i>perire</i> , losian.
<i>pacis</i> , sibbe.	<i>labi</i> , beon ashlidan.
<i>prælia</i> ge-winn.	<i>fugit</i> , flyhþ.
<i>premunt</i> , of-þriccaþ.	<i>quod tenemus</i> , þæt we healdarþ.
<i>exercere</i> , be-gan.	<i>cupidas</i> , grædige.
<i>divinis</i> , mid codcundlicum.	<i>vana</i> , idelnessa.
<i>convenit</i> , ge-dafnaþ.	<i>specie</i> , hiwe.
<i>armis</i> , waepnum.	<i>trahunt</i> , teaþ.
<i>consilio</i> , mid ge-þehte.	<i>inani</i> , idelum.
<i>minas</i> , beow wracan.	<i>ubi nunc</i> , la whær nu þa.
<i>tranquillam</i> , ge-defe.	<i>imago</i> , anlicnes.
<i>curis</i> , carum.	<i>ubi sunt</i> , la whær sind.
<i>vacuam</i> , æmtig.	<i>opes</i> , speda.
<i>inbuit</i> , lærð.	<i>potentum</i> , ricera.
<i>placidi pectoris</i> , ge-gladodes	<i>occupare</i> , ge-bysgian.
breostes.	<i>captas</i> , ge-hæfte.
<i>hospes</i> , cuma.	<i>voluptas</i> , willa.
<i>corde</i> , heortan.	<i>+ quondam</i> , geo ge-fyrn.
<i>quieto</i> , on ge-defre.	<i>vertebat</i> , wende,
<i>adquiri</i> , beon be-gyten.	<i>aratriis</i> , sulum.
<i>in sevo</i> , on reþre.	<i>geminos</i> , ge-twinne.
<i>turbine</i> , þreohnesse.	<i>boves</i> , oxan.
<i>invitus</i> , ge-nedod.	<i>vectus</i> , ge-ferod.
<i>mittere</i> , for-lætan.	<i>magnificas</i> , mærlice.

<i>carpentis</i> , on crætum.	<i>tempore</i> , tyda.
<i>per urbes</i> , gynd byrig.	<i>secla</i> , worulde.
<i>rus</i> , land.	<i>tamen</i> , þe hwheþera.
<i>vacuum</i> , æmtig.	<i>occasum nostrum</i> , forð-siþ
<i>fessis</i> , ge-wehtuñ.	urne.
<i>æger</i> , adlig.	<i>deceret</i> , ge-dafnode.
<i>adit</i> , ge-færð.	<i>finem</i> , ge-endunge.
<i>celsis</i> , healicum.	<i>vitæ</i> , lifes.
<i>sulcans</i> , to-cleofende.	<i>quemque</i> , ge-whylcne.
<i>maria</i> , sæs.	<i>videre</i> , be-healdan.
<i>carinis</i> , scypum.	<i>nam</i> , witodice.
+ <i>nunc</i> , nuna.	<i>quid prodest</i> , whæt framaþ.
<i>lembum</i> , bat.	<i>flumina</i> , flod.
<i>exiguum</i> , ge-hwædne.	<i>semper</i> , symle.
<i>scandit</i> , astihþ.	<i>inexhaustis</i> , un-for-hladenum.
<i>regit</i> , styrþ.	<i>prona</i> , forþ.
<i>idem</i> , se ilca.	<i>aquis</i> , wæterum.
<i>status</i> , stede.	<i>vicerunt</i> , ofer-swiddan.
<i>agris</i> , æcerum.	<i>sæcula</i> , woreld.
<i>urbibus</i> , burgum.	<i>suis locis</i> , on hira stowum.
<i>ullis</i> , ænigum.	<i>durant</i> , þurh-wunedan.
- <i>præcipitata</i> , be-sceowene.	<i>florea rura</i> , blosmige land.
<i>ruunt</i> , hreosaþ.	<i>manent</i> , wuniaþ.
<i>ferro</i> , ysene.	<i>sed non mansere</i> , ac na þurh-
<i>peste</i> , cwylde.	wunedun.
<i>fame</i> , hungre.	<i>parentes</i> , fæderas.
<i>vincis</i> , bendum.	<i>temporis</i> , tide.
<i>algore</i> , cyle.	<i>hospes</i> , cuma.
<i>calore</i> , hætan.	<i>ago</i> , ic droge.
<i>mille modis</i> , mid þusend ge-	<i>ergo</i> , eornestlice.
metum.	<i>nec quicquam</i> , on ydel.
<i>miseros</i> , þa earman.	<i>nati</i> , acynnede.
<i>rapit</i> , ge-griþ.	<i>pereunt</i> , losiaþ.
<i>undique</i> , æghwanan.	<i>occidimus</i> , we ge-witaþ.
<i>bella</i> , ge-seoht.	<i>æternam</i> , ece.
- <i>fremunt</i> , grimettaþ.	<i>ut mereamur</i> , þæt we ge-ear-
<i>furor</i> , hat-heortnes.	nian.
<i>excitat</i> , avehþ.	<i>in ista</i> , on þyssum.
<i>incumbunt</i> , onnhigaþ.	<i>subeat</i> , became.
<i>reges</i> , cyningas.	<i>requies</i> , rest.
<i>innumeris</i> , un-ge-rimum.	<i>longa</i> , langsum.
<i>impia</i> , arleas.	<i>labore brevi</i> , on sceortum ge-
<i>sævit</i> , wett.	deorse.
<i>discordia</i> , un-ge-ðwærnes.	<i>tamen</i> , þe hwheþera.
<i>si concluso</i> , gyf beclysedre.	<i>forte</i> , wenunga.
	<i>rebellibus</i> , wiþercorum.
<i>superessent</i> , to lase weron.	<i>asper</i> , sticol oððe teart.

<i>rigidas i. duras,</i> hearde.	<i>amari,</i> beon ge-lufad.
<i>leges,</i> laga.	<i>præcipitur,</i> is beboden.
<i>corda,</i> heortan.	<i>vigeat,</i> þeo.
<i>putent,</i> wenaþ.	<i>secunda,</i> ðeƿer.
<i>autem,</i> soþlice.	<i>hominis,</i> mannes.
† <i>gravis,</i> swært.	<i>nolit,</i> nele.
<i>mansueto,</i> manðwæranc.	<i>inferat,</i> on-belæde.
<i>sarcina,</i> byrþen.	<i>vindictam,</i> wrace.
<i>dorso,</i> rhigge.	<i>lessus,</i> ge-derod.
<i>ledit,</i> deraþ.	<i>nesciat,</i> na cunne.
<i>blandum,</i> ge-swæse.	<i>exigere,</i> of-gan.
<i>mitia,</i> þa liþan.	† <i>contentus,</i> ge-dæf.
<i>colla,</i> sweoran.	<i>modicis,</i> on ge-whædum.
† <i>jugum,</i> nio.	<i>vitet,</i> for-buge.
<i>tota mente,</i> mid eallum mode.	<i>sublimis,</i> healic.
<i>tota vi,</i> mid ealre strengþe.	<i>haberi,</i> beon ge-hæfd.

Wrt.

A SATYRICAL BALLAD,

Said to be written by Lydgate. It is found in the Harleian MS. No. 2251,
fol. 14, r°, of the fifteenth century.

A foward knawe plainly to discryve,
And a sluggard plainly to declare,
A precious knave that cast hym never to thryve,
His mowthe wele wet, his slevis right thredebare,
A tourne-brooche, a boy for Wat of Ware,
With louryng face, noddyng and slombyng,
Of newe cristenend, called Jak Hare,
Whiche of a bolle can pluk out the lyneng.

 This boy Maymond ful stybourne of his bonyz,
Sluggy on morwe his lymes unto dresse,
A gentil harlot chose for the nonys,
Sone and chief eyr unto dame Ydelnesse,
Cosyn to Wecok, brother to Reklenesse,
Whiche late at even and morw at his risyng,
He hath no joye to do no besinesse,
Saufe of a tankarde to pluk out the lyneng.

 A boy Chekrellyk was his sworn brother,
Of every disshe a lypet out to take,
And Fafanticoll also was another,
Of every bribe the cariage for to make,
And he can wele wayte on a ovene cake,
And of new ale bene at the clensyng,
And of purpos his thrift for to slake,
Can of a picher pluk oute the lyneng.

This knave be leyser wil do al his message,
 And hold a tale with every maner wight,
 Ful pale drunk wele vernisshed of visage,
 Whos tungē ay failith whan it drawith to nyght,
 Of a candel wenyth two were light,
 As barkid lethir his face is shyneng,
 Glasys yen wil clayme of dewe right,
 Out of a bolle to plukke out the lyneng.

He can a bedde an hors combe wele shake,
 Like as he wolde correye his mayster hors,
 And with his one hand his mayster doublet take,
 With that other previly cut his purs;
 Al suche knaves shal have Cristes curs,
 Erly on morw at theyr uprysing,
 To fynd a boy I trowe ther be no wors,
 Out of a cuppe to pluk out the lyneng.

He may be sold upon warantise,
 As for a trowant that nothyng wil don,
 Selle his hors provender is his chief marchaundise,
 And for a chevissaunce can pluk of his shon,
 And at the dyse pley the mony sone,
 And with his wynnynge he makith his offryng
 At the ale stakis, sittynge ageyn the mone,
 Out of a cuppe to pluk out the lyneng.

Wassaile to Maymond and to his jousy pate,
 Unthraft and he be to-gyder met,
 Late at eve he wil unsperre the gate,
 And grope on morwe yif rigges bak be wete,
 And yif the bak of Togace* the gught heete,
 His hevy nolle at myd-morwe up liftynge,
 With un-wasshe hands, nat lacid his doublet,
 Out of a bolle to pluk out the lyneng.

Hull.

* This word is explained in the MS by "the cat."

RECEIPT FOR MAKING GUNPOWDER.

From a MS. in the Library of the Society of Antiquaries, No. 101, fol. 76,
 r°, written on paper, in the fifteenth century.

To make goode Gonepoudre.

Take the poudre of .ii. unces of salpetre and half an unce of brymston, and half an unce of lyndecole, and temper togidur in a mortar with rede vynegre, and make it thyk as past til the tyme that ye se neyther salpetre ne brymstone, and drye it en the ffyre in an erthe pan with soft ffyre, and when it is wele

dried grynde it in a morter til it be smalle poudre, and than sarse it throow a sarse, &c. And if ye wil have fyne colofre poudre, sethe fyrist your salpetre, and fyne it well, and do as it is said afore.

Hull.

PROGNOSTICATIONS.

From MS. Cotton, Titus, D. xxvi, fol. 5, r^o, of the first half of the eleventh century.

Si luna .iiji. rubeat quasi aurum, vento ostendit. Si pura sit, serenitatem. Si in summo corniculo maculis ingrescit, pluviam indicat.

At sol, se [si] orto suo maculosus sub nube latet, pluviale diem præsagit.

Si rubeat, sincerum, si palleat, tempestuosum cœlum, si mane rubet, tempestuosum significat diem.

Si vespere rubicundum aparuerit, serenum crastinum portendit diem.

ABELARD'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

From two MSS. of the British Museum, Burney, No. 216, fol. 100, v^o, of the end of the twelfth or beginning of the fourteenth century, and Cotton. Vitel. C. viii, fol. 18, r^o, written apparently a little earlier. It has been endeavoured to form a correct text from these two MSS. There is another imperfect copy, given anonymously, in a MS. of a later date, also preserved in the Museum, but I have mislaid the reference to it, and it is not mentioned in the catalogues. It seems to have been once a very popular poem, and was probably the prototype of the various pieces of Advice of a Father to his Son which we find from time to time in old MSS. in French and English verse.

Doctrina Magistri Petri Abaelardi.

Astralabi fili, vitæ dulcedo paternæ,
Doctrinæ studio pauca relinquo tuæ.
Major descendit tibi sit quam cura docendi,
Hinc aliis etenim proficis, inde tibi.
Cum tibi defuerit quod discas, discere cessa,
Nec tibi cessandum dixeris esse prius.
Disce diu firmaque tibi tardaque docere,
Atque ad scribendum ne cito prosilias.
Non a quo sed quid dicatur sit tibi curæ,
10 Auctori nomen dant bene dicta suo.

In MS. C. the title is *Versus Petri Abaelardi ad Astralabium filium suum.*

- Ne tibi dilecti jures in verba magistri,
 Nec te detineat doctor amore suo.
 Fructu non foliis pomorum quisque cibatur,
 Et sensus verbis anteferendus erit.
 Ornatis animos captet persuasio verbis,
 Doctrinæ magis est debita planicies.
 Copia verborum est ubi non est copia sensus,
 Constat et errantem multiplicare vias.
 Cujus doctrinam sibi dissentire videbis,
 20 Nil illam certi constet habere tibi.
 ¶ Instabilis lunæ stultus mutatur ad instar,
 Sicut sol sapiens permanet ipse sibi.
 Nunc huc nunc illuc stulti mens cæca vagatur,
 Provida mens stabilem figit ubique gradum,
 Providet ante diu quid recte dicere possit,
 Ne judex fiat turpiter ipsa sui.
 Nolo repentini tua sic doctrina magistri,
 Qui cogatur adhuc fingere quæ doceat.
 Nemo tibi tribuet quod nondum est nomen adeptus,
 30 Post multos si vis experiaris eum.
 Filius est sapiens benedictio multa parentum,
 Ipsorum stultus dedecus atque dolor.
 Insipiens rex est asinus diademate pollens,
 Tam sibi quam cunctis perniciosus hic est.
 Scripturæ ignarus princeps qui sustinet esse,
 Cogitur archanum pandere sæpe suum.
 ¶ Occasum sapiens, stultus considerat ortum,
 Finis quippe rei cantici laudis habet.
 Dictis doctorum, factis intende bonorum,
 40 Ferveat hac semper pectus avaritia.
 Ingenii sapiens fit nullus acumine magni,
 Hunc potius mores et bona vita creant.
 Factis non verbis sapientia se profitetur,
 Solis concessa est gratia tanta bonis.
 Credit inhumanam mentem sapientibus esse,
 Qui nichil illorum corda dolere putat.
 Ferrea non adeo virtutis duraque mens est,
 Ut pietas horum viscera nulla sciatur.
 Sit tibi cura prior faciendi, deinde docendi
 50 Quæ bona sunt, ne sis dissonus ipse tibi.
 ¶ Sit tibi quæso frequens scripturæ lectio sacræ,
 Cætera siqua legas omnia propter eam.
 Est justi proprium reddi sua velle quibusque,
 Fortis in adversis non trepidare suis.
 Illicitos animi motus frenare modesti,
 Tunc cum succedunt prospera præcipue.

line 13, *fructuque non*, B.—24, *fugit*, B.—39, *doctis*, C.—48, *ciat*, C.

Sicut in adversis virtus ea murus habetur,
 Sic istius egent prospera temperie.
 Nec prior illa manet virtus nisi fulta sit istis,
 60 Ne sit fracta malis, sive remissa bonis.
 Quid vitii, quid sit virtutis discite prudens,
 Quod si perdidieris, desinis esse quod es.
 Philosophus causas rerum discernit opacas,
 Effectus operum practicus exsequitur.
 ¶ Sit tibi præcipiuus divini cultus honoris,
 Teque timor semper subdat amore que Deo.
 Nemo Deum metuet vel amabit sicut oportet,
 Si non agnoscat sicut oportet eum.
 Quam justus sit hic atque potens, quam sit bonus ipse,
 70 Quantum nos toleret, quam grave percutiat!
 Quo melior cunctis Deus est, plus debet amari,
 Et melior post hunc ordine quisque suo.
 Quo melior quisque est, majori dignus amore,
 Utque Deo fuerit carior et tibi sit.
 Quos etenim nisi propter eum debemus amare,
 Finis hic in cunctis quæ facis unus erit,
 Non tua sed domini quæratur gloria per te,
 Non tibi sed cunctis vixeris, immo Deo.
 ¶ Detrimenta tuae caveas super omnia famæ,
 80 Ut multis possis et tibi proficere.
 Quæ præcesserunt cogunt nova crimina credi,
 Et prior in testem vita sequentis erit.
 Scandala quam possis hominum vitare labora,
 Ut tamen incurras scandala nulla Dei.
 Infames fugiat tua conversatio semper,
 Et socio gaude te meliore frui.
 Est melius socium quam cognatum esse bonorum,
 Hinc etenim virtus, eminet inde genus,
 Ne temptare deum, fili, præsumpseris unquam,
 90 Nitere quo possis ut merearis opem.
 Summa Dei bonitas disponens omnia recte,
 Quæ bona quæ mala sunt ordinat ipse bene.
 Hinc nec in adversis justo solatia desunt,
 Ut mala sint etiam, cum sciat esse bonum.
 ¶ Jussa potestatis terrenæ discutienda,
 Cælestis tibi mox perficienda scias.
 Siquis divinis jubeat contraria jussis,
 Te contra Dominum pactio nulla trahat.
 Contempnendo Deum peccat solummodo quisque,
 100 Nec nisi contemptus hic facit esse reum.

line 61, *discute*, C.—64, *exequitur* B.—69, *is atque*, C.—90, *quod*, C.
 C

- Non est contemptor qui nescit quid sit agendum,
 Si non hoc culpa nesciat ipse sua.
 Major adhuc tamen est insania quam furor ille,
 Quæ differt illum conciliare sibi.
 Supremus furor est offendere cuncta potentem,
 Quod qui præsumit nescio quid metuat.
 Quisquis apud Dominum se querit justificari,
 Justitiam siqua est nesciat ipse suam.
 Agnoscat culpas, accuset, corrigat illas,
 110 Nec se corde bonum censeat, ore malum.
 Hoc autem pro justitia reputetur ab illo,
 Quod bona quæ impendit redditia non data sunt.
 Quæ tibi tu non vis fieri, ne feceris ulli ;
 Quæ fieri tibi vis, hæc quoque fac aliis.
 ¶ Omnia dona Dei transcendit verus amicus,
 Divitiis cunctis anteferendus hic est.
 Nullus pauper erit thesauro præditus isto,
 Qui quo rario est, hoc preciosior est.
 Sunt multi fratres, sed in illis rarus amicus,
 120 Hos natura creat, gratia præbet eum.
 Gratia libertas, natura coactio quædam est,
 Dum generi quivis hæret amore suo.
 Quo pecudes etiam naturæ lege trahuntur,
 Affectus quarum gratia nulla manet.
 Si roget aut faciat quisquam quod lædat honestum,
 Metas et legem transit amicitiae.
 Exaudire precem inhonesta rogantis amici,
 Est ab amicitiae calle referre pedem.
 Plus tamen offendit qui cogit ad ista rogando,
 130 Quam qui consensum dat prece victus eis.
 Nullum te dominus plusquam te cogit amare,
 Nec te quisquis te turpia poscit amat.
 Turpia ne facias sed vites propter amicum,
 Si cupis ut vere sis preciosus ei.
 Turpitur excusat noxam quem propter amicum
 A se hanc committi dicere non pudeat.
 Propter amicitiam si quid commisero vile,
 Re turpi pulchram fædo malaque bonam.
 Debita sunt quam dona magis que dantur amico,
 140 Nil tamen est quo plus non mereatur amor.
 Quos in amicitia sua quærere lucra videbis,
 Quod dici cupiunt hoc simulare scias.
 Si non subvenias donec te exoret amicus,
 Quæ dare te credis, vendere crede magis.

line 104, *qui differt*, C.—110, *ne se*, C.—112, *data sint*, B.—127, in C. *prece*
 written first, has been changed to *preces*.—143, *subveniat*, B.

- Non pretio parvo est rubor ille rogantis habendus,
 Quo quæ tu dicis dona coactus emit.
 Plus recipit quam dat pro donis quisquis amatur,
 Nam quid amicitia carius esse potest.
 Majores grates dono majore meremur,
 150 Majus se dando quam sua quisque dabit.
 Alter ego nisi sis, non es michi verus amicus,
 Ni michi sis ut ego, non eris alter ego.
 Qui bonus est dampnum contempnit propter amicum,
 Sic etenim prodi si sit amicus habet.
 Cujus criminibus cito credis, non es amicus,
 Ultimus hinc proprie scit mala quisque domus.
 Non poterit proprios cognoscere dives amicos,
 An sint fortunæ scilicet aut hominis.
 Pauper in hoc felix errore est liber ab isto ;
 160 Cum perit hæc, pereunt quos dabant illa tibi.
 Cui male fecisti, ne te commiseris illi,
 Prætereunte malo permanet ira mali.
 Quam jactura mali jactantia pejor habetur,
 Sed gravior læso cuilibet esse solet.
 Sit tibi præcipuus si vis bonus inter amicos,
 Nec memor in talem conditionis eris.
 Erectum stimulis et verbere comprimes illum,
 In tua ne calcem dirigat ora suum.
 Non homini te sed vitio servire pudebit,
 170 Cum sit libera mens, nil tibi turpe putas.
 Non est quem possunt corrumpere dona fidelis,
 Proditor alterius non tibi fidus eris.
 Obsequio superant meretrix et proditor omnis,
 Qua placeant aliis hæc una sola patet.
 ¶ Nil melius muliere bona, nil quam mala pejus,
 Omibus ista bonis præstat et illa malis,
 Quæcumque est avium species assueta rapinis,
 Quo plus possit in his femina fortior est.
 Nec rapit humanas animas plus femina quicquam,
 180 Fortis in his hæc est quolibet hoste magis.
 Quæ se luxuriæ gratis subponit amica,
 Censetur meretrix quæ pretio gerit hoc.
 In vitio tamen hoc ardentior illa videtur,
 Quæ præter sordes suscipit inde nichil.
 Uxorem ratione suam vir debet amare,
 Et non ad coitum sicut adultera sit.

line 145, *parvo pretio*, C.—160, in both MSS. *hæc* is explained in a gloss by *fortuna*, and in B. *quos* is explained similarly by *amicos*.—161, *ulli*, C.—164, *set*, B. *et*, C.—174, *via*, C.—179, *quidquam*, C.—180, *fortis in hoc*, B.—181, *supponit*, C.

- Et pecudes quo vult trahit impetuosa voluptas,
 Sic homines agitat luxuriosus amor.
 Si post conceptum pecudum saciata libido
 190 Ferre mare nolit, quid mulier, quid agitat ?
 An se luxuriæ solam putet esse creatam ?
 Ad coitus fructum cætera nata feret ?
 Gratiæ est humilis meretrix quam casta superba,
 Perturbatque domum sæpius ista suam.
 Polluit illa domum quam incendit sæpius ista,
 Sorde magis domui flamma nocere potest.
 Mitior est anguis linguosæ conjugis ira ;
 Qui tenet hanc, ejus non caret angue sinus.
 Deterior longe linguosa est femina scorto,
 200 Hoc aliquis, nullis illa placere potest.
 Est linguosa domus incendia maxima conjux,
 Hac levior flamma quilibet ignis erit.
 ¶ Cum modicum membrum sit lingua, est maximus ignis ;
 Non tot per gladium quot perierte per hanc.
 Prævalet in lingua qui non est fortis in armis.
 Nullus in hac pugna plus meretrice potest.
 Ex hoc præcipue distant ignavus et audax,
 Quod factis iste prævalet, ille minis.
 Si linguæ bellum quam armorum fortius esset,
 210 Thersites Trojæ major Achille foret.
 In verbis pavidus semper lætare fuisse,
 In factis audax sis, aliquando licet.
 Nil magis offendit quam pravus sermo potentem ;
 Plus probra liber homo quam sua dampna timet.
 Accensas mollis responsio mitigat iras ;
 Auget eas potius dura, creatque novas.
 ¶ Nolo virum doceas uxoris crimen amatæ,
 Quod sciri potius quam fieri gravat hunc.
 Opprobriis aurem propriis dat nemo libenter,
 220 Nec te nec quemquam talia scire volet.
 Cuique viro casto conjux sua casta videtur,
 Semperque incestus suspiciosus erit.
 Ne sis natarum sic cæcus amore tuarum,
 Ut non corrumphi posse rearis eas.
 Quam cito fas sit eas festina tradere nuptum,
 Vilescit mulier suspicione cito.
 Nec catus poterit servari pelle nitente,
 Nec mulier cunctis si preciosus erit.
 Quam nuptum tradunt studeant ornare puellam,
 230 Ornato sapiens vir cito privat eam.

line 196, *Corde*, B.—201, *conjunct*, B.—202, *quislibet*, B.—204, *quam peric*
 C.—226, MS. C. ends with this line.

Incestam ut castam frustra servare labores;
 Non potes hanc, illam non opus esse scias.
 De quo culpasti mulierem cogis amari,
 Et verum falso crimine sœpe struis.
 Ne dubites illam propriæ diffidere formæ,
 Nec studet ut fallat per bona facta viros.
 Quanto plus fragilis muliebris sexus habetur,
 Tanto ejus virtus præminet in meritis.
 Quo fuit asperior quæ postea nupsit amanti,
 240 Tanto gratior est ipsa futura viro.
 Aspernata virum propria placet ipsa repulsa,
 Et blandum facit hunc asperitate sua.
 Miror si mulier privignum diligit ulla,
 Ni quo Phædra suum fertur amasse modo.
 Quem vir amat famulum miror si diligit uxor,
 Semper in insidiis hunc timet esse sibi.
 Luxuriæ nimis est mulieri grata voluptas,
 Si plus quam fratrem diligit illa virum.
 Si sua quam mater cuiquam sit carior uxor,
 250 Constat naturam cedere luxuriæ.
 ¶ Quem natura suos non cogit amare parentes,
 Conciliare tibi gratia nulla potest.
 Qui patri malus est, nulli bonus esse putetur,
 Nolo roges pro quo non rogat ipsa parens.
 Ne superinducta crucies uxore parentes,
 Hos sepeli primo si superesse queas.
 Est velox vindicta Dei maledictio patrum,
 Nemo nisi demens hanc tolerare potest.
 Quo plus proficiat tua sit correptio blanda;
 260 Aspera perversos non capit, immo movet.
 Objurga culpam pueri, juvenisque flagella,
 Exhortare senem blanditiisque mone.
 Cum te corripiat senior patienter habeto,
 Et grates tanquam post data magna refer.
 Culpari metuens culpam præcindere temptat,
 * * * * *
 Quisquis non fuerit patiens parendo jubenti,
 Imperio nulli præficiendus erit.

In the MS. B. which alone contains the latter part of this poem, it is followed by a few blank lines, and then comes an incoherent mass of elegiac verses, on a similar subject, but apparently not belonging to the same poem.

Wrt.

EARLY ENGLISH PRAYERS, &c.

From the MS. Cotton, Cleopatra B. vi. fol. 201, v°, written in the middle of the thirteenth century. It is written as prose.

[...]idde huve with milde stevene
til ure fader þe king of hevene,
in þe mununge of Cristis pine,
for þe laverd of þis hus, and al lele hine,
for alle cristinfolk that is in gode lif,
that God schilde ham to dai fro sinne and fro siche ;
for alle tho men that are in sinne bunden,
that Jhesu Christ ham leyse, for is hali wndes ;
for quike and for deade and al mankinde ;
and þat ws here God don in hevene mot þar it finde ;
and for alle þat on herþe us fedin and fostre ;
saie we nu alle þe hali pater noster.

Ure fadir þat hart in hevene,
halged be þi name with giftis sevene,
samin cume þi kingdom,
þi wille in herþe als in hevene be don,
ure bred þat lastes ai
gyve it hus þis hilke dai,
and ure misdedis þu forgyve hus,
als we forgyve þam þat misdon hus,
and leod us in tol na fandinge,
bot frels us fra alle iwele þinge. Amen.

Heil Marie, ful of grace,
þe lavird þich þe in hevirilk place,
blisced be þu mang alle wimmein,
and blisced be þe blosme of þi wambe. Amen.

Maidin and moder þat bar þe hevene king,
wer us fro wre wyþer-wines at ure hending ;
blisced be þe pappis þat Godis sone sauks,
þat bargh ure kinde þat þe nedre bysuak !
Moder of milte and maidin Mari,
help us at ure hending, for þi merci.
þat suete Jhesu þat born was of þe,
þu give us in is godhed him to se.
Jhesu for þi moder luve and for þin hali wndis,
þu leise us of þe sinnes þat we are inne bunde.

Hi true in God, fader hal-michttende, þat makede heven
and herdeþe, and in Jhesu Krist, is ane lepi sone, hure laverd,
þat was bigotin of þe hali gast, and born of the mainden Marie,

pinid under Punce Pilate, festened to the rode, ded and dulvun,
 licht in til helle, þe þride dai up ras fra dede to live, stegh in
 til hevenne, sitis on is fadir richt hand, fadir al-waldand, he
 þen sal cume to deme þe quike an þe dede. Hy troue hy þe-
 li gast, and hely kirke, þe samninge of halghes, forgisnes of
 sinnes, uprisigen of fleyes, and life with-hutin hend. Amen.

Wrt.

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SONGS, &c.

From a MS. in the Public Library of the University of Cambridge, (Ff. 1, 6,) written about the time of Hen. VI.

What so men seyn,  
 Love is no peyn  
 To them serteyn,  
     but varians ;  
 For they constreyn  
 Ther hertes to feyn,  
 Ther mowthis to pleyn  
     ther displesauns ;  
 Whych is indede  
 Butt feynyd drede,  
 So God me spede !  
     and dowbilnys.  
 Ther othis to bede,  
 Ther lyvys to lede,  
 And proferith mede  
     new-fangellnys.  
 For when they pray,  
 Ye shall have nay,  
 What so they sey,  
     be ware, ffor sham !  
 For every daye  
 They waite ther pray,  
 Wher so they may,  
     and make but game.  
 Then semyth me  
 Ye may wel se  
 They be so fre  
     in evyry plase.  
 Hit were pete  
 Butt they shold be  
 Begelid, perde !  
     with-owten grase.

## II.

Whoso lyst to love, God send hym right good spedē!\*

Some tyme y loved, as ye may see,  
A goodlyer ther myght none be,  
Here woman-hode in all degré,  
Full well she quytt my mede

Unto the tyme upon a day,  
To sone ther fill a gret affray ;  
She badde me walke forth on my way,  
On me she gaff none hede.

I askid the cause, why and wherfor  
She displeside was with me so sore,  
She wold nat tell, but kepe in store ;  
Pardy, it was no nedē !

For if y hadde hur displeased  
In worde or dede, or hir greved ;  
Than if she hadde be sore meved.  
She hadde cause indede.

Butt well y wote y hadde nat done  
Hur to dispiese, but in grete mone ;  
She hath me left and ys agone ;  
For sorwe my hert doth blede.

Some tyme she wolde to me complayne,  
Yff she had felt dysease or payne ;  
Now fele y nouȝt but grete disdayne ;  
Allas ! what is your rede ?

Shall y leve of, and let hur go ?  
Nay, ner the rather will I do so.  
Yet though unkyndnesse do me wo,  
Hur will y love and drede.

Some hope that whan she knowith the case,  
Y trust to God, that withyne short spase,  
She will me take agayne to grace ;  
Than have y well abydde.

And for trew lovers shall y pray,  
That ther ladyes fro day to day,  
May them rewarde, so that they may  
Wyth joy ther lyves lede.  
Amen, pur charyte.

\* This line is repeated after every stanza.

## III.

Now wold I fayne some myrthis make,  
 All oneli for my ladys sake,  
     and hit wold be ;  
 But now I am so ferre from hir,  
     hit will nat be.

Thogh I be long out of your sight,  
 I am your man both day and night,  
     and so will be.  
 Wherfor wold God as I love hir,  
     that she lovid me !

When she is mery, then am I glad ;  
 When she is sory, than am I sad ;  
     and cause whi :  
 For he livith nat that lovith hir  
     as well as I.

She sayth that she hath seen hit wreten,  
 That seldyn seen is soon for-yeten ;  
     hit is nat so :  
 For in good feith, save oneli hir,  
     I love no moo.

Wherfor I pray both night and day.  
 That she may cast care away,  
     and leve in rest ;  
 And ever more wheresover she be,  
     to love hir best.

And I to hir for to be trew,  
 And never chaung her for noon new,  
     unto myne end ;  
 And that I may in hir servise  
     for evyr amend.

A. Godwhen.

## IV.

Continuance  
 Of remembraunce,  
     With-owte endyng,  
 Doth me penaunce  
 And grete grevaunce,  
     For your partynge.  
 So depe ye be  
 Graven, pardé !  
     Withyn myn hert ;

That afore mee  
 Ever I yow see,  
     In thought covert.  
 Thought I ne playne  
 My wofull Payne,  
     But bere yt styll;  
 It were in vayn  
 To sey agayn  
     Fortunes wyll.

A. Godwhen.

## V.

My self walkyng all allone,  
 Full of thoght, of joy desperat,  
 To my hert makynge my moone,  
 How I am the most infortunat,  
 And how Fortune his cruell arowe  
 Hath to me caste and brought hit soo,  
 That I am kome fro wele to woo.

Fro all gladness and comfort  
 I am now brought into distres;  
 Fye on myrth and on dispors!  
 Thus seyth my hert for hevynes,  
 Seyng ther is no sekynnesse.  
 Of wordly welth he taketh hede,  
 Which ofte causyth myn hert to blede.

And thus I stond fful fylt with sorow,  
 Within my mynd to my gret Payne,  
 Wepyng both even and morow  
 With swollyn hert, when I refrayne,  
 With wofull teris which can nat fayne,  
 Soo have I lost my countenaunce,  
 Of all the world to my plesaunce.

A. Godwhen.

## VI.

*A Tretise for Lavandres.*

Yee maistreses myne and clenly chamberys,  
 That have to doe with my ladis atyer,  
 Attendyth ay as hedest officers,  
 Sith your fee your wages and your hyre  
 Is duly paide, than sette your desyre  
 How to doo your godely observaunce,  
 Wayt all be well and that may you avaunce.

Loke well your lawne, your homple, and your lake,  
 Plesaunce, reyns, and eke the fine champeyn,  
 Ye washe cleyn fro mole and spotts blake,  
 That wyn nor oyle nor yit non ink disteyn  
 Keverchef or cloth aboute your soverayn ;  
 Bot wasshe hem clene, and yf ye lust to lere  
 How ye schall doe, thes verses techen here.

*Vinum lacte lava, oleumque licore fabarum,  
 Incaustum vino, cetera mundat aqua.*

Of wyn away the motes may you wesshe  
 In mylk whyt, the fletyng oyly spott  
 Wyth lye of beenes make hit clene and fresshe,  
 Wasshe with wyn the feruent ink spott,  
 All oder thynges cleansed, well ye wot,  
 Wyth water clere is purged and made clene,  
 But these thre clende wyn, mylke, and beene.

The name of Godwhen has not hitherto found a place in our lists of early English Poets.

*Hull.*

### A BALLAD

From MS. Trin. Coll. Cant. O 9, 38, written on paper, about the reign of Hen. VI.

Who carpys of byrddys of grete jentrys,  
 The sperhawke me semyth makys moste dysport,  
 And moste acordynge for all degreys,  
 For small byrddys sche puttys to morte.  
 Y reclaymyd on, as y schall reporte.  
 As longe as sche wolde to me apli ;  
 When sche wolde noȝt to my glove resorte,  
 Then plukkyd y of here bellys, and let here fly.  
 My sperhawke bellys [weren] of Meleyn,  
 Limes and gees of sylke and twyne,  
 Y billyd here a mewe withyn a wareyn,  
 And fed here with byrddys of Valentyne.  
 To another sche dyd enclyne.  
 And as a ramage hawke began to cry :  
 Y sawe sche wolde no lengere be myne ;  
 Then plukkyd y of here bellys, and let here fly.  
 Y let here have that sche myght for ayre,  
 And chese here a make by the wodys uppon hyghe ;  
 Do so with yowre paramowres, be they nevere so fayre,

For of them meny be of love full lyght.  
 For there ys nother kyng nor knyght,  
 When there lemmayns hert begynnyth to wry,  
 I holde hyt the beste, my trowth y plyght,  
 To pluk of here bellys, and let here fly.  
 And yn aspecial these that be moste changabyll,  
 And sche that yn honde hath too or thre,  
 Yff a man take here so dyssevabyll,  
 Sche can excuse here curyously,  
 And seyth, "wene ye that y love hym? nay, let be!"  
 Yet for to dryve the dowste yn hys eye;  
 Y counsell, yow be rewlyd by me,  
 Pluk of here bellys, and let here fly.  
 For yff ye have a paramowre,  
 And sche be whyte as whales bone,  
 Ful fayre of face and favowre,  
 More plesant to yow there may be none;  
 Sche seys to yow sche ys trew as stone,  
 Butte truste here noȝt, for sche can ly:  
 Y have fownd them by one and one,  
 Pluk of here bellys, and let here fly.  
 Yff other men of goodys have plenty,  
 And yowre tresowre begynnyth,  
 To yow sche woll say full owtragly,  
 "I am noȝt kept after myne astate;  
 Off gay atyrynge y am desolate:  
 Y se other wymmen go gayer than y."  
 By ware, for then sche wyll pley chekmate,  
 But ye pluk of here bellys, and let here fly.  
 Yff ye ryche be of yewellys ryall,  
 And have a paramowre at bed and borde; \*  
 Sche seyth may part schall be but small,  
 But y take more then y was asewryd,  
 Y may not have where nofte ys levyd.  
 Thus sche wull with-drawe yowre tresory,  
 Yff ye of here wyn, streke of my hed,  
 But ye pluk of here bellys, and let here fly.  
 But y thynke to revers my owne wrytyng,  
 For paramowrys be now so commendabell,  
 Yff ther be twenty yn a towne dwellynge,  
 Of ther byheste ther ys not one stabell,  
 But swyfte of thowth and of tonge varyabell,

\* Evidently an error of the scribe, "at borde and bed."

To speke to men full coryously ;  
 Yff ye fynde such one at yowre tabell,  
 Pluk of here bellys, and let here fly.  
 Yff ye love a damsell yn aspecyall,  
 And thynke on here to do costage ;  
 When sche seyth galantys revell yn hall,  
 Yn here hert she thynkys owtrage,  
 Desyrynge with them to pley and rage,  
 And stelyth fro yow full prevely.  
 Such byrdys be febell to kepe yn cage ;  
 Pluk of here bellys, and let here fly.  
 They be as fals as was Judas,  
 That with a cosse dyssevyd owre lorde Jhesu ;  
 For when here herte from yow doth pas,  
 Full sone sche thynkes to have a newe.  
 But let here passe and goo lyghtly,  
 And clothe here well yn Stafford blewe ;  
 Kepe here not then to longe yn mewe,  
 Then pluk of here bellys, and let here fly.  
 Y have ymagyned yn my mynde,  
 Yn Englund where ony where wer trewe ;  
 Y have softe fere, y can none fynde  
 That hath more feyth then hath a yewe.  
 Y wyll begyn and pleyse them newe ;  
 Paramowres ar gode, or els y ly,  
 They have meny a vyce ageyne vertue ;  
 Pluk of here bellys, and let here fly.  
 But goode wyffes schall have yn knowlege,  
 That hyt is not by them that y ment ;  
 But by small damsellys and tender of age,  
 With ther mysgovernawnce makyth wyvves to be shent.  
 For when ther husbondys ar yn avotry lent,  
 Yff wyvves be grevyd, them blame noȝt y.  
 Y wolde suche damsellys yn fyre were brent,  
 That the asskes with the wynde awey myght fly.  
 Thys ys the sorowe that y of ment ;  
 All men take ensampell by me.  
 Yowre leman wyll weyte yow with a fals tent ;  
 Looke ye thynke noȝt the contrary,  
 But loke well abowte, and he schall se  
 When yowre lemanys hert begynnyth to wry ;  
 Then speke ye here feyre, and loke ye plesant be,  
 And then pluk of here bellys, and let here fly.

Wrt.

## ERCYLDOUN'S PROPHECY.

From MS. Arundel. No. 57, fol. 8, v°, in the Br. Mus. written in Kent in 1340.

Thomas de Erseldoune, Escot et dysur, dit au rey Alisandre  
le paroles desuthdites, du rey Edward ke ore est, kauntt yl  
fust à nestre.

To nyȝt is bornen a barn in Kaernervam.  
That ssal wold the out ydlis ylc an.  
The kyng Alesandre acsede,  
Hwan shall that be? The menstrual zede;  
Hwan Banockesbourne is y-det myd mannis bonis;  
Hwan hares kendleth in hertth-stanes;  
Hwan laddes weuddeth levedes;  
Hwan me ledeth men to selle wytth rapis;  
Hwan Rokysburgh is no burth;  
Hwan men gyven an folu of twenti pound for an seme of  
hwete.

## DIRECTIONS FOR COMPOSING RHYMES.

From MS. Cotton. Cleopatra, B. vi, fol. 241, v°, written in the fourteenth century.

*Ars Rithmicandi.*

Ad habendum artem Rithmicandi et dictaminis notitiam, dicendum est quid sit Rithmus, et ex quot sillabis constare debet, et ex quot distinctionibus clausula constat, et ubi servanda est consonantia. Rithmus est consona paritas sillabarum sub certo numero comprehensarum. Distinctio constare debet ex 4 sillabis ad minus, et ex 8 ad plus. Ex 4 ad minus, ut sic :

O Maria,  
Mater pia,  
Stella maris  
Appellaris.

**Ex 8 ad plus, ut sic :**

Jam advenit rex cœlorum,  
Ergo fratres gaudeamus,  
Unctionem Judæorum  
Cum cessare videamus.

Clausula debet constare ex duabus distinctionibus ad minus, et ex 5 ad plus. Ex duabus ad minus, ut sic :

O Maria, stella maris,  
Mater pia nominaris.

**Ex 5 distinctionibus ad plus, ut sic :**

Dives eram et dilectus,  
Inter pares præelectus,  
Modo gravat me senectus,  
Et ætate jam confectus,  
Ab electis sum ejectus.

Sequitur de consonantia : unde sciendum quod si penultima sillaba distinctionis proferatur acuto accentu, tunc consonantia debet servari a vocali penultimæ sillabæ, ut hic :

Ave sancti spiritus fecundata rore,  
Conservata pariens castitatis more,  
Quæso fac ne arguat judex in furore,  
Quos a morte proprio redemit cruore.

Si vero penultima sillaba distinctionis proferatur gravi accentu, tunc consonantia potest servari 3<sup>r</sup>; uno modo servatur consonantia a vocali penultimæ sillabæ, sic :

Salutat angelus, Deus ingreditur;  
Quod auris accipit in corde creditur;  
Tumescit venter, Deus egreditur  
Vestitus homine, nec virgo læditur.

Item alio modo servatur consonantia a vocali penultimæ sillabæ, sic :

O res mirabilis et rerum novitas!  
Se vestit homine summa divinitas;  
Licet in virgine matris fecunditas,  
Et jugi lumine vernal virginitas.

Tertio modo servatur consonantia a vocali penultimæ sillabæ, sic :

Non potest esse monachus,  
Qui vagus est et profugus;  
Qui vivit absque regula,  
Peribit morte pessima.

Sequitur de divisione Rithmorum, quorum unus est monathongus, alias diptongus, alias triptongus. Monathongus est quando una consonantia servatur per totam clausulam, ut; ‘Ave sancti spiritus,’ ‘salutat angelus,’ ‘O res mirabilis.’ Diptongus fit tribus modis; primo modo quando duæ distinctiones concordant simul, et duæ simul, ut supra, ‘O Maria;’ secundus modus, quando medium distinctionis concordat cum medio alterius distinctionis et finis cum fine, ut supra, ‘Jam advenit rex cœlorum;’ tertius modus, quando duæ distinctiones et plures concordant simul, et auditur (*additur*) cauda, ut hic :

Audi verbum novitatis,  
Crede sompnium, et est satis,  
Non est tuæ facultatis  
solvere corrigiam.

Sequitur de cauda: unde sciendum quod cauda debet constare ex tribus sillabis ad minus, ut sic :

Vides ad altare  
Clericos cantare  
gaudentes.

Ex 7 sillabis ad plus, ut supra, ‘solvere corrigiam.’ Tripongus fit tribus modis: primus modus est quando duæ distinctiones concordant simul, et additur cauda, et duæ aliæ simul, et additur cauda, et caudæ concordant, ut hic :

Sub nodis silicii  
Corpus carens vitii  
dampnat vir beatus,  
Se suum carnificem,  
Atque suum judicem,  
offert maceratus.

Secundus modus est quando medium unius distinctionis concordat cum medio alterius distinctionis. et finis cum fine, ut supra, ‘Jam advenit rex celorum?’ Tertius modus est quando duæ distinctiones concordant simul in duobis locis, et additur cauda, ut sic :

Æger eram, jam sum fortis,  
Et contempno minas mortis,  
Velut leo, corde tuto,  
Ire quidem sine scuto.

Item rithmorum caudatorum alii sunt consoni, alii dissoni. Consoni sunt quorum caudæ concordant in fine, ut hic :

Non est nostræ facultatis,  
Nec humanæ dignitatis,  
referre miracula ;  
Quibus virtus deitatis,  
Testis sanctæ sanctitatis,  
illustravit gratia.

Dissoni sunt tales quorum caudæ non concordant, ut hic :

Aaron virgam tulit duram,  
Quæ florens contra naturam,  
est porta cœli,  
Semper patens, nunquam clausa ;  
Vitæ nostræ fuit causa  
virgo Maria.

*Explicit Ars Rithmitizandi.*

Wrt.

## GLOSSARY OF OLD LAW TERMS.

From MS. Cotton. Julius D. vii, fol. 127, v<sup>e</sup>, written at St. Alban's in the middle of the thirteenth century.

*Expositio Anglicorum nominum in cartis, secundum consuetudinem scacarii.*

- Mundebriche,—Trespas vers seignur.
- Burchbriche,—Quite de forfesture.
- Miskenninge,—Mespris par oi, u de fet.
- Scephinge,—Quite de mustreisun de marchandise.
- Haschinge,—Charger ù l'en vudra.
- Frithsocne,—Franchise de francplege.
- Flemenfremthe,—Chatel de futif.
- Weregold,—
- Wisegeldthef,—Larun ke pot estre rejut.
- Utelpah,—Echapement de prisum.
- Forfeng,—Quite de avant prise.\*
- Infeng,—Quite de prise en feste.
- Ferdwite,—Quite de murance de ost.
- Blodwite,—Quite de sanc espandu.
- Wardwite,—Quite de wardein truver.
- Hangwite,—Quite de larum pendu sanz sergant.
- Hamsokne,—Quite de entrer en autri ostel à force.
- Forstal,—Ki autri force desturbe.
- Infangenethef,—Larum pris ens nostre tere.
- Sache,—Quite de medlée.
- Soche,—Aver franchecurt.
- Tol,—Quite de tounu.
- Tem,—Progenie de nos hummes.
- Danegeld,—Tailage de Danais.
- Gridbriche—Pais enfrainte.
- Murdre,—Humme mort sanz ateinte.
- Wrec,—Truvure de mer.
- Hutfangenethef,—Larum repelé par franchise.
- Fichhwite,—Quite de medlée de lamerci.
- Inlage,—Sugest à la lei le rei.
- Utlagefors,—Bany.
- Chirchesoht,—Une certeine summe de blé batu.
- Briggebote,—Refere punz à passer.
- Ferdware,—Quite de aler en ost.
- Childwite,—Challenge de serf ki serf, serve enceinte.

*Wrt.*

\* Over the Anglo-Norman in this line, the original scribe has written  
*avent le rei.*

## ANGLO-SAXON RELIGIOUS FRAGMENTS.

1. Metrical hymn from MS. Cotton. Vespas. D. vi, fol. 68, v°, of the ninth century.

|                          |                               |
|--------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Wuton wuldrian           | þ ðæt halige lamb             |
| weorada dryhten          | ðe þy mán scilde              |
| halgan hlioðor-cwidum,   | middan-geardes,               |
| hiofen-rices weard,      | for þinre arfæstnesse         |
| lufian liof-wendum.      | ealle to-wurpe,               |
| lifæs agend,             | fion ge-flæmdest              |
| þ him simle sio          | follc ge-meredes,             |
| sigeræst wuldor          | blode ge-bohtest              |
| uppe mid ænnum,          | bearn Israela,                |
| þ on eorðan sibb         | þa þu ahofe                   |
| gumena gehwilcum         | þurh dæt halige triow         |
| Godes willan.            | þinre þrowunga,               |
| We ðe heriað             | þriostre senna,               |
| halgum stefnum,          | þ þu ón hæah setle            |
| þ þe blætsiað            | heafena rices                 |
| bilewitne fæder,         | sitest sige-hræmig            |
| þ ðe þanciað,            | on ða swiðran hand            |
| þioda walden,            | þinum góð fæder               |
| þines weorðlican         | gasta ge-myndig.              |
| wuldor dretunes,         | Mildsa nu meahtig             |
| þ dare miclan            | manna cynne,                  |
| mægena ge-reна           | þ of leahtrumi ales           |
| þe þu god dryhten        | þine ða liosfan ge-scæft      |
| gastes mæhtum            | þ us hale ge-do,              |
| hafest on ge-wealdum     | heleða sceppend,              |
| hiofen þ eorðan,         | niða nergend,                 |
| án éce fæder,            | for þines naman are.          |
| ælmehtig God.            | þu eart soðlice               |
| þu eart cyninga cyningc  | simle halig,                  |
| cwicera gehwilces;       | þ þu eart ana                 |
| þu eart sigefest sunu,   | æce dryhten,                  |
| þ soð hælend             | þ þu ana bist                 |
| ofer ealle ge-scæft      | eallra dema                   |
| angla þ manna;           | cwucra ge deadra,             |
| þu, dryhten God,         | Críst nergend;                |
| on dreamum wunast,       | for ðan þu ón ðrymme ricsast, |
| on ðære upplican         | þ on ðrinnesse,               |
| æðelan ceastræ,          | þ on annesse,                 |
| frea folca gehwæs,       | ealles waldend,               |
| swa þu æt fruman wære    | hiofena heah cyninc,          |
| efen-eadig bearn,        | haliges gastes                |
| agenum fæder.            | fegere ge-felled              |
| þu eart heofenlic lioht, | in fædre wuldre.              |

**II. The Lord's Prayer and Creed, from MS. Cotton, Cleopatra, B. xiii,  
fol. 58, r<sup>o</sup>, of the tenth century.**

Her is se ge-leafa, ⁊ ge-béd, ⁊ bletsung læwendum mannum  
þe þ Leden ne cunnon.

Pater noster on Englisc.—[N]u ure fæder þe eart on heofenum,  
sy þin nama ge-halgod, ge-cume þin ríce, sy þin willa  
swa swa on heofenum swa eac on eorðan, syle us to dæg urne  
dæghwamlican hláf, ⁊ forgyf us ure gyltas, swa swa we for-  
gyfað þam þe wið us agyltað, ⁊ ne læd þu na us on costnunge,  
ac alýf us fram yfele. Sy it swa.

Ic ge-lyfe on God fæder ælmihtigne, scyppend heofenan  
⁊ eorðan, ⁊ ic ge-lyfe on hælend Crist his an-cennedan sunu,  
urne drihten, se wæs ge-eacnod of þam halgan gaste, ⁊ acenned  
of Marian þam mædene, ge-þrówod under þam Pontiscan  
Pilate, on róde ahangen, he wæs dead ⁊ be-byrged, ⁊ he nyðer  
astah to helle, ⁊ he aras of deaðe on þam þriddan dæge, ⁊ he  
astah up to heofenum, ⁊ sitt nu at swiðran Godes ælmihtiges  
fæder, þanon he wile cuman to demenne ægðer ge þam cucum  
ge þam deadum, ⁊ ic ge-lyfe on þone halgan gast, ⁊ þa halgan  
ge-laðunge, ⁊ halgena ge-mænnysse, ⁊ synna for-gifennysse, ⁊  
flæsces ærist, ⁊ þ éce líf. Sy hit swa.

Wrt.

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**PRAYER TO THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.**

From MS. Cotton. Titus, D. xxvii, fol. 74, r<sup>o</sup>, of the first half of the  
eleventh century, written in England. It appears to have belonged to a  
nunnery, from the circumstance of the person who prays in this and other  
instances speaking in the feminine gender.

Credo quod sis angelus sanctus a Deo omnipotente ad cus-  
todiam mei deputatus; propterea peto et per illum qui te ad  
hoc ordinavit humiliter imploro, ut me miseram, fragilem,  
atque indignam semper et ubique in hac vita custodias, protegas  
a malis omnibus atque defendas, et cum dominus hinc animam  
meam migrare jusserit, nullam in eam potestatem demonibus  
habere permittas, sed tu eam leniter a corpore suscipias, et in  
sinu Habraæ suaviter usque perducas, jubente ac juvante  
creatore ac salvatore domino nostro, qui est benedictus in secula  
seculorum. Amen.

Wrt.

## GLOSSARY OF NAMES OF PLANTS.

From MS. Harl. No. 978, fol. 24, r°, written apparently between the time of the battle of Lewes, and that of the battle of Evesham. The explanation of the Latin names are given in Anglo-Norman and in English.

|                                                |                                                |
|------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------|
| <i>Chaudes Herbes.</i>                         |                                                |
| <i>Artimesie,</i> mugwrt, merher-barum.        | <i>Butunus,</i> butuns, hoepe.                 |
| <i>Marubium,</i> maruil, horehune.             | <i>Nasturcium,</i> kersuns, cressen.           |
| <i>Ruta,</i> rue.                              | <i>Coliandrum,</i> coriandre, chele priem.     |
| <i>Apium,</i> ache.                            | <i>Petrosillum,</i> peresil, stoansuke.        |
| <i>Buglosa,</i> bugle, wude-brune.             | <i>Closera,</i> alisaundre, wilde percil.      |
| <i>Saniculum,</i> sanicle, wude-murch.         | <i>Favida,</i> favede, leomeke.                |
| <i>Sinapium,</i> senevel, senei.               | <i>Sandix,</i> waisde, wod.                    |
| <i>Zizania,</i> neele, cockel.                 | <i>Gladiolum,</i> flamme, gladene.             |
| <i>Absinthium,</i> aloigne, wermod.            | <i>Febrefugia,</i> fewerfue, adrel-wurt.       |
| <i>Elna enula,</i> ialne, gret-wurt.           | <i>Tanersetum,</i> tanesie, helde.             |
| <i>Bethonica,</i> beteine.                     | <i>Pilosella,</i> peluselle, mus-ere.          |
| <i>Abrotanum,</i> averoine, supewurt.          | <i>Vermiculum,</i> warance, wrotte.            |
| <i>Pulegium,</i> puliol, hul-wurt.             | <i>Raffarium,</i> raiz, redich.                |
| <i>Agrimonie,</i> agremoine, garclive.         | <i>Silimbrium,</i> balsamitis, broc-minten.    |
| <i>Consolida,</i> consoude, daiseie.           | <i>Ambrosia,</i> ambrose, hinde-hele.          |
| <i>Cumfiria,</i> cumfirie, galloc.             | <i>Althea,</i> ymalue,* holihoc.               |
| <i>Mentastrum,</i> mentastre, hors-minte.      | <i>Saxifragium,</i> saxifrage, paï-wurt.†      |
| <i>Avencia,</i> avence, harefot.               | <i>Bidella,</i> samsuns, lechis.               |
| <i>Porius,</i> poret, lek.                     | <i>Bursa pastoris,</i> sanguinarie, blod-wurt. |
| <i>Regina,</i> reine, med-wurt.                | <i>Feniculum,</i> fanuil, fenecel.             |
| <i>Millefolium,</i> milfoil.                   | <i>Quinguefolium,</i> quintfoil, fif-lef.      |
| <i>Ebulum,</i> eble, wal-wurt.                 | <i>Tapsus barbatus,</i> moleine, softe.        |
| <i>Levisticum,</i> luvesche, luvestiche.       | <i>Fabaria,</i> faverole.                      |
| <i>Cepa,</i> oingnun, kue-lek.                 | <i>Trifolium,</i> trifoil, wite-clovare.       |
| <i>Salvia,</i> sauge, fenvern.                 | <i>Diptannum,</i> ditaundere.                  |
| <i>Centauria,</i> centoire, hurdreve.          | <i>Cotula fetida,</i> ameruche, miwe.          |
| <i>Arcangelica,</i> mort-ortie, blinde nettle. | <i>Persicaria,</i> saucheneie, crones-anke.    |
| <i>Pollipodium,</i> poliol, reven-fot.         | <i>Lanceolata,</i> launceleie, ribbe.          |
| <i>Felix arboratica,</i> pollipode, eververn.  | <i>Mater silva,</i> chevefoil, wude-bide.      |
| <i>Salvinca,</i> gauntletée, foxes-glove.      | <i>Sambucus,</i> suep(?), ellarne.             |
|                                                | <i>Vervena,</i> verveine, iren-harde.          |

\* or winalue. (?)

† wal-wurt. (?)

|                                                       |                                                     |
|-------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------|
| <i>Arundo</i> , rosel, reod.                          | <i>Epitime</i> , epithimum, fordboh.                |
| <i>Osmunda</i> ; osmunde, bon-wurt.                   | <i>Turmentine</i> , nutehede. (?)                   |
| <i>Olibanus</i> , encens, scor.                       | <i>Widebalme</i> , (?) halue-wude.                  |
| <i>Fungus</i> , wulves-fist.                          | <i>Malva cripia</i> , screpe-malue.                 |
| <i>Cerfolium</i> , cerfoil, villen.                   | <i>Consolida media</i> , þundre-clo-<br>vere.       |
| <i>Camomilla</i> , camemille, maiwe.                  |                                                     |
| <i>Nepta</i> , nepte, kattes-minte.                   | <i>Herba benedicta</i> , herbe beneit,<br>hemeluc.  |
| <i>Argentea</i> , argentine, lilie.                   | <i>Hedera nigra</i> , iere, oerb-ivi.               |
| <i>Enula</i> , alne, hors-elne.                       | <i>Herba Roberti</i> , herbe Robert,<br>chareville. |
| <i>Ysopus</i> , ysope.                                | <i>Hinnula campana</i> , spere-wurt.                |
| <i>Spurgia</i> , spurge, guweorn.                     | <i>Hastula regia</i> , muge de bois,<br>wude-rove.  |
| <i>Lavendula</i> , lavendre.                          | <i>Intiba</i> , muruns, chickne-mete.               |
| <i>Fion</i> , camglata, foxes-glove.                  | <i>Iregerontis</i> , cenesuns, grunde-<br>swilic.   |
| <i>Euscute</i> , doder.                               | <i>Juniperii</i> , geneivre, gorst.                 |
| <i>Satureia</i> , satureie, timbre.                   | <i>Ligustrum</i> , triffoil, hunisuckles.           |
| <i>Borago</i> , burage.                               | <i>Labrusca</i> , hundes-berien.                    |
| <i>Tribulus marinus</i> , calketrappe,<br>sea-pistel. | <i>Alleum</i> , ail, garlec.                        |
| <i>Fumus terre</i> , fumetere, cunte-<br>hoare.       | <i>Murum</i> , blakeberie.                          |
| <i>Calamentum</i> , calemente.                        | <i>Genesta</i> , genest, brom.                      |
| <i>Ypis</i> , herbe Johan, velde-rude.                | <i>Omfacium</i> , winberi stones.                   |
| <i>Organum</i> , organe.                              | <i>Ostragium</i> , herbyve, liph-wurt.              |
| <i>Organum</i> , puliol real, wde-<br>minte.          | <i>Plantago</i> , planteine, weibrode.              |
| <i>Menta</i> , mente, minten.                         | <i>Freides Herbes</i> .                             |
| <i>Anetum</i> , anete, dile.                          | <i>Morella</i> , morele, atterloþe.                 |
| <i>Eltropium</i> , solsegle, gloden.                  | <i>Jovis barba</i> , jubarbe, singrene.             |
| <i>Eptaphilos</i> , salerne, nare-wurt.               | <i>Lactuca</i> , letue, slep-wurt.                  |
| <i>Elleborum album</i> alebre-blonc.                  | <i>Fraga</i> , fraser, streberi-lef.                |
| <i>Eleborum</i> , ellebre, lung-wurt.                 | <i>Ramn</i> , grosiler, þefe-þorn.                  |
| <i>Pionia</i> , pioine.                               | <i>Astula regia</i> , popi.                         |
| <i>Ortica</i> , ortie, nettle.                        | <i>Atriplex</i> , arasches.                         |
| <i>Valeriane</i> , stich-wurt.                        | <i>Mercurialis</i> , evenlesten, mer-<br>curial.    |
| <i>Celsi</i> , murer, murberien.                      | <i>Malva</i> , malue, hoc.                          |
| <i>Avellane</i> , petite noiz, litel nute.            | <i>Caulis</i> , cholet, kaul.                       |
| <i>Frisgonen</i> , fresgun, cue-hole.                 | <i>Andivia</i> , letrun, þuge-þistel.               |
| <i>Sponsa solis</i> , grinnil.                        | <i>Psilliun</i> , luse-sed.                         |
| <i>Pinpernele</i> , pinpre, briddes-<br>tunge.        | <i>Virga pastoris</i> , wilde tesel.                |
| <i>Lingua canis</i> , chen lange,<br>hundes-tunge.    | <i>Ypoquistidos</i> , hundes-rose.                  |
| <i>Dormentille</i> , ortiegriesche, doc-<br>nettle.   | <i>Jusquiamus</i> , chenille, henne-<br>bone.       |
| <i>Lappa</i> , bardane, clote.                        | <i>Viola</i> , violé, appel-leaf.                   |
| <i>Burneta</i> , sprung-wurt.                         | <i>Alimonis</i> , wilde popi.                       |

|                                   |                                    |
|-----------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| <i>Aizon, sinfulle.</i>           | <i>Inter frigidum et calidum</i>   |
| <i>Tucia, tutie.</i>              | <i>temperatum.</i>                 |
| <i>Litargirum, escume de or.</i>  | <i>Mirtus, gasel.</i>              |
| <i>Inter frigidum et calidum.</i> | <i>Bedagrage, spina alba, wit-</i> |
| <i>Lapis lazuli, pere.</i>        | <i>born.</i>                       |
| <i>Manna,</i>                     | <i>Arnoglosa, plauntein.</i>       |

*Wrt.*

## OLD ENGLISH PRAYERS, &amp;c.

From a small MS. on vellum, of the fourteenth century, in the possession of J. O. Halliwell, Esq. (No. 219,) consisting chiefly of a religious exhortatory treatise.

(Fol. 1, r°) [T]o knowe the bettur my purpos in this bok, wyteth wel alle, that I desire every man and womman and child to be my modur, for my wille is that thei don the sadur wille of hevene, and Crist seith, that uche that doth his sadur wille is his brother, suster, and modur.

*Pater noster.*—Fadur . . . . . in hevene, . . . . . yd be thi name, come thi kindam, thi wille be don as in hevene and in erthe, oure urchasedayes bred ȝeve us to day, and forȝeve us oure dettes as we forȝeven oure dettoures, and lede us not into temptacioun, bote delyvere us of yvel. Amen.

*Ave.*—Heyl Marie, ful of grace, God is whit thee, and bles syd be thou among alle wymmen, and blessid the fruyt of thi wombe Jhesus. Amen.

(Fol 1, v°) *Credo.*—I byleve in God, fader almyȝthi, maker of hevene and of erthe, and in Jhesu Crist, the sone of hym only oure lord, the wuche is conseyyed of the holy gost, y-boren of Marie maiden, suffrede passioun under Pounce Pilate, y-crucified, ded, and buried, wente doun in to helle, the thridde day he roos from dethe, he steyet up to hevenes, he sitteth on the riȝt syde of God the fadur almyȝti, thennes he is to come to deme the queke and the dede. I byleve in the holy gost, holy chirche general, the comunyng of halewes, the forȝenesse of synness, the rysyng of flech, and the lyf whit-oute ende. Amen.

*Alle thuse ten hestys spak God to Moyses in the Mounte of Sinay . . . . .* (a leaf is lost here.)

(Fol. 2, r°) *The seven dedus of mercy.*

(Fol. 4, v°) *The seven ȝiftes of the holigoost.*

(Fol. 6, v°) *The eyȝte blesynges of Jhesu Crist.* As

sweryng to the firste, God seith, Blessyd ben alle poure in spirit, that is, not proud ny bolled. To pite he seith, Blessyd ben alle meke, for he that bysyeth hym to lyve piteuosly, he wurchipet God and holy writ, and reprehendet no thing that he undurstondet not, and grucchett not aȝeynes God ny man, bote hath pite and reuthe, of alle thinges yvele fare, and that is to be meke. To kunnynge Crist seith, Blessyd ben thei that ben sory, for thei schulen be counforted to ben delivered of hire wykede bondus that thei knownen by holy writ, that thei han brouȝt hem self inne whit unordynate love of worldly thinges, aȝeynes Godes hestes and no wondur is it thouȝ suchē ben sory, for Crist wepte upon Jerusalem, for scheo hadde not this ȝift of kunnynge, and seide, ȝef thou haddest knowe the wo and the peyne that thou schalt suffre for thy wykednesse, thou schuldest wepe also. To the firthe Crist seith, Blessed ben thei that hungren and thursten riȝtfulnes, desyring joy and love of hevenely goodes, and traveillen bysly to drawen hire love fro erthely thinges, for hire desyre schal be fulfuld. To the fy[f]the Crist seith, Blessyd ben the merciful, for they schulen have mercy, and to suchē is conseyl nedful; therfore o remedie is for to be delyvered of oure woes, that we forȝeven as we wolen have forȝevenesse, and helpe hem and counseile hem by oure power, as we desyren to be holpen of God, and that is resoun and Godes wille. To the sixte Crist seith, Blessid ben the clene of herte, for thei schulen see God, ȝee thei schulen first seen hym here by contemplacioun, that is to seye, by goode thouȝtes and desyres and goode undurstandynges, and afturward thei schulen seen hym as he is in joy whit-outen ende.

To the seventhe Crist seith, Blessyd ben the pesible folk, in the wuche alle thinges ben wel ordeyned, none sturynges overcomyng resoun, bote al thing suget to the spiryt, for he is suget to God. The eyȝte blesyngē is, Blessyd ben, seith Crist, thei that so muche loven God, that for his love wolen suffre mysseynges, hate, and al maner bodyly peynes, for huren is the kyndom of heven, and therefore beth glad and joyful whenne ȝe thus suffren, for muche is ȝoure mede in hevene. And suchē a soule that hath thus sevēne ȝiftes of the holy gost, whit thus eiȝte blesynges of Cristus mouth, may wel synge a mornynge song of love-likynge, that Cristus special syngēt in the Bok of Songus.

See you, faire semely derlynge, oure luytel bed is huled whit floures, that is, the reste of contemplacioun, that thou hast maad feir what vertues, and feirer thou wolt maken hit in hevene, where schal be the grete bed of reste. The tymber of oure hous is of cedar and of cypresse, that schal never rote, that is strong pacience and sad perseveraunce in tribulacioun

for the grete smel of swetnesse of hevene this luytel bed is comen to hem bothe, for delices that either hath to othur; for Godes sone seith, My delices were to be whit mennes sones, sorwe to all that thusse delices letteth.

In the secounde chapitre of this bok, Godes sone conformynge hym to his special, synget his song, I flour of the feld, that is moste red brennyng in charite, I lylie of the valeyes, that is most white chast love and moste smelzene, and whit this flour the bed mot be strawed, not only of the relygyous tokened by the lylie of the valeyes, bote also of the actife men of valeyes, for alle that wolen lyven mekely in Crist, schulen suffren persecucioun, and so hem byhoufet red brennyng charite of the flour, and chaste humylyte of the lylie, and as the lylie waxinge and smellynge among thornes, that is, among synful men prickynge whit hir synnes, drof out of hem develes, and helede hem of hire synnes, so my special schal do among douȝtres. Thenne the special onswereode, As the male is plentiuouse of apples and of leves among trees of wodes, so is my derlyng among sones, undur his schadewe y desyrede to sitte, and his fruytes weren swete to my tast, whit his schadewe he refreschede me, and whit his fruyt he fedde me, that my strengthes fayle not in tribulacioun. The kyng hath lad me in to a wyn-celer, and hath ordeyned in me charite, that is, my derlyng hath drawe my love fro worldly thinges in to the grete multitude of swetnesse of the wuche Davyth wrondret(*sic*), and thouȝ my derlyng have thus leyd his lyft arm, that is erthely love, undur myn hed of my soule, and whit his riȝt arm byclipped me, I seyng myn ounе frelnesse for longe abydynge and drede of fallynge, more trustyng to other then to my self, therfore ȝe angeles and soules of seyntes, hule ȝe me whit floures, and bysetteth me whit malys, for to i-come to the fruyt that ȝe han, for I longe for love.

Byhold, my derlyng, speketh to me, arys, come nerre, my special, come, my schaply thorw scharite, my colver thorw symplenesse, now wyntur is passed, that is the olde wone of worldly coveitise that made me cold and hard y-froze as yse, the floures scheweth hem in oure erthe, the voys of the turtel is herd in oure herber, that is thilk soule that the kyng of hevene hath y-lad in to his wyn-celer syngeth chast songes of lovemornynge for hire synnes and for deth of Crist hir make, wol no more sitte on grene bowȝ lovyng worldly thinges, bote fedeth hire whit love of Crist, the clene whete corn, and fletch up in to the holes of his five wondes, lokyng whit simple yȝes, in to the cler watres of holy writ, and as a colver for drede of the faulen, that is the devel, fleynge careyne, that is fleschly love, as doun bothe the turtel and the douse. &c.

(Fol. 48, v°)—Therfore Crist, whan he was folled, wente in to desert to be temptid of the devele, and faste fourty dayes from bodiliche mete and drynke, and aftir he hungride, and the devyl came to hym, and seide, If thou be Goddis sone, sey that thes stonys be maad breed. Crist answerd by holy writt, and seide, It is write, not oonly in breed a man lyveth, but in every word that comith of Goddis mouth. And then the devele toke up Crist on a piler of the temple, and sayde, If thou be Gooodis sone, leep thou doun; it is write, he seith, that God wole sende to the aungels to kepe the fro hirtyng. And Crist seyde, It is write thou schalt not tempt thy God. And the thrid tyme the devil bare Crist on an hiȝ hille, and schewide hym alle the kyngdomes of the world and seide, Alle thes thyngis I wole ȝeve the, if thou wolt falle doun worschepe me. Than seyde Jhesu, Go, Satanas, it is writyn, thy Lord God thou schalt worschepe, and oonly hym serve. Than the devyle left hym, and aungelis camyn and servedyn him. O my leve dere modir, whiche a spedeful lessoun and nedful to thee, and to alle that schulyn be saved; spedeful, for it techeth thee how thou schalt dispose the to almaner of goode lyvynge, for he that came to teche al maner of goode lyvynge. It is nedeful, for it techith thee how thou schalt overcome the devile and almaner temptacions, for alle maner synnys, as seith seyn[t] Joon the evangelist, ben understande in thilke thre that he temptide Crist ynne, first in glotonye, whan he baad Crist seye that the stonys were maad breed. Thus the devil farith with men and wommen: first he stirith him to pappe and pampe her fleische, desyrynge delicous metis and drynkis, and so hoppe on the piler with her hornes, lockis, garlondis of gold and of riche perlis, callis, filettis, and wymplis, and rydelid gownes, and rokettis, colers, lacis, jackes, pattokis, with her longe crakowis, and thus the devil bereth hem up upon the piler, to teche hem to fle above other symple folk, and seith, they schulyn not herte hem, but he lieth falsely, for but they ben as sory therfore as ever they werun glad, they schulyn lepe a doun fro the piler to the putte of helle, and wel worthy, for they bisyen hem more to be semely to folis, than to God and his aungelis; and for this axith grete cost, the devil settith hem on an hiȝ hil, and schewith hem al the world, to thenk wher they mowen come to ony wordly richesse, as worldly men don, to have londis and rentis, gold and silver, and so come to worschepis of this world, that Crist techith us to forsake as he hym self dide, for ellis we mown not be his disciplis. Not oonly thes he temptith thus, but men of holy cherche and women to desiren beneficis, and dignites, prelacyes, and suche other, the whiche they schulde rather forsake than desire, for many perlis

that fallyn by hem. 3it more prevely he temptith some women of religiou to thenke where they mowen have ony lordis douȝtris or sones to teche hem curtesie, to lese therwith her owne soulis, more for the mayntenaunce of pride and her delicis, than for the worschipe of God or other goode vertues. And aȝens all suche curside aray, spekith Davith in the Sautir, that the douȝtris of cursid folk ben al alboutreversid.....

There is here a lacuna in the MS. and the seven leaves which follow, though evidently belonging to the same volume, are written in a different hand, or at least with a different pen. It may be observed that a former possessor of this MS. has written in the first page in a hand of the time of Queen Elizabeth his name, 'Roberti Hare,' probably the same Antiquarian who collected together the muniments of the two Universities.

### PATER NOSTER, AVE, AND CREED.

From MS. Arundel, 57, fol. 94, r<sup>o</sup>, written in 1340, in the Kentish dialect.

*Pater noster.* Vader oure thet art ine hevenes, y-halȝed by thi name, cominde thi riche, y-worthe thi wil ase ine hevene and ine erthe, bread oure eche dayes yef ous to day, and vorlet ous oure yeldinges, ase and we vorletheth oure yelderis, and ne ous led naȝt in to vondinge, ac vri ous vram queade. Zuo by hit.

*Ave Maria.* Hayl Marie of thonke vol, Lord by mid the, y-blissed thou ine wymmen, and y-blissed thet ouet of thine wombe. Zuo by hit.

*Credo.* Ich leve ine God, vader almȝti, makere of hevene and of erthe, and in Jesu Crist his zone on lepi oure Lord, thet i-kend is of the holi gost, y-bore of Marie mayde, y-pyned onder Pouns Pilate, y-nayled a rode, dyad, and be-bered, yede doun to helle, thane thridde day aros vram the dyade, steaȝ to hevenes, zit a the riȝt half of God the vader almȝti, thannes to comene he is, to deme the quike and the dyade. Ich y-leve ine the holy gost, holy cherche generalliche, mennesse of halȝen, lesnesse of zennes, of vlesse arizinge, and lyf evrelestinde. Zuo by hit.

Wrt.

HOW THE PLOUGHMAN LEARNED HIS  
PATER NOSTER.

From an unique Tract, printed by Wynkyn de Worde, preserved in the  
Public Library of the University of Cambridge.

**T** *Here begynneth a lytell geste, how the plowman lerned his pater noster.*

Som tyme in Fraunce dwelled a plowman,  
Whiche was myghty bolde and stronge ;  
Goode skyll he cowde in husbondry,  
And gate his lyvynge full merely.  
He cowde eke sowe and holde a plowe,  
Bothe dyke, hedge, and mylke a cowe,  
Thresshe, fane, and gelde a swyne,  
In every season and in tyme ;  
To mowe and repe both grasse and corne  
A better labourer was never borne ;  
He coude go to plowe with oxe and hors,  
With whiche it were, he dyde not fors ;  
Of shepe the wolle of for to shere,  
His better was founde no where ;  
Strype hempe he coude to cloute his shone,  
And set gese abrode in season of the mone.  
Of fruytte he graffed many a tre,  
Fell wode, and make it as it sholde be.  
He coude theche a hous, and daube a wall ;  
With all thinges that to husbondry dyde fall.  
By these to ryches he was brought.  
That golde ne sylver he lacked nougnt ;  
His hall rofe was full of bakon flytches,  
The chambre charged was with wyches  
Full of egges, butter, and chese,  
Men that were hungry for to ease ;  
To make good ale, malte had he plentye ;  
And Martylmas befe to hym was not deyntyne ;  
Onyons and garlyke had he inowe ;  
And good creme, and mylke of the cowe.  
Thus by his labour ryche was he in dede ;  
Now to the mater wyll I procede.  
Grete good he gate and lyved yeres fourty,  
Yet coude he neyther *pater noster* nor *ave*.  
In Lenten tyme the parson dyde hym shryve ;  
He sayd, “Syr, canst thou thy byleve ?”  
The plowman sayd unto the preste,  
“Syr, I byleve in Jhesu Cryste,

Whiche suffred dethe and harowed hell,  
As I have herde myne olders tell."

The parson sayd, " Man, late me here  
The saye devoutly thy *pater noster*,  
That thou in hit no worde do lacke."

Then sayd the plowman, " What thynge is that,  
Whiche ye desyre to here so sore ?  
I herde never therof before."

The preest sayd, " To lerne it thou arte bounde,  
Or elles thou lyvest as an hounde :  
Without it, saved canst thou not be,  
Nor never have syght of the Deyte ;  
From chyrche to be banysshed aye,  
All they that can not theyr *pater noster* saye.  
Therfore I mervayll ryght gretly,  
That thy byleve was never taught the.  
I charge the, upon Payne of deadly synne,  
Lerne it, heven yf thou wylte wynne."

" I wolde thresshe," sayd the plowman, " yeres ten,  
Rather than I it wolde leren.  
I praye the, syr persone, my counseyll kepe ;  
Ten wethers wyll I gyve the of my best shepe,  
And thou shalte have in the same stounde  
Fourty shelynges in grotes rounde,  
So ye me shewe how I may heven reche."

" Well!" sayd the preest, " I shall the teche ;  
Yf thou do by my counsell,  
To heven shalte thou come ryght well."

The husbonde sayd, " Yf ye wyll so,  
What ever ye bydde me, it shall be do."

" Well!" sayd the persone, syth thou haste graunt  
Truly to kepe this covenant,  
To do as I shalle warne the shortly,  
Marke well the wordes that I saye to the :  
Thou knowest that of corne is grete skarsnesse,  
Wherby many for hungre dye, doubtlesse,  
Bycause they lacke theyr dayly brede ;  
Hondredes this yere I have sene dede ;  
And thou haste grete plentye of whete,  
Whiche men for moneye now can not gete.  
And yf thou wilte do after me,  
Fourty poore men I shall sende the,  
And to eche of them gyve more or lasse  
Or they awaye fro the passe.  
I shall the double for thy whete paye,  
Se thou bere truly theyr names awaye,

And yf thou shewe them all and some  
 Ryght in ordre as they do come,  
 Who is served fyrste and who laste of all."  
 " In fayth !" sayd the plowman, " so I shall ;  
 Go when ye wyll and sende them hyder,  
 Fayne wold I se that company togyder."  
 The parsonе wente to fetche the route,  
 And gadred poore people all aboute ;  
 To the plowmans hous forthe he wente ;  
 The husbondeman was well contente  
 Bycause the parsonе was theyr surety.  
 That made his herte moche mere mery.  
 The preest sayd, " Se here thy men echone,  
 Serve them lyghtly that they were gone."  
 The husbondeman sayd to hym agayne,  
 " The lenger they tary, the more is my payne."  
 Fyrst wente *water*, feble, lene, and olde ;  
 All his clothes for hungre had he solde ;  
 Two busshelles of whete gate he there  
 Unethe for age myght he it bere.  
 Then came *noster* ragged in araye ;  
 He had his backe burden, and so wente his waye.  
 Two peckes were gyven to *Qui es in celis* ;  
 No wonder yf he haltered, for kybed were his helys.  
 Then came *sanctificetur*, and *nomen tuum* ;  
 Of whete amonge them they gate an hole tunne ;  
 How moche was therin I can not saye ;  
 They two laded a carte, and wente theyr waye.  
 In ordre folowed them other thre,  
*Adveniat, regnum, tuum*, that was deed nye ;  
 They thought to longe that they abode,  
 Yet eche of them had an hors-lode.  
 The plowman cryed, " Sirs, come awaye ! "  
 Than wente *fiat, voluntas, tua, sicut, in celo, et, in terra*,  
 Some blere eyed, and some lame, with botell and bagge,  
 To cover their arses they had not an hole ragge ;  
 Aboute ten busshelles they had them amonge,  
 And in the waye homewarde full merely they songe.  
 Then came *Panem, nostrum, cotidianum, da nobis, hodie* ;  
 Amonge them five they had but one peny ;  
 That was gyven them for Goddes sake ;  
 They sayde therwith that they wolde mery make :  
 Eche had two busshelles of whete that was gode,  
 They songe goynge home-warde a Gest of Robyn Hode.  
*Et dimitte, nobis, debita, nostra*, came than ;  
 The one sonburned, another black as a pan ;

They preased in the hepe of corne to fynde ;  
No wonder if they fell, for they were all blynde ;  
Eche of them an hole quartre they had,  
And streyght to the ale-hous they it lad.  
*Sicut, et nos, dimittimus, debitoribus, nostris,*  
Came in anone, and dyde not mys ;  
They had ten busshelles, withouten fayle,  
And layde fyve to pledge for a kylderkyng of ale.  
Than came *et, ne, nos, inducas, in temptationem :*  
Amonge them all they had quarters ten ;  
Theyr brede was baken in a tankarde,  
And the resydue they played at the hazarde.  
By and by came *sed libera nos a malo* ;  
He was so wery he myght not go.  
Also *Amen* came rennyng anone ;  
He cryed out “spede me, that I were gone ;”  
He was patched, torne, and all to-rente ;  
It semed by his langage that he was borne in Kente.  
The plowman served them everychone,  
And was full gladde whan they were gone.  
But whan he sawe of corne he had no more,  
He wyshed them at the devyll therfore.  
So longe had he meten his corne and whete,  
That all his body was in a swete.  
Than unto his hous dyde he go ;  
His herte was full of payne and wo,  
To kepe theyr names and shewe them ryght,  
That he rested but lytell that nyght.  
Ever he patred on theyr names faste ;  
Than he had them in ordre at the laste.  
Than on the morowe he wente to the parsonne,  
And sayd, “Syr, for moneye am I come ;  
My corne I delyvered by the counseyll of the,  
Remember the promes, thou arte theyr suretye.”  
The preest sayd, “Theyr names thou must me shewe.”  
The plowman rehersed them on a rewe ;  
How they were called he kepte in mynde,  
He sayd that *Amen* came all behynde.  
The parsonne sayde, “Man, be gladde this daye,  
Thy paternoster now canst thou saye.”  
The plowman sayde, “Gyve me my moneye !”  
The preest sayd, “I owe none to the to paye ;  
Thoughe thou dyde thy corne to poore men gyve,  
Thou mayst me blysse whyle thou doost lyve ;  
For by these maye ye paye Cryste his rente,  
And serve the Lorde omnipotente.”

“ Is this the awnswere,” he sayd, “ that I have shall ?  
 I shall sommon the afore the offycyal.”  
 So to the courte wente they bothe indede ;  
 Not beste of all dyde the plowman spedē.  
 Unto the offycyall the parsonē tolde all,  
 How it bytwene them two dyde fall,  
 And of this *pater noster* lernynge.  
 They laughed, and made sporte inowe.  
 The plowman for angre bended his browe,  
 And sayd, “ This poor men have a-way all my corne,  
 And for my labour the parsonē dothe me skorne.”  
 The offycyall praysed gretly the parsonē,  
 And sayd ryght well that he had done ;  
 He sayd, “ Plowman, it is shame to the,  
 To accuse this gentylman before me.”  
 He badde him go home, fole as he was,  
 And aske God mercy for his trespass.  
 The plowman thought ever on his whete,  
 And sayd, “ Agayne I shall it never gete.”  
 Than he wente, and to his wyfe sayd,  
 How that the parsonē had hym betrayde ;  
 And sayd, “ Whyle that I lyve certayne,  
 Preest shall I never trust agayne.”  
 Thus for his corne that he gave there,  
 His *pater noster* dyde he lere ;  
 And after longe he lyved withouten stryfe,  
 Tyll he went from his mortall lyfe.  
 The persone diseased after also ;  
 Theyr soules I truste to heven dyde go.  
 Unto the whiche he us bryngē,  
 That in heven reygneth eternall kynge.

*Hlll.*

## THE FIVE JOYS OF THE VIRGIN.

From a MS. in the Library of Trin. Coll. Camb. B. 14, 39, of the first  
of the thirteenth century.

*V Gaudia.*

Seinte Marie, levedi brist,  
Moder thou art of muchel mist,  
Quene in hevne of feire ble ;  
Gabriel to the he liste,  
The he brouste al wid riste  
Then holi gost to listen in the.  
Godes word ful wel thou cnewe ;  
Ful mildeliche thereto thou dewe,  
Ant saidest, " So it mote be !"  
Thi thonc was studevast ant trewe ;  
For the joye that to was newe,  
Levedi, thou have merci of me !

¶ Seinte Marie, moder milde,  
Thi fader bicome to one childe,  
Suc joye ne scal never eft be.  
The stronge fend, that was so wilde,  
Godes hondiwerc he spilde,  
For on appell of the tre.  
Levedi, mon thou broutest bote,  
The stronge fend an under fote,  
Tho thi sone was bornen of the :  
For the joye that tho was swote,  
Levedi, yemme grace that I mote  
Wid al mine miste lovien the !

¶ Seinte Marie, quene in londe,  
Godes moder ant Godes sonde,  
That te sculde ben so wo ;  
Jewes heden thi sone an honde,  
Judas soldin hem to honde,  
On the rode heo gonnен him slo ;  
The thridde dai he ros to live ;  
Levedi, ofte were thou blive,  
Ac never so thou were tho.  
Levedi, for then ilke sive  
That tou were of thi sone blive,  
Al mi sunnes thou do me fro !

¶ Seinte Marie, maydan ant mere,  
So lengore o so betere thou were,  
Thou here hem alle that clepet the to :

In muchele blisse that tou were,  
 Tho thinne swete sone i-bere  
     I-seie him in to hevene sten.  
 E sit arist as ure drist,  
 And weldet al, as hit is rist,  
     We mowen i-heren ant i-sen.  
 Levedi, for thi muchele miste,  
 The swete blisse of hevene briste,  
     Seinte Marie, herude me.

¶ The fifte joie is feirest in wede,  
 Tho thou in to hevene trede,  
     To him that was of the i-born.  
 Nou thou art in hevene quene,  
 Mit tine sone, brist ant scene ;  
     Al folc the heret therfore.  
 There is joie ant eke blisse,  
 That ever last, wid-oute misse ;  
     Ant ther thou art quene i-corn.  
 Levedi, tuet thou me mi beue,  
 For the joie that ever is newe,  
     Thou let me never be furlorn !

*Wrt.*

### THE TEN COMMANDMENTS,

IN VERSE.

From MS. Q. 1. 3. of the fifteenth century, in the Library of Jesus College, Cambridge.

In heven shall dwell all cristen men  
 That knawe and kepe Goddes biddyngis ten.

*Primum Mandatum.*

Thow shalt luf God with hert entere,  
 With all thy saull and all thy myght ;  
 Other god in no manere  
 Thou shalt not have, by day or nyght.

*Secundum Mandatum.*

Thy Goddes name in vanyte  
 Thow shalt not take, for wele nor wo ;  
 Dismembyr hym noght, that on a tre  
 For the was made bothe blak and blo.

*Tertium Mandatum.*

Thy haliday kepe wele alssو  
 Fra bodely werk thow take thy rest ;

And all thy howshald the same sall do,  
Bothe wyf and childe, servant and beste.

*Quartum Mandatum.*

Thy fadir and modir thou shalt honour,  
Noght onely with reverence,  
Bot in thaire nede thou thaym socour,  
And kepe ay gode obedience.

*Quintum Mandatum.*

Of mankynde thou shalt none sle,  
Ne harm with worde, wyll, nor dede ;  
Ne suffir non lorn ne lost to be,  
If thou wele may than help at nede.

*Sextum Mandatum.*

Thy wyf thou may in tyme wele take,  
Bot non other womman lawfulle ;  
Lechory and synful lust thou fle and forsake,  
And drede ay God where so thou be.

*Septimum Mandatum.*

Be thou no thef, nor theves fere,  
Ne nothing wyn with trechery ;  
Okur ne symony cum thou not nere,  
Bot conciens clere kepe ay trewely.

*Octavum Mandatum.*

Thow shalt in worde be trewe alssو ;  
And fals wytnes thou shalt none bere ,  
Loke thou not lye for frende nor foo,  
Lest thou thy saull full gretely dere.

*Nonum Mandatum.*

Thy neghbur wyf thou not desire,  
Nor othir wymmen with syn covet,  
Bot as haly kirk wald it were,  
Right so thy purpos loke thou set.

*Decimum Mandatum.*

Hows, ne land, ne othir thyng,  
Thow shalt not covet wrangfully ;  
Bot kepe ay wele Goddes biddynge,  
And cristen fayth trow stedfastly.

*Hull.*

## MEDICAL RECEIPTS.

Selected from a fragment of a MS. on vellum, of the 14th century, in the possession of J. O. Halliwell, Esq. (No. 335.) It appears to be written in rather a Northern dialect, but there is no internal evidence of its age or of the part of the country where it was written. In several circumstances, it bears a remarkable resemblance to the earlier Anglo-Saxon Medical books.

For hym that is in the jaunes: tak wormot and seth hit lange in water, and wasch the seke man with that water thrys ryght wele, and gyf him to drynk yvore schavyn smal in wyne. Another: tak the rote of borage, and yf he be harde tharin stamp hit, and temper hit with a lytill ale, and do tharto saffronne, and gif hym .iiij. sopes thre dayes at morn and even. .... Another: drynk sorell, plantayne, and chekyn-mete tempered with alde ale morne and even. .... Another: tak yvore and saffronne, and stamp to-gyder, and temper hit upp with haly water, and drynk hit morne and even, when thu gas to bedde. .... Another: tak a tenche, and clefe hit in twa al qwyk, and do away the banes, and lay hit to the herte and to the rybbes; the seek man or woman sal drynk na strang ale, bot mengyd with feble ale, no ete no gees no doune no roste, na na maner of beef no porke, ne noght that commes of swyne, no drynk no wyne, no no new ale, ne nathyng that hate es, few clathes bath nyght and day swa . . . . (*a leaf lost.*)

For hym that haves the squynansy: tak a fatte katte, and fla hit wele, and clene, and draw oute the guttes, and tak the grees of an urcheon, and the fatte of a bare, and resynes, and feinygreke, and sauge, and gumme of wodebynde, and virgyn wax; al this mye smal, and farse the catte within als thu farses a gos, rost hit hale, and geder the grees and enoynt hym therwith.

For the crampe: tak rew and stamp hit wele, and meng hit with fresch butter, and do hit in a vessel .ix. dayes, and cover hit wele, and then boyle hit, and draw hit thurgh a clath, and do than therto wax, and ensens, and boyle hit, and scome hit, and do hit in boystes, and enoynt the therwith.

Another for wynd and ventosite, that men callis *collica passio* and this es wel proved: tak and make the a girdil of seelskyn, and whil thu weres hit abouthe thi body thu sal noght have *collicam passionem*.

For evel and werke in bledder: tak ache, percel, and fenkel, of ilkane i-lyk mykell, and stamp tham wele, and temper tham with water, and drynk hit.

For the stane : tak grummel, percel, rede nettil, violet, franken ensens, and chiristane kirnels, and stamp tham to-gyder, and temper tham with stale ale and drynk hit. Another : tak everferne that grewes on the ake, and tak the rotes in Averell, and wasche hit wele, and stamp hit, tak .ij. copful of stale ale and a copful of hony, and do tharto, and hete hit a lytil, and do away the scome, and drynk therof wha so will softly be de-lyerde. . . . Another : tak a hare withouten wounde, and the blak snayle, and bryn in a new pot al to pouder, and meng hit in gude ald ale, and drynk hit. . . . Another : tak the blode of a gayte buke, and do hit in a glasse when the mone is wanande, and the .ix. day in that ilk mone tak the skyn of an hare al blody, and dry hit at the fire to thu may make pouder therof, and pouder of seede of lanett a sponfull, and of love-ache a sponfull, and of percell .ij. sponful, of the pouder of the skyn a sponful, and .ij. sponful of saffronn, and of buk blode .ij. sponful, temper al to-gider, and gyf hym drynke in leuke wyne, and in a bathe. And if thu wil prove that hit es sothe, do therin qwat stane that thu will, and thu sal fynde hit broken on the thirde day.

Another for to breke the stane : tak a cok that es a twelmoneth alde, and opon hym, and thu sal fynde in his mawe white stanes ; stamp tham wele in a morter, with a pestell of yren, or how so thu may, and temper hit with wyne, and drynk hit ; and if thu has the herberd, temper hit with water, and drynk hit. Another : tak a scutarde als hale als he es taken, and bryn him in a newe potte al to powder, and of tha pouder ete ilka day next thi herte or in thi potage or how thu may best.

For to draw oute a thorne : tak the barke of the hauthorne and stamp hit wele in red wyne, and do hit on the sare als hate als thu may suffrye hit ; the rancle sal abate, the thorn sal ga oute, the sare sal slake.

For male de flauinke : tak the rotes of rede nettilles and playntayne, and stamp tham wele in ale, and do tharto cray that thir parchemeners wirkes withall, and ger hym drynk hit. Another : tak the sedes of the rede dok, and gif hym at ete morn and even, bot kepe hym fra appels etyng.

For werke and swellyng in thees or fete : tak the rote of walwort, and seth hit in water, and tak hit than, and do away the overmast rynd, and tak the mydilmaste rynde, and stamp hit with bare greese, and do hit on a clath, and bynd hit thereto. Another, for bolnyng : tak the souredock, and falde hit in a kale lefe, and lay hit on the aymers, and stamp hit, and lay hit on the sare.

For schankes broken oute: tak the white malue, and bryn hit, and tak the askes, and bare greeves, and stamp tham togider, and enoynt the sare therwith, and tak of tha askes, and mak lee, and wasch thi thees and thi schankes tharwith, ar thu enoynt them, and eftirwarde when thu will wasch away the greeves, tak the white of .iiij. egges mad in glayer, and whete flour, and erth of an oven, and playster al-to-gider, and do on a lyn clath, and wynde abouthe the sare.

For the rancle and bolning ....tak the rede netylles on Myssomer even, and dry tham, and make pouder of tham, and do in the wounde. Another: tak avaunce, matfelon, yarrow, and sanygill, and stamp tham, and temper tham with stale ale, and drynk hit morn and at even. Another for the rancle: tak the leves of loveache, and stamp tham, and temper tham with wyne, and gif the seke man a sponful at morne and another at even. Another for bolnyng whare so it be: tak schepe tridels, or swynes muk, and seth it in white wine, and lay hit al hate upon the bolnyng, for hit helpes in al bolnynges.

For brynnynge with wilde fyre: tak rest bacon, and do hit on a grene hesill styk; than fill hit full of dry sponyng of hesill, and bryn hit swa, and kepe the droppynge in a newe waschen dische ful of water, and enoynt the brynnynge therwith.

A gude oynment for kyles, woundes, broken banes, bolnyng of felon, and for the goute: tak bugle, senygle, avance, violete, ache, waybrede, lilly, henbane, and morell, gumme of asoure, plumatre, wax, white pik, that this spicers calles *pix album*, and fresch swyne greeves or of a bare, and fresch sewet of a herte, and fresch talgh of a schepe, of ilkane y-lyk mykel, stamp the greeses wele; do al this thynges to-gyder in a panne, and wel thaim wele, and do rykels thereto, and wryng hit thurgh a clath in to a clene bacyn, and when hit es keled do hit in boyastes.

For a man that sal begyn to travayle: tak mugworte, and cary hit with the, and thu sal noght fele na werynesse, and whare thu dos it in houses na elves na na evyll thynges may com therin, ne qware herbe Jon comes noyther.

For to make a woman say the what thu askes hir: tak a stane that es called a gagate, and lay hit under hir left pappe when scho sleepes, that scho wit noght, and, yf the stane be gude, al that thu askes hir scho sal say the what scho has done.

For to make a womans neke white and softe: tak fresch swynes greeves molten, and hennes greeves, and the white of egges half rosted, and do thereto a lytel popyl mele, and enoynt hir therwith ofte.

For to wete yf a seke man sal lyve or dy....Qwen his broues hildes doun; the leste eigh mare than the ryght ye; neyse ende waxes sharp; his eres waxes calde; his eighen waxes holle; the chyn falles; his eighen and his mouth es opon; when he slepes bot he be wont tharto; his ere-lappes waxes leth; his fete waxes calde; his wambe falles away: if he pulle the straes or the clathes; if he pyke at his neyse thrilles; his forhede waxes rede; yonge man ay wakang; alde man ay slepand; his twa membres waxes calde agayne kynde, and hydes tham; if he rutills; this er the takenynges of dethe, forsothe witte thu wele he sal nocht leve thre dayes.

For the fever quarteyn:...tak on Myssomer even eftir the sonne sette, or on the morne ar the sonne ryse, and geder pulioll real with the rotes als mykel als the lekes, and dry hit, and kepe hit to Yole, and lay that puliol on oyle nyght opon the auter, and late hit ligge til thre messys be soungen, and thu sal se hit floresch al, newe floures bryng furth; than tak hit away, and kepe hit, and when thu will gyf hit hym that has the fever quarteyne, stamp the floure and temper hit with warme wyne, and gyf hit hym at drynk, *dicendo iter, Pater noster.*

For the fever lente: qwha that has the fever agu, that men calles lente evell, if the sekeman heved werkes that he may nocht slepp, tak everferne that waxes on the ake, with the rote, and seth hit wele, and tak mynt, of ayther y-lik mekell, and stamp tham wele, and mak ane emplaster, and lay on the forheyd, and on the thunwanges, but enoynt hym first with popilion.

If thu wenes the fever sal tak the man or the morne: tak on the even before a gude fatte ele, and do hit al' qwhik in a litel pocenet ful of gude wyne, and cover hit wele with a teghell stane that hit gaught oute, and lat hit be swa all nyght; on the morne are the evell tak hym, undo that ele, and mak hit clene, and sethe hit wele with the skynne, and gif the sekeman at ete of this ele, or all if he may, and the wyne that hit es sothen in ger hym drynk off, and with Goddes grace he sal be delivred of his evel.

For [to] do a man have the fevers, and sone do tham away: take a nedder alle qwik, and horned wormys that men calles the nutres neghen and seth tham in a new pote with water, and gider the homur that es abowen, and the grees thu fyndes in the potte, and do hit in a clene lome, and than sal thu, qwham that thu wille haf the fevers, enoynt his handes within and his fete underneth and his thunwanges, and he sal tremble and qwake als sone; and qwen thu will do hit away, do hym in a

fatte ful of hate water upp to the chynne, and [he] sal be delivred al sone.

For the goute: . . . tak leves of the henbane on Mydesomer evene, and stamp tham a litell, and fill a mykell potte bretfull, and thrille the potte bothomm, and cover it abowen with a teghell stane, and make a hole depe in the erth under the herth-stane, and do that pott tharin, and sett a litell lede under the patt bothomm to kepe in the oyle tha commes of the henbane thurgh the potte, fill than the hole up all abowte the potte with erthe, and lay agayne the erthstane, and dyght it that thou may mak thi fire tharon alle that twelfmoneth; than tak up that thou fyndes in the lede, and do hit dereley up in vessel of glas. This oyle is wonderly gude to the goute, and to rancle, and to many other evelle, if hit be oft sythes enoynt tharwit by the fire. If thu has noght this oile, take that oyle that es made of the sede of henbane als men makes of other sedes, and enoynt the goute tharewith.

Another drynk to wounde: tak confery, marigolde, matfelon, mylfoyle, avance, cerfoyle, herbe Robert, ambrose, maroile, pellwet, rede-dok, polipody, the qwite rote of walwort, bay-wort, and celidoyne, of ilkane illlike mykell, and of madre hafe the wegh of al thir othir herbes byfor nevend, seth tham in ale or in wyne, and drynk tham morn and even, and do als hit says before.

For hym that es gorwoundede: tak a har of a hare skyn, and wynde hit rownde als a appell, and swelgit hit done, and he salle be sauf.

The latter part of the MS. is in a different hand, written apparently at the end of the fourteenth or early in the fifteenth century; it consists also of medical receipts, among which are the two following.

For to make rubarbe: kutte away the bowys of the bromme alone to the rote, than dygge away al a bowte the rote, so that ye may come wel thereto; than perse hym with holys alle abowte, so that no hole mete with other, and so lete stonde alle the xij. monthe, then take hym uppe.

If thu welte preve mastereys: take a cocke chyke, and putte a knyffe throw his hede, and than put the jus of fylage in the hole, and he schale go forthe and krow, and lyve never the worse.

*Wrt.*

## A RECEIPT TO CATCH FISHES.

From a quarto Manuscript on vellum, of the beginning of the fifteenth century, in the possession of J. O. Halliwell, Esq. (No. 8, fol. 50, r<sup>o</sup>), consisting of Astrological, Medical, and Miscellaneous fragments.

*To make alle the fisches in a pont to come to thy hond.*

Tak palma Christi and frankandsence, and medul hem to gedir, and put hit in a fome clowte, and hold the pouder on thi finger that a gold ryng is upon, and wasch thi hond in every corner of the pont, fisches wolde come to thi honde.

## SONG.

From MS. Harl. 3810, fol. 13. v<sup>o</sup>, of the fifteenth century.

Serve thy God trwle;  
And the world bysely;  
Ete thy mete merely,  
So schalt thou lyve in hele.

If thou be visite with poverte,  
Take it not to hevyle;  
For he that sende the adverseite  
May turne the azen to wele.

If thou be in prosperite,  
Set not to lyte by poverte;  
Spende astur thy degré,  
And be not to lyberal.

Purpose thy selfe in charite;  
Demene thy worschip in honeste;  
Lete not nygardschip have the maystre,  
For shame that may befalle.

Faver not meche thy rycches;  
Set not lyteel be worthynes;  
Kepe thyn hert from dowblenes,  
For any manner thing.

Loke thu love lowlynes;  
With merthe put awey hevynes;  
Lete not worldly bysynes  
To wanhope the bryng.

Hull.

Cf. Book of  
Brown, ed.  
Toulmin  
Smith, p. 13.

14.272  
2.5.18

## CREED AND PATER NOSTER.

From MS. Harl. No. 3724, fol. 44, r<sup>o</sup>. and v<sup>o</sup>. of the thirteenth century.

I bileve in God fadir almighty, sshipper of hevene and of eorþe, and in Jhesus Crist, his onlepi sone, ure loverd, þat is i-vang þurh þe holy gost, bore of Marie Mayden, þolede pine under Pounce Pilat, picht on rode tre, ded and y-buriid, licht in to helle, þe pridde day fram deth aros, steich in to hevene, sit on his fadir richt honde, God almighty, þenne is cominde to deme þe quikke and þe dede. I bileve in þe holy gost, al holy chirche, mone of alle halwen, forgivenis of sinne, fleiss uprising, lyf wiþuton ende. Amen.

*Pater Noster in Anglo-Saxon.*

Ure fader in hevene riche,  
þi name be haliid ever i-liche,  
þu bringe us to þi michil blisce,  
þi wille to wirche þu us wisse,  
Als hit is in hevene i-do  
Ever in eorþe ben it al so,  
þat holi bred þat lesteþ ay  
þu send hit ous þis ilke day,  
Forgive ous alle þat we haviþ don,  
Als we forgivet uch opir man,  
Ne lete us falle in no fondinge,  
Ak scilde us fro þe foule pinge. Amen.

See Skeat  
6 N. & Q.  
XII, 258

On the verso of the last folio, in a later hand.

Silly sicht i seich, unsembly forte se,  
As wil as hit was fetherto, fundind forte fle.

*Wrt.*

## LATIN VERSES.

From the same Manuscript, fol. 4, v<sup>o</sup>.

Si tibi pulcra domus et splendida mensa, quid inde ?  
Si non accessus hominum sit, tunc nichil inde.  
Si conjux pulcra, si proles multa, quid inde ?  
Si mulier meretrix, mala proles, tunc nichil inde.  
Si decies hominum tibi serviat ordo, quid inde ?  
Si domini servi perversi, tunc nichil inde.  
Si doceas socios de qualibet arte, quid inde ?  
Si cor non retinet quæ discunt, tunc nichil inde.

H

Si pulcher fueris, sapiens, fortisque, quid inde ?  
 Si malus et mendax, non audax, tunc nichil inde.  
 Si tibi sint pecora, si prædia multa, quid inde ?  
 Tam cito prætereunt hæc omnia, quod nichil inde.

Judice Francigena sacco portatur avena,  
 Sed Bachi vena ciatho, cratera, lagena.  
 Projiciatur humi, ne possit abinde resumi,  
 Fluctibus assumi dignissima filia fumi.  
 Filia festucæ nostræ contraria bucae,  
 Est dampnanda cruce, neque nocte placet neque luce.  
 Filia fermenti nostræ contraria genti,  
 Mater tormenti nocitura nocensque bibenti.  
 • Venter enim turget, quem fermenti furor urget,  
 Surgit et exurget, donec digestio purget.  
 Ecce molendinum fundit non vine vinum,  
 Potio mortalis, mala potio, potio talis,  
 Pernicies homini genus hoc potus peregrinum.  
 Hactenus hunc potum michi solo nomine notum,  
 Devoveat totum seria ventura nepotum.  
 A nobis totum se sentiat esse remotum,  
 Et fieri scotum qui mandit pro dape potum.  
 Si censura Jovis tribus appreienda sit ovis,  
 Legibus ista novis reprimet sub judice quovis. Amen.

*Wrt.*

#### EPIGRAM ON THE DEGENERACY OF THE TIMES.

From a quarto MS. of the fifteenth century on paper, in the Ashmol. lib. a<sup>1</sup>  
 Oxford, 750, f. 100. v°.

Wytte is trechery ;  
 Love is lechery ;  
 Play is vileney ;  
 And holyday is glotery.  
 Olde man is skorned ;  
 Jong woman is wowed ;  
 Ryche man is glosed ;  
 And poure man is bowed.

*Hull.*

## PIOUS LEGENDS.

From some poems in praise of the Mass, in MS. Harl. No. 3954, of the latter half of the fourteenth century. It contains, besides these poems, pieces of the English version of Sir John Maundevile's Travels and Piers Ploughman. The language bears a considerable resemblance to that of the *Masses and Carols* in MS. Sloane, No. 2593, of which a selection was printed by Mr. Pickering in 1836, and which was conjectured to be in the dialect of Warwickshire and Nottinghamshire.

*Narratio Sancti Augustini.* (fol. 75 r°.)

Evyl gosten, wel thu wete,  
 Thyn evyl wordes han wrete  
     In here bokys ichon ;  
 This wytnessyt sent Austyn,  
 That fyrst in Ingland with gyn  
     Trewe prechynge begon.  
 Beforn that Austyn to Ingland kome ;  
 With sen Gregory in Rome,  
     For sothe, he gan duelle,  
 Tyl on a day of derworthynesse  
 Sen Gregory wold seyn a messe,  
     Fayre as hymm befelle.  
 Onto sent Austyn he made a sygne,  
 For to ben hys dekene dygne,  
     To redyn hys gospelle ;  
 And as he redde, he sey a syth,  
 .iiij. wyvys setyn to-gydder ryth,  
     Here talys gun thei telle.  
 Quat thei spokyn he herd al  
 Thour a wyndowe at a wal  
     Nout fer fro hys face.  
 He saw a fend sytting therin,  
 With penne, ink, and parchemyn,  
     As God ȝaf hym grace.  
 He wrot so long that hym schant,  
 And hys skyn gan to want,  
     To spekyn he had space :  
 He had so mych haste,  
 With hys naylys faste  
     Hys rolle gan he race.  
 So sore ruffyn toggyd hus rolle,  
 That he smot with hys cholle  
     Aȝen the marbyl ston ;  
 Alle that sotyn ther aboute  
 Of the dynt weryn a doute,  
     Hee herdynt everychon.  
 Quan the fend so foul drow,

Sent Austyn stod and low ;  
     Gregory sore gan grame.  
 Ner for grame the good man grete ;  
 Quan he with Austyn gan mete,  
     He made to hym hys mane ;  
 And askyd hym with myld mod,  
     Qwo made hym so wytles wod  
         That day to done that dede.  
 Suech a dede was never done !  
 He answeryd azen sone,  
     Of hym he hadde drede :  
 " Sere, greve, þu not tyl ȝe wete ;  
     þonder I saw Sathanas sete,  
         It semed hys hed gan blede ;  
 For he wrot before that brayd,  
     Al that .iiij. wyvys sat and sayd,  
         As I stod for to rede.  
 Were ȝe not frayid of the dynt ?  
 It banyd me and made me stynt  
     Out of my ryth stevene.  
 I seye but that I sey,  
     A word I wyl not ley.  
         Be Jhesu Cryst of hevene.  
 Sere, ȝe may ful wel trowe."  
 He let hym to the wyndowe,  
     That I before gan mene.  
 Lyk blod ther was bled,  
     As blak as ony pyk spred  
         Upon the pelerys evene.  
 Than the good man grevyd hym lasse ;  
 And komaundyd men at every masse  
     Of this myracle to mynne ;  
 And bad hem, with god wylle,  
     Stedfastly holdyn hem stylle  
         In chyrch quan thei weryn inne.  
 " Kep þu out of Goddis warke,  
 Ther is no word that ȝow skape,  
     But that ȝe don synne.  
 To lettyn a prest in hys messe,  
     Al aloud myth fare the wersse,  
         Out of woo to wynne.  
 Of the wyvys gun thei wete,  
     Qwat hee spokyn as hee sete  
         Sent Austyn besyde.  
 Be here answer hee wyste wel  
     Thei hadde spokyn mykyl unseyl,  
         Hee mythtyn it not hyde.

*Narratio de virtute missarum. (fol. 77, v°.)*

Sumtyme ther was a poure man,  
 I xal þou telle, as I can,  
 That labouryd and travaylyd for hus lyf;  
 He had a good woman to hus wyf.  
 The poure man, I þou say,  
 Was temptyd with a fend nyth and day;  
 He was in poynt to for-doun hymselfe  
 Aboutyn a ten tyme or .xij.  
 Hys wyf was evermore at hus hand,  
 And so sche gan hym withstand.  
 She was wys of here werk,  
 And preyid hym for to gon to kerk,  
 Of here persone to ben shreve;  
 Therafter they xuldyn the better leve.  
 This man tok hys wavyys reed,  
 And to the persone gan hym sped,  
 And told hym al hys evyl dede,  
 And preyid hym to redyn hym sum rede.  
 The persone thout of that cas,  
 He sau ful perlyous it was;  
 ȝyf he for-dede hymself so,  
 He were for-lore for ever mo.  
 He bad that man al that ȝer  
 Comyn every day a messe to her;  
 "And ȝyf thu wylt do so,  
 Thi destene thu xalt over-go."  
 The poure man seyd, nay,  
 Hym most travaylyn every day;  
 He hadde non other levynge,  
 But of hys dayis travaylyng.  
 "ȝyf I xuld a messe cum to,  
 That dayis werk me most for-go."  
 The persone seyd, "be my fay!  
 I xal ȝef the a peny every day,  
 And cum and here thin messe snelle,  
 Quan I rynge the messe belle."  
 The poure man, withoutyn nay,  
 Com to messe every day  
 Quan he herde the belle rynge,  
 And had a peny to hys spendyng.  
 Thus he contynuyd al that ȝere,  
 Com every day a messe to here;  
 And quan the messe was do,  
 Wente aȝen hus laboure to;  
 Tyl it was ny the ȝerys ende,

For the stane: tak grummel, percel, rede nettil, violet, franken ensens, and chiristane kirls, and stamp tham to-gyder, and temper tham with stale ale and drynk hit. Another: tak everferne that grewes on the ake, and tak the rotes in Averell, and wasche hit wele, and stamp hit, tak .ij. copful of stale ale and a copful of hony, and do tharto, and hete hit a lytil, and do away the scome, and drynk therof wha so will softly be de-lyverde. . . . Another: tak a hare withouten wounde, and the blak snayle, and bryn in a new pot al to pouder, and meng hit in gude ald ale, and drynk hit. . . . Another: tak the blode of a gayte buke, and do hit in a glasse when the mone is wanande, and the .ix. day in that ilk mone tak the skyn of an hare al blody, and dry hit at the fire to thu may make pouder therof, and pouder of seede of lanett a sponfull, and of love-ache a sponfull, and of percell .ij. sponful, of the pouder of the skyn a sponful, and .ij. sponful of saffronn, and of buk blode .ij. sponful, temper al to-gider, and gyf hym drynke in leuke wyne, and in a bathe. And if thu wil prove that hit es sothe, do therin qwat stane that thu will, and thu sal fynde hit broken on the thirde day.

Another for to breke the stane: tak a cok that es a twelmoneth alde, and opon hym, and thu sal fynde in his mawe white stanes; stamp tham wele in a morter, with a pestell of yren, or how so thu may, and temper hit with wyne, and drynk hit; and if thu has the herberd, temper hit with water, and drynk hit. Another: tak a scutarde als hale als he es taken, and bryn him in a newe potte al to powder, and of tha pouder ete ilka day next thi herte or in thi potage or how thu may best.

For to draw oute a thorne: tak the barke of the hauthorne and stamp hit wele in red wyne, and do hit on the sare als hate als thu may suffrye hit; the rancle sal abate, the thorn sal ga oute, the sare sal slake.

For male de flauke: tak the rotes of rede nettilles and playntayne, and stamp tham wele in ale, and do tharto cray that thir parchemeners wirkes withall, and ger hym drynk hit. Another: tak the sedes of the rede dok, and gif hym at ete morn and even, bot kepe hym fra appels etyng.

For werke and swellyng in thees or fete: tak the rote of walwort, and seth hit in water, and tak hit than, and do away the overmast rynd, and tak the mydilmaste rynde, and stamp hit with bare greese, and do hit on a clath, and bynd hit therto. Another, for bolnyng: tak the souredock, and falde hit in a kale lefe, and lay hit on the aymers, and stamp hit, and lay hit on the sare.

For schankes broken oute : tak the white malue, and bryn hit, and tak the askes, and bare greees, and stamp tham togider, and enoynt the sare therwith, and tak of tha askes, and mak lee, and wasch thi thees and thi schankes tharwith, ar thu enoynt tham, and eftirwarde when thu will wasch away the greees, tak the white of .iiij. egges mad in glayer, and whete flour, and erth of an oven, and playster al-to-gider, and do on a lyn clath, and wynde aboue the sare.

For the rancle and bolning .... tak the rede netylles on Myssomer even, and dry tham, and make pouder of tham, and do in the wounde. Another : tak avaunce, matfelon, yarow, and sanygill, and stamp tham, and temper tham with stale ale, and drynk hit morn and at even. Another for the rancle : tak the leves of loveache, and stamp tham, and temper tham with wyne, and gif the seke man a sponful at morne and another at even. Another for bolnyng whare so it be : tak schepe tridels, or swynes muk, and seth it in white wine, and lay hit al hate opon the bolnyng, for hit helpes in al bolnynges.

For brynnynge with wilde fyre : tak rest bacon, and do hit on a grene hesill styk ; than fill hit full of dry sponyng of hesill, and bryn hit swa, and kepe the droppynge in a newe waschen dische ful of water, and enoynt the brynnynge therwith.

A gude oymment for kyles, woundes, broken banes, bolnyng of felon, and for the goute : tak bugle, senngle, avance, violete, ache, waybrede, lilly, henbane, and morell, gumme of asoure, plumtre, wax, white pik, that this spicers calles *pix album*, and fresch swyne greees or of a bare, and fresch sewet of a herte, and fresch talgh of a schepe, of ilkane y-lyk mykel, stamp the greses wele ; do al this thynges to-gyder in a panne, and wel tham wele, and do rykels thereto, and wryng hit thurgh a clath in to a clene bacyn, and when hit es keled do hit in boystes.

For a man that sal begyn to travayle : tak mugworte, and cary hit with the, and thu sal noght fele na werynesse, and whare thu dos it in houses na elves na na evyll thynges may com therin, ne qware herbe Jon comes noyther.

For to make a woman say the what thu askes hir : tak a stane that es called a gagate, and lay hit under hir lefft pappe when scho sleepes, that scho wit noght, and, yf the stane be gude, al that thu askes hir scho sal say the what scho has done.

For to make a womans neke white and softe : tak fresch swynes greees molten, and hennes greees, and the white of egges half rosted, and do therto a lytel popyl mele, and enoynt hir therwith ofte.

For to wete yf a seke man sal lyve or dy....Qwen his broues hildes doun; the lefte eigh mare than the ryght ye; neyse ende waxes sharp; his eres waxes calde; his eighen waxes holle; the chyn falles; his eighen and his mouth es opon; when he slepes bot he be wont tharto; his ere-lappes waxes leth; his fete waxes calde; his wambe falles away: if he pulle the straes or the clathes; if he pyke at his neyse thrilles; his forhede waxes rede; yonge man ay wakang; alde man ay slepand; his twa membres waxes calde agayne kynde, and hydes tham; if he rutills; this er the takenynges of deth, forsothe witte thu wele he sal nocht leve thre dayes.

For the fever quarteyn:...tak on Myssomer even estir the sonne sette, or on the morne ar the sonne ryse, and geder pulioll real with the rotes als mykel als the lekes, and dry hit, and kepe hit to Yole, and lay that puliol on oyle nyght opon the auter, and late hit ligge til thre messys be soungen, and thu sal se hit floresch al, newe floures bryng furth; than tak hit away, and kepe hit, and when thu will gyf hit hym that has the fever quarteyne, stamp the floure and temper hit with warme wyne, and gyf hit hym at drynk, *dicendo ter, Pater noster.*

For the fever lente: qwha that has the fever agu, that men calles lente evell, if the sekeman heved werkes that he may nocht slepp, tak everferne that waxes on the ake, with the rote, and seth hit wele, and tak mynt, of ayther y-lik mekell, and stamp tham wele, and mak ane emplaster, and lay on the forheyd, and on the thunwanges, but enoynt hym first with popilion.

If thu wenes the fever sal tak the man or the morne: tak on the even before a gude fatte ele, and do hit al qwhik in a litel pocenet ful of gude wyne, and cover hit wele with a teghell stane that hit gaught oute, and lat hit be swa all nyght; on the morne are the evell tak hym, undo that ele, and mak hit clene, and sethe hit wele with the skynne, and gif the sekeman at ete of this ele, or all if he may, and the wyne that hit es sothen in ger hym drynk off, and with Goddes grace he sal be delivred of his evel.

For [to] do a man have the fevers, and sone do tham away: take a nedder alle qwik, and horned wormys that men calles the nutres neghen and seth tham in a new pote with water, and gider the homur that es abowen, and the grees thu fyndes in the potte, and do hit in a clene lome, and than sal thu, qwham that thu wille haf the fevers, enoynt his handes within and his fete underneth and his thunwanges, and he sal tremble and qwake als sone; and qwen thu will do hit away, do hym in a

And his eyen shullen dymmen;  
 And his nese shal sharpen;  
 And his skyn shal starken;  
 And his hew shal falewen;  
 And his tonge shal stameren; (other famelen)  
 And his lippes shulle blichen;  
 And his hondes shulle quaken;  
 And his teth shulle ratelen;  
 And his throte shal rotelen;  
 And his feet shullen streken;  
 And his herte shal breken;  
 And of al this wordles b[!]isse  
 Ne wold y ȝeve a pese i-wis;  
 Thou that art so proud,  
 Ne shalt thou have bute a clout.

*Hull,*

THE SEVEN BEASTS OF SIN, AND THEIR  
WHELPES.

From the Rule of Nuns, by Simon de Ghent, in MS. Cotton. Nero. A. XIV. fol. 50, v°. of the middle of the thirteenth century. Two other copies are preserved in the British Museum, MSS. Cotton. Titus D. XVIII. and Cleop. C. VI. The latter MS. is the oldest of the three. We intend on future occasions to give Extracts from the other MSS. In Magdalen College, Oxford, is preserved a Latin translation of this book.

Holy men þ holi wummen beoð of alle vondunges swuðest ofte i-tempted, þ han to goddre heale; vor iþe vihte ageines han, heo bigiteð þe blisfule kempene crune. Lo! þauh hwu he meneð ham bi Jeremie: *persecutores nostri velociores aquilis celi, super montes persecuti sunt nos: in deserto insidiati sunt nobis.* þet is, ure wiðerwines beoð swifture þen þe earnes; up oðe hulles heo clumben ester us, þ her fuhten mid us, þ get iðe wildernesse heo aspieden us to slean. Ure wiðerwines beoð þreo: þe veond, þe world, þ ure owune vleshys, ase ich er seide. Lihtliche ne mei me nout oþerhule i-cnowen hwuc of þeos þreo weorreð him; vor everichon helpeð oþer, þauh þe veond kundeliche eggeð us to atternesse, as to prude, to over-howe, to onde, þ to wreðde, þ to hore attri kundles, þet beoð her ester i-nemmed, þet flesh put propremen toward swetnesse, þ toward eise, þ toward softnesse, ant te world bit mon giscen wordes weole þ wunne þ wurschipe, þ oþer swuche ginegoven, þet bidweolieð kang men to luvien one scheadewe. þeos wiðerwines, he seið, voluwed us on hulles, þ awaited us iðe

wildernesse, hu heo us muwen hermen. - Hul, þet is heih lif, þer þes deofles assauz beoð ofte strengest; wildernesse, þet is onlich lif of ancre wuninge, vor also ase ine wildernesse, beoð alle wilde bestes, ȝ nulleð nout i-holen monnes neihlechunge, auh fleoð hwon heo ham i-hereð oþer i-seoð, also schulen ancren over alle oþre wummen beon wilde oþisse wise, ȝ þeonne beoð heo over alle oþre leovest to ure loverde, ȝ swetest him þuncheð ham; vor of alle flesches þeonne is wilde deores fleschs leovest ȝ swetest. I þisse wildernesse wende ure loverdes folc, ase Exode telleð, toward tet eadie londe of Jerusalem, þet he ham hefde bihoten. And ge, mine leove sustren, wendeð bi þen ilke weie toward te heie Jerusalem, to þe kinedom þ he haveð bihoten his i-corene. Goð þauh ful warliche, vor i þisse wildernesse beoð monie uvele bestes; liun of prude, neddre of attri onde, unicorne of wreðe, beore of dead slouhðe, vox of giscunge, suwe of givernesse, scorpiun mid te teile of stinkinde lecherie, þet is golnesse. Her beoð nu a-reawe i-told þe seoven heaved sunnen.

þe liun of prude haveð swuðe monie hweolpes, ȝ ich chulle nemmen summe. *Vana gloria* hette þe vorme, þet is hwo se let wel of ei þing þet heo deð, ȝ wolde habben word þerof, ȝ is wel i-paied gif heo is i-preised, ȝ mis i-paied gif heo nis i-told swuch ase heo wolde. þe oþer hweolp hette *indignatio*, þet is hwo se þuncheð hokerlich of out ðet heo i-sihð bi oþre, oðer i-hereð, oþer vorhoweð chastientment, oþer lowure lore. þe þridde hweolp is *Ipocrisis*, þet is þeo þet makeð hire betere þen heo beo. þe veorðe is, *presumptio*, þet is þeo ðet nimeð more an hond þen heo mei overcumen, oþer entremeteð hire of þinge þet to hire ne valleð. þe vifte hweolp hette inobedience, þet is ðet child þet ne buhð nout his eldre, underling his prelat, paroschian his preost, meiden hire dame, everich lowure his herre. þe sixte hweolp is *loquacitas*, þeo vedeð þesne hweolp þet beoð of muchel speche, gelpeð, ȝ demeð oþre, lauhweð oðer hwules, gabbeð, upbreideð, chideð, vikeleð, sturieð leihtres. þe seoveðe hweolp is blasphemie; þisses hweolpes nurice is ðe þet swereð greate oðes, oðer bitterliche kurseð, oþer missið bi God, oþer bi his haluwen, nor eni þing ðe he þoleð, i-sihð, oðer i-hereþ. þe eihteðe hweolp is impatience; þesne hwelp fet hwo se nis nout þolemod agean alle wowes, ȝ in alle uveles. þe nigeðe hweolp is contumace; ȝ þesne hweolp fet hwo se onwil ine þinge ðet heo haveð undernumen vorto donne, beo hit god, beo hit uvel, so ðet non wisure read ne mei bringen hire ut of hire riote. Monie oþre þer beoð ðet cumeð of woole, ȝ of wunne, of heie kunne, of feire cloþes, of wit, of wlite, of strençðe. Of heie live waxeð prude, ȝ of holi þeauwes. Monie mo hweolpes þen ich habbe i-nempned

haveð þe liun of prude i-hweolped; auh abuten þeos þencheð  
þastudieð wel swuðe, vor ich go lihtliche over, ne do bute  
nempnie ham. Auh ge everihwar hwar se ich go swuðest forð,  
bileave ge þe lengure, vor þer ich feþri on, awurðeð tene oþer  
tweolue. Hwo se haveð eni unþeau of þeo ðet ich er nemde,  
oðer ham i-liche, heo haveð prude sikerliche, hu se ever hire  
kurtel beo i-scheaped, oþer i-seouwed, heo is liunes make þet  
ich habbe i-speken of, þe fet his wode weolpes wiðinnes hire  
breoste.

þe neddre of attri onde haveð seove kundles. *Ingratitudo*;  
þesne kundel bret hwo se nout i-cnowen of god dede, auh  
telleð lutel þerof, oþer vorgiteð mid alle: god dede ich sigge  
nout one þet mon deð him, auh þet God deð him, oðer haveð  
i-don him, oðer him oðer hire, more þen heo understande. Gif  
heo hire wel biþouhte, of þisse unþeauwe me nimed to lutel  
geme, ant is þauh of alle on loðest God, þe mest agean his grace.  
þe oþer kundel is, *rancor sive odium*, þet is, hatunge oþer great  
heorte; þe ðet bret þesne kundel in hire breoste, al is attri to  
gode, þet heo ever wurcheð. þe þridde kundel is of-þunch-  
unge of oþres god. þe veorðe is gledschipe of his uvel, lauh-  
wen oþer gabben gif him mis biveolle. þe vifte is wrejunge.  
þe sixte, bacbitunge. þe seoveðe, upbrud oðer schornunge.  
Hwar ase eni of þeos was, oþer is, þer was oðer-is þe kundel,  
oþer þe olde moder, of þe attri neddre of onde.

þe unicorne of wreððe þet bereð on his neose þene horne,  
þet he asneseð mide alle þeo ðet he areacheð, haveð six  
hweolpes; þe vormeste is cheaste, oþer strif; þe oðer is wod-  
scape; þe þridde is schenful upbrud; þe veorðe is wariunge;  
þe vifte is dunt; þe sixte is wil ðet him uvele i-tidde, oþer on  
him sulf, oþer on his freond, oðer on his eihte.

þe bore of hevi slouhðe haveð þeos hweolpes. *Torpor* is þe  
vorme, þet is wlech heorte, þet schulde leiten al o leie, ine lufe  
of ure loverde. þe oþer is, *pusillanimitas*, þet is to poure i-  
heorted þe to herde mid alle, eni heit þing to undernimmen, ine  
hope of godes helpe, þe ine truste of his grace, þe nout of hire  
strencðe. þe þridde is *cordis gravitas*; þesne hweolp haveð  
hwo se wurcheð god, þe deð hit tauh mid one deade þe mid one  
hevie heorte. þe veorðe hweolp is idelnesse, þet is hwo se  
stunt mid alle. þe vifte is heorte grucchunge. þe sixte is a  
dead scoruwé vor lure of eie worldliche þinge, oðer of freond,  
oþer vor eni unðonc, bute vor sunne one. þe seoveðe is,  
gemeleaschipe, oþer to siggen, oðer to don, oþer to biseon  
bivoren, oðer te þenchen efter, oðer mis witen ei þing þet heo  
haveð to witene. þe eihteðe is unhope; þes laste bore hweolp  
is grimmest of alle, vor hit to-cheowede þe to-vret Godes milde  
milce, þe his muchele merci, þe his unimete grace.

þe vox of giscunge haveð þeos hweolpes; tricherie; ȝ gile; þeofðe; reflac; wite; ȝ herrure strenðe; vals-witnessse, oðer oð; simonie; gavel; oker; vestschipe of geoue, oþer of love; monsleih oðer hule. þeos unþeawes beoð to vox vor monie reisuns i-efnede. Two ich chulle siggen; muche gile is iðe vox, ȝ so is ine giscunge, of worldliche bigeate; and an oðer reisun is, þe vox awurieð all enne floc, þauh he ne muwe bute one vrechliche vorswoluwen, also gisceð a gissare þet moni þusunt muhten bi flutton, auh þauh his heorte berste, he ne mei brukan on him sulf bute one monnes dole. Al ðet mon oþer wummon wilneð more þen heo mei gnedeliche ledan hire lif bi, everich efter ðet heo is, al is giscunge ȝ rote of deadlich sunne. þet is riht religiun, þet everich efter his stat, boruwe et tisse vrakele worlde so lutel so heo ever mei, of mete, of cloðe, of eihte, ȝ of all worldliche þinges. Understondeð wel ðis word þ ich ou sigge everich efter his stat; vor hit is i-veððred, þet is i-charged, ge moten makien ðed wute ge in monie wordes muche strenðe; þenchen longe þer abuten, ȝ biðet ilke o word, understanden monie wordes þet limpeð þerto, vor gif ich scholde writen alle, hwonne come ich to ende!

þe suwe of givernesse, þet is glutunie, haveð pigges þus i-nemmed; to erliche hette þet on; þet oðer, to estliche; þet þridde, to vrechliche; þet feorðe hette to muchel; þet fifte, to ofte ine drunche, more þen ine mete. þus beoð þeos pigges i-nemmed. Ich speke scheortliche of ham, vor ich nam nout of dred, mine leove sustren, þet ge ham veden.

þe scorpian of lecherie, þet is of golnesse, haveð swuche kundles, þet in one wel i-cowune muðe hore summes nome ne sit nout vor to nemmen, vor þe nome one muhte hurten alle wel i-cowune earen, ȝ fulen alle clene heorten. þeo me mei nemmen wel, hwas nomen me i-cnoweð wel, ȝ heo beoð more herm is to monie, al to kuðe; ase hordom; eaubruche: meidelure; ȝ icest, þet is bitwhwe sibbe, vlesliche oðer gostliche, ðet is i monie i-deled: on is ful wil vorted on þet fulðe, mid skilles gettunge, þet is, hwonne þe schil ȝ te heorte ne wið-siggeð nout, auh likeð wel ȝ grimeð al ðet tet fleschs to prokeð, ȝ helpen oðer þideward beon waite ȝ witnessse þerof, huntin þer efter, mid wouhinge, mid togginge, oðer mid eni tollunge, mid gigge leihtre, mid horeien, mid eni lihte lætes, mid geoue, mid tollinde wordes, oðer mid luve speche, cos, unhende gruspunges; ðet beoð heaved sunnen, luvien tide, oðer time, oðer stude, vorto kumen ine swuche keite, ȝ oþer swuche vorrideles, ðet me mot ferbuwen. Hwo se nule iðe muchele ful ȝe venliche vallen, ase seit Austin seið: *omissis occasionibus, qui solent aditum aperire peccatis, potest conscientia esse incolumis;* þet is, hwo se wule hire inwit witen clene ȝ

## PIOUS LEGENDS.

ON some poems in praise of the Mass, in MS. Harl. No. 3954, of the first half of the fourteenth century. It contains, besides these poems, parts of the English version of Sir John Maundevile's Travels and Piers Plowman. The language bears a considerable resemblance to that of the *Ps and Carols* in MS. Sloane, No. 2593, of which a selection was printed by Mr. Pickering in 1836, and which was conjectured to be in the dialect of Warwickshire and Nottinghamshire.

*Narratio Sancti Augustini.* (fol. 75 r°.)

Evyl gosten, wel thu wete,  
 Thyn evyl wordes han wrete  
     In here bokys ichon ;  
 This wytnessyt sent Austyn,  
 That fyrst in Ingland with gyn  
     Trewe prechyg begon.  
 Beforn that Austyn to Ingland kome ;  
 With sen Gregory in Rome,  
     For sothe, he gan duelle,  
 Tyl on a day of derworthynesse  
 Sen Gregory wold seyn a messe,  
     Fayre as hym befelle.  
 Onto sent Austyn he made a sygne,  
 For to ben hys dekene dygne,  
     To redyn hys gospelle ;  
 And as he redde, he sey a syth,  
 .ij. wyvys setyn to-gydder ryth,  
     Here talys gun thei telle.  
 Quat thei spokyn he herd al  
 Thour a wyndowe at a wal  
     Nout fer fro hys face.  
 He saw a fend sytting therin,  
 With penne, ink, and parchemyn,  
     As God ȝaf hym grace.  
 He wrot so long that hym schant,  
 And hys skyn gan to want,  
     To spekyn he had space :  
 He had so mych haste,  
 With hys naylys faste  
     Hys rolle gan he race.  
 So sore ruffyn toggyd hus rolle,  
 That he smot with hys cholle  
     Aȝen the marbyl ston ;  
 Alle that sotyn ther aboute  
 Of the dynt weryn a doute,  
     Hee herdynt everychon.  
 Quan the fend so foul drow,

For the stane : tak grummel, percel, rede nettil, violet, franken ensens, and chiristane kirls, and stamp tham to-gyder, and temper tham with stale ale and drynk hit. Another : tak everferne that grewes on the ake, and tak the rotes in Averell, and wasche hit wele, and stamp hit, tak .ij. copful of stale ale and a copful of hony, and do tharto, and hete hit a lytil, and do away the scome, and drynk therof wha so will softly be de-lyverde. . . . Another : tak a hare withouten wounde, and the blak snayle, and bryn in a new pot al to pouder, and meng hit in gude ald ale, and drynk hit. . . . Another : tak the blode of a gayte buke, and do hit in a glasse when the mone is wanande, and the .ix. day in that ilk mone tak the skyn of an hare al blody, and dry hit at the fire to thu may make pouder therof, and pouder of seede of lanett a sponfull, and of love-ache a sponfull, and of percell .ij. sponful, of the pouder of the skyn a sponful, and .ij. sponful of saffronn, and of buk blode .ij. sponful, temper al to-gyder, and gyf hym drynke in leuke wyne, and in a bathe. And if thu wil prove that hit es sothe, do therin qwat stane that thu will, and thu sal fynde hit broken on the thirde day.

Another for to breke the stane : tak a cok that es a twelmoneth alde, and opon hym, and thu sal fynde in his mawe white stanes ; stamp tham wele in a morter, with a pestell of yren, or how so thu may, and temper hit with wyne, and drynk hit ; and if thu has the herberd, temper hit with water, and drynk hit. Another : tak a scutarde als hale als he es taken, and bryn him in a newe potte al to powder, and of tha pouder ete ilka day next thi herte or in thi potage or how thu may best.

For to draw oute a thorne : tak the barke of the hauthorne and stamp hit wele in red wyne, and do hit on the sare als hate als thu may suffrye hit ; the rancle sal abate, the thorn sal ga oute, the sare sal slake.

For male de flauinke : tak the rotes of rede nettilles and playntayne, and stamp tham wele in ale, and do tharto cray that thir parchemeners wirkes withall, and ger hym drynk hit. Another : tak the sedes of the rede dok, and gif hym at ete morn and even, bot kepe hym fra appells etyng.

For werke and swellyng in thees or fete : tak the rote of walwort, and seth hit in water, and tak hit than, and do away the overmast rynd, and tak the mydilmaste rynde, and stamp hit with bare greese, and do hit on a clath, and bynd hit thereto. Another, for bolnyng : tak the souredock, and falde hit in a kale lefe, and lay hit on the aymers, and stamp hit, and lay hit on the sare.

For schankes broken oute: tak the white malue, and bryn hit, and tak the askes, and bare grees, and stamp tham togider, and enoynt the sare therwith, and tak of tha askes, and mak lee, and wasch thi thees and thi schankes tharwith, ar thu enoynt tham, and eftirwarde when thu will wasch away the grees, tak the white of .ij. egges mad in glayer, and whete flour, and erth of an oven, and playster al-to-gider, and do on a lyn clath, and wynde aboue the sare.

For the rancle and bolning ....tak the rede netylles on Myssover even, and dry tham, and make pouder of tham, and do in the wounde. Another: tak avaunce, matfelon, yarrow, and sanygill, and stamp tham, and temper tham with stale ale, and drynk hit morn and at even. Another for the rancle: tak the leves of loveache, and stamp tham, and temper tham with wyne, and gif the seke man a sponful at morne and another at even. Another for bolnyng whare so it be: tak schepe tridels, or swynes muk, and seth it in white wine, and lay hit al hate upon the bolnyng, for hit helpes in al bolnynges.

For brynnynge with wilde fyre: tak rest bacon, and do hit on a grene hesill styk; than fill hit full of dry sponyng of hesill, and bryn hit swa, and kepe the droppynge in a newe waschen dische ful of water, and enoynt the brynnynge therwith.

A gude oynment for kyles, woundes, broken banes, bolnyng of felon, and for the goute: tak bugle, senygle, avance, violete, ache, waybrede, lilly, henbane, and morell, gumme of asoure, plumtre, wax, white pik, that this spicers calles *piz album*, and fresch swyne grees or of a bare, and fresch sewet of a herte, and fresch talgh of a schepe, of ilkane y-lyk mykel, stamp the greses wele; do al this thynges to-gyder in a panne, and wel tham wele, and do rykels therto, and wryng hit thurgh a clath in to a clene bacyn, and when hit es keled do hit in boyastes.

For a man that sal begyn to travayle: tak mugworte, and cary hit with the, and thu sal noght fele na werynesse, and whare thu dos it in houses na elves na na evyll thynges may com therin, ne qware herbe Jon comes noyther.

For to make a woman say the what thu askes hir: tak a stane that es called a gagate, and lay hit under hir left pappe when scho slepes, that scho wit noght, and, yf the stane be gude, al that thu askes hir scho sal say the what scho has done.

For to make a womans neke white and softe: tak fresch swynes grees molten, and hennes grees, and the white of egges half fested, and do therto a lytel popyl mele, and enoynt hir therwith ofte.

For to wete yf a seke man sal lyve or dy....Qwen his broues hildes doun; the lefte eigh mare than the ryght ye; neyse ende waxes sharp; his eres waxes calde; his eighen waxes holle; the chyn falles; his eighen and his mouth es opon; when he slepes bot he be wont tharto; his ere-lappes waxes leth; his fete waxes calde; his wambe falles away: if he pulle the straes or the clathes; if he pyke at his neyse thrilles; his forhede waxes rede; yonge man ay wakang; alde man ay slepand; his twa membres waxes calde agayne kynde, and hydes them; if he rutills; this er the takenynges of dethe, forsothe witte thu wele he sal nocht leve thre dayes.

For the fever quarteyn....tak on Myssomer even eftir the sonne sette, or on the morne ar the sonne ryse, and geder pulioll real with the rotes als mykel als the lekes, and dry hit, and kepe hit to Yole, and lay that puliol on oyle nyght opon the auter, and late hit ligge til thre messys be soungen, and thu sal se hit floresch al, newe floures bryng furth; than tak hit away, and kepe hit, and when thu will gyf hit hym that has the fever quarteyne, stamp the floure and temper hit with warme wyne, and gyf hit hym at drynk, *dicendo ter, Pater noster.*

For the fever lente: qwha that has the fever agu, that men calles lente evell, if the sekeman heved werkes that he may nocht slepp, tak everferne that waxes on the ake, with the rote, and seth hit wele, and tak mynt, of ayther y-lik mekell, and stamp tham wele, and mak ane emplaster, and lay on the forheyd, and on the thunwanges, but enoynt hym first with popilion.

If thu wenes the fever sal tak the man or the morne: tak on the even before a gude fatte ele, and do hit al'qwhik in a litel pocenet ful of gude wyne, and cover hit wele with a teghell stane that hit gaught oute, and lat hit be swa all nyght; on the morne are the evell tak hym, undo that ele, and mak hit clene, and sethe hit wele with the skynne, and gif the sekeman at ete of this ele, or all if he may, and the wyne that hit es sothen in ger hym drynk off, and with Goddes grace he sal be deliverd of his evel.

For [to] do a man have the fevers, and sone do tham away: take a nedder alle qwik, and horned wormys that men calles the nutres neghen and seth tham in a new pote with water, and gider the homur that es abowen, and the grees thu fyndes in the potte, and do hit in a clene lome, and than sal thu, qwham that thu wille haf the fevers, enoynt his handes within and his fete underneth and his thunwanges, and he sal tremble and qwake als sone; and qwen thu will do hit away, do hym in a

Itt shal be writtyng abowte,  
 That unkyndnes haith kyllyd me,  
 And putt me to this Payne ;  
 Behold this wreichid body,  
 That your unkyndnes haith slayne !

O lady ! lerne by me,  
 Sley nott love wylfully,  
 For fer love waxyth denty.  
 Unkyndnes to kyle me,  
 Or putt love to this Payne ;  
 I ware the better dye,  
 For loves sake agayne.

Grevus is my soro ;  
 Butt deth ys my boro ;  
 For to my selfe alone  
 Thus do I make my mone,  
 That unkyndnes haith kyllyd me,  
 And passyd is my Payne ;  
 Pray for this ded body,  
 That your unkyndnes haith slayne !

*Finis. Amen !*

*Hull.*

### POPULAR SONGS.

MS. Harl. No. 5396, on paper, of the reign of Henry VI., the same  
 which contains the Turnament of Tottenham. The second of these  
 is remarkably analogous to the one already given from a Cambridge  
 in the present volume, p. 27. The titles are written in a later hand.

#### I. *Good Rule ys out of Remembrance*, fol. 18, r°.

Lord God, what ys this wordys fare  
 But ryal revel and gret aray ?  
 Evyr spend and nothyng spare !  
 Sone wyl hyt wast and were [a]way.  
 When plente may no lenger play,  
 And Gode hym grochyth of his governans,  
 That mesur may no lenger pay,  
 Gode rule ys not of remembrauns.

When plente may no lenger pay,  
 He schal then wyth hym abyde,  
 A dredful man bothe nyȝt and day,  
 With careful hert hys hed may hyde.

But now on dayes hyt dos betyde ;  
 For unto man hyt ys gret grevans,  
     Fro hys worschyp thus for to slyde,  
 For caus gode rule ys out of remembrans.  
 Ho so wyl yn the somur seson  
     Gadur and grype ar that he grynde,  
     The wynter aftyr, be weye of reson,  
         He wyl not be ful far behende.  
     Thus mesur, man, have yn thy mynde,  
     Thurgh gode rule and just purvyans,  
         Hyt ys no craft to be to kynde,  
         Thynk on gode rule and gode governans,  
     With wele and worshyp and gode welefare,  
         Mekyl wast and letyll wynne,  
         Sone yt wyl make an howsolde bare,  
         With gret spendyng out and yn.  
     Tryst better thy selfe then thy kyn,  
     For to a man hyt ys ful gret grevans,  
         Sodenly fro mahede for to ryn,  
     For caus of gode rule and gode governans.  
 Avyse the, man, or thu begyn,  
     That thu have no nede for to playne,  
     Loke what astate that thu stondys yn,  
         For poverte ys a prevy payn,  
         Thof thu wene that hope to the be gayn,  
         Of lordys and ladeys and her plesans,  
         If thu ber the the hyer for payn,  
         Then is gode rule out of remembrans.  
 In prydé and poverte ys grete dysse,  
     Therfor be war of haddywyst,  
     For nother of them may other plese,  
         Every man may not have hys owen lyst.  
         In God therfor put all thy tryst,  
         For old envy makyth newe dystayns,  
         I hold that man ryȝt wele i-blyst  
         That on gode rule can remembrauns.  
 Hadd[y] wyst comys ever to late,  
     Whan ther lakkyd bothe lok and keye ;  
     What nedith a man to spar the ȝate,  
         Whan ther ys nothyng yn the weye ?  
         With a penyles purs for to pleye,  
         Lat scho can the pepul amawns,  
         Sum man had as lefe to dye,  
         F[or] on gode rule he has no remembrauns.

A bare berd wyl sone be shave,  
 Ther as ys but lyttyl here abut ;  
 I mene by them that mekyll wold have,  
 And bene bothe pore and eke prowde,  
 Redy to ryd yn every rowte ;  
 Hyt ys now but newe aquentaunce,  
 They ley to wed bothe panne, lavos, and spoute,  
 With them gode rule ys not of remembrans.

Sum pepyl that levyn now on dayes,  
 Ar mekyl set on galantnesse :  
 I lekken them truly unto the wawes  
 Of the se, that ar full of trowbulnesse.  
 Have they here pryde and ryalnesse,  
 They rech nenym of plesans,  
 The end therof wyl turn to hevynesse,  
 Becaus god rule ys out of remembrans.

What nedys a man to delve depe,  
 Ther as ys no sede for to sowe ;  
 The pot ys esy for to kepe,  
 When the fat ys over blowe.  
 Nether for hye ne for lowe,  
 Kombur not thyselfe with lewode governans ;  
 To mych bend may breke thy bowe ;  
 Therfor on gode rule have thu remembrans.

He that hys worschyp here wyl have,  
 And lyf aftyr hys owne degre,  
 In honeste hys worschyp most he save,  
 And yn hevyn shal be hys prosp[er]yte.  
 Now God that dyed on a tre,  
 3yf us grace to do after hys ordynans !  
 Thys tale I tell by 3ou and me,  
 For ensampul of gode governans.

**II. Turne up hur halter and let hur go. f. 20, r°.**

I not what I shall syng nor say,  
 I man for-sakyn, no worth the whyle !  
 Ho may hold that wyll away ?  
 My soveren lald has don me gyle.  
 I have bethoȝt me upon a wyle,  
 Sythen that hur hert ys turnyd me fro,  
 I hold yt the best for dredre of gyle,  
 Turne up hur halster and let hur go.

Si pulcher fueris, sapiens, fortisque, quid inde?  
 Si malus et mendax, non audax, tunc nichil inde.  
 Si tibi sint pecora, si prædia multa, quid inde?  
 Tam cito prætereunt hæc omnia, quod nichil inde.

Judice Francigena sacco portatur avena,  
 Sed Bachi vena ciatho, cratera, lagena.  
 Projiciatur humi, ne possit abinde resumi,  
 Fluctibus assumi dignissima filia fumi.  
 Filia festucæ nostræ contraria bucae,  
 Est dampnanda cruce, neque nocte placet neque luce.  
 Filia fermenti nostræ contraria genti,  
 Mater tormenti nocitura nocensque bibenti.  
 • Venter enim turget, quem fermenti furor urget,  
 Surgit et exurget, donec digestio purget.  
 Ecce molendinum fundit non vine vinum,  
 Potio mortalis, mala potio, potio talis,  
 Pernicies homini genus hoc potus peregrinum.  
 Hactenus hunc potum michi solo nomine notum,  
 Devoveat totum seria ventura nepotum.  
 A nobis totum se sentiat esse remotum,  
 Et fieri scotum qui mandit pro dape potum.  
 Si censura Jovis tribus appreienda sit ovis,  
 Legibus ista novis reprimet sub judice quovis. Amen.

*Wrt.*

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### EPIGRAM ON THE DEGENERACY OF THE TIMES.

From a quarto MS. of the fifteenth century on paper, in the Ashmol. lib. ~~22~~  
 Oxford, 750, f. 100. v°.

Wytte is trechery ;  
 Love is lechery ;  
 Play is vileney ;  
 And holyday is glotery.  
 Olde man is skorned ;  
 Jong woman is wowed ;  
 Ryche man is glosed ;  
 And poure man is bowed.

*Hull.*

## PIOUS LEGENDS.

From some poems in praise of the Mass, in MS. Harl. No. 3954, of the latter half of the fourteenth century. It contains, besides these poems, pieces of the English version of Sir John Maundevile's Travels and Piers Ploughman. The language bears a considerable resemblance to that of the *Songs and Carols* in MS. Sloane, No. 2593, of which a selection was printed by Mr. Pickering in 1836, and which was conjectured to be in the dialect of Warwickshire and Nottinghamshire.

*Narratio Sancti Augustini. (fol. 75 r°.)*

Evyl gostes, wel thu wete,  
 Thyn evyl wordes han wrete  
     In here bokys ichon ;  
 This wytnessyt sent Austyn,  
 That fyrst in Ingland with gyn  
     Trewe prechyg begon.  
 Besorn that Austyn to Ingland kome ;  
 With sen Gregory in Rome,  
     For sothe, he gan duelle,  
 Tyl on a day of derworthynesse  
 Sen Gregory wold seyn a messe,  
     Fayre as hym befelle.  
 Onto sent Austyn he made a sygne,  
 For to ben hys dekene dygne,  
     To redyn hys gospelle ;  
 And as he redde, he sey a syth,  
 .iiij. wyvys setyn to-gydder ryth,  
     Here talys gun thei telle.  
 Quat thei spokyn he herd al  
 Thour a wyndowe at a wal  
     Nout fer fro hys face.  
 He saw a fend sytting therin,  
 With penne, ink, and parchemyn,  
     As God ȝaf hym grace.  
 He wrot so long that hym schant,  
 And hys skyn gan to want,  
     To spekyn he had space :  
 He had so mych haste,  
 With hys naylys faste  
     Hys rolle gan he race.  
 So sore ruffyn toggyd hus rolle,  
 That he smot with hys cholle  
     Aȝen the marbyl ston ;  
 Alle that sotyn ther aboute  
 Of the dynt weryn a doute,  
     Hee herdynt everychon.  
 Quan the fend so foul drow,

That wye weyrd as he were wode,  
Full ofte he sykyd and sayd, alas !  
That any kyndeman wantys gode.

Under a holme I me hyd,  
Of that hathell more to here ;  
How he hys care so kyndlykyd  
With cold carpyng and smere.  
He prayd to God, bryng hym on bere,  
As he bogt hym with hys blode !  
Save desteny of our dryghtyn dere,  
Allas ! that kyndeman wantys gode.

Sum tyme, he said, I was a syre,  
Ther wold no sorow in me synk ;  
With gentylmen was my desyre  
At dees to dyne and eke to drynk ;  
And now I am a ruful rynke,  
But he me rych that raght on rode ;  
Therefore I say ryȝt as me thynke,  
Allas ! that kyndeman wantys gode.

And thus, for wontyng of worldes wele,  
I walk as wye withouten wyt ;  
Sum tyme helde I festys fele,  
But now me faylys of that fytt.  
I trowe that knot was on me knyt,  
Or I at kyrk had caught my code ;  
Therfo[re] I syng, and say it ȝyt,  
Allas ! that kyndeman wantys gode.

When wyes walke unto tho wyne,  
Then as a wiche I walke away ;  
That puttes me to pytous pyne,  
I have no penyes for to pay ;  
But as foule dos in a fray,  
Or ellis tho fysch that fayles fode ;  
Therfor I syng, and eke I lay,  
Allas ! that kyndeman wantys gode.

Have caytenys and obnys in a kest,  
That myȝt a kyndom cach fro care ;  
Or ȝet of florens ful tho fynt,  
For it schal ne tho better fare.  
That makys me for to drewpe and dare,  
I may not stand as I ere stode ;  
Therfor I syng with sykyng sare,  
Allas ! that kyndeman wantys gode.

For schankes broken oute: tak the white malue, and bryn hit, and tak the askes, and bare grees, and stamp tham togider, and enoynt the sare therwith, and tak of tha askes, and mak lee, and wasch thi thees and thi schankes tharwith, ar thu enoynt tham, and eftirwarde when thu will wasch away the grees, tak the white of .ij. egges mad in glayer, and whete flour, and erth of an oven, and playster al-to-gider, and do on a lyn clath, and wynde aboute the sare.

For the rancle and bolning ....tak the rede netylles on Myssomer even, and dry tham, and make pouder of tham, and do in the wounde. Another: tak avaunce, matselon, yarrow, and sanygill, and stamp tham, and temper tham with stale ale, and drynk hit morn and at even. Another for the rancle: tak the leves of loveache, and stamp tham, and temper tham with wyne, and gif the seke man a sponful at morne and another at even. Another for bolnyng whare so it be: tak schepe tridels, or swynes muk, and seth it in white wine, and lay hit al hate upon the bolnyng, for hit helpes in al bolnynges.

For brynnynge with wilde fyre: tak rest bacon, and do hit on a grene hesill styk; than fill hit full of dry sponyng of hesill, and bryn hit swa, and kepe the droppynge in a newe waschen dische ful of water, and enoynt the brynnynge therwith.

A gude oynment for kyles, woundes, broken banes, bolnyng of felon, and for the goute: tak bugle, senygle, avance, violete, ache, waybrede, lilly, henbane, and morell, gumme of asoure, plumtre, wax, white pik, that this spicers calles *pix album*, and fresch swyne grees or of a bare, and fresch sewet of a herte, and fresch talgh of a schepe, of ilkane y-lyk mykel, stamp the greses wele; do al this thynges to-gyder in a panne, and wel tham wele, and do rykels therto, and wryng hit thurgh a clath in to a clene bacyn, and when hit es keled do hit in boystes.

For a man that sal begyn to travayle: tak mugworte, and cary hit with the, and thu sal noght fele na werynesse, and whare thu dos it in houses na elves na na evyll thynges may com therin, ne qware herbe Jon comes noyther.

For to make a woman say the what thu askes hir: tak a stane that es called a gagate, and lay hit under hir left pappe when scho slepes, that scho wit noght, and, yf the stane be gude, al that thu askes hir scho sal say the what scho has done.

For to make a womans neke white and softe: tak fresch swynes grees molten, and hennes grees, and the white of egges half rosted, and do therto a lytel popyl mele, and enoynt hir therewith ofte.

For to wete yf a seke man sal lyve or dy....Qwen his broues hildes doun; the lefte eigh mare than the ryght ye; neyse ende waxes sharp; his eres waxes calde; his eighen waxes holle; the chyn falles; his eighen and his mouth es opon; when he slepes bot he be wont tharto; his ere-lappes waxes leth; his fete waxes calde; his wambe falles away: if he pulle the straes or the clathes; if he pyke at his neyse thrilles; his forhede waxes rede; yonge man ay wakang; alde man ay slepand; his twa membres waxes calde agayne kynde, and hydes them; if he rutills; this er the takenynges of dethe, forsothe witte thu wele he sal nocht leve thre dayes.

For the fever quarteyn:...tak on Myssomer even eftir the sonne sette, or on the morne ar the sonne ryse, and geder pulioll real with the rotes als mykel als the lekes, and dry hit, and kepe hit to Yole, and lay that puliol on oyle nyght opon the auter, and late hit ligge til thre messys be soungen, and thu sal se hit floresch al, newe floures bryng furth; than tak hit away, and kepe hit, and when thu will gyf hit hym that has the fever quarteyne, stamp the floure and temper hit with warme wyne, and gyf hit hym at drynk, *dicendo ter, Pater noster.*

For the fever lente: qwha that has the fever agu, that men calles lente evell, if the sekeman heved werkes that he may nocht slepp, tak everferne that waxes on the ake, with the rote, and seth hit wele, and tak mynt, of ayther y-lik mekell, and stamp tham wele, and mak ane emplaster, and lay on the forheyd, and on the thunwanges, but enoynt hym first with popilion.

If thu wenes the fever sal tak the man or the morne: tak on the even before a gude fatte ele, and do hit al qwhik in a litel pocenet ful of gude wyne, and cover hit wele with a teghell stane that hit gaught oute, and lat hit be swa all nyght; on the morne are the evell tak hym, undo that ele, and mak hit clene, and sethe hit wele with the skynne, and gif the sekeman at ete of this ele, or all if he may, and the wyne that hit es sothen in ger hym drynk off, and with Goddes grace he sal be deliverd of his evel.

For [to] do a man have the fevers, and sone do tham away: take a nedder alle qwik, and horned wormys that men calles the nutres neghen and seth tham in a new pote with water, and gider the homur that es abowen, and the grees thu fyndes in the potte, and do hit in a clene lome, and than sal thu, qwham that thu wille haf the fevers, enoynt his handes within and his fete underneth and his thunwanges, and he sal tremble and qwake als sone; and qwen thu will do hit away, do hym in a

## BURLESQUES, IN PROSE AND VERSE.

From a MS. in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh, (MS. Jac. V. 7, 27.)  
of the fifteenth century.

## I.

Herkyn to my tale that I schall to yow schew,  
For of seche merwels have ye hard bot few;  
Yf any of them be ontrue that I schall tell yow aftur,  
Then wax I as pore as tho byschop of Chestur.  
As I rode from Durram to Dowre I fond by tho hee strete  
A fox and a fulmarde had .xv. fete;  
Tho scate scaldyd tho rydlyng and turnede of hys skyn;  
At tho kyrke dore called the codlyng, and badd lett hym yn.  
Tho samond sang tho hee mas, tho heyring was hys clarke,  
On tho orgons playde tho porpas, ther was a mere warke.  
Ther was a grete offeryng in that kyrke that dey;  
Ther was that I schall reykyn in a gud arey.  
Tho were wesels and waspes offeryng carte-saduls;  
Muscetes and marlyons, laduls and cawdurns;  
Tho pyke and tho perche, tho symen and tho roche,  
Tho pleyse and tho macrell yit were there moo;  
Tho hadoke hyde hym, behynd he wolde not be;  
With hym rode tho stok-fysch that was semely to se.  
Yett were there moo, yf I truly tell my tale;  
A cunger and a kokall rode on a plughe mall;  
Tho turbot and tho thornebacke and tho grete whall;  
Tho oystur hade to horschone, and offerd therwithall;  
Tho crabe, and tho lopster ther were withall.  
I toke a peyny of my purse, and offerd to hom all.  
For this offerand was made, tho sothe yf I schall sey,  
When Mydsomer evyn fell on Palmes sounndey.  
Fordurmore I went, and moo marvels I founde;  
A norchon by tho fyre rostyng a greyhownde.  
Ther was dyverse meytes, reckyn hom yf I schall;  
Ther was raw bakon, and new sowlde all.  
Tho breme went rownd abowte, and lette hom all blode;  
Tho sow sate on hye benke, and harpyd Robyn-Howde;  
Tho fox fydylyd, tho ratton rybybyd, tho larke noty with all;  
Tho hombull-be hondyld tho horne-pype, for hur fyngurs were  
small.  
Ther were whetstons and sanopes choppyd in cole;  
Sowters in serropes, and sadduleres in sew;  
Mylnestons in mortrews have I sene bot fewe;  
Gryndylstons in grwell with tho blw brothes;  
Ther was pestells in porres, and laduls in lorres;

Tynkares in tartletes have I not mony sene,  
 Tho throstyll and tho popegey notyd full clene;  
 Tho styrgyon stode byhynd the dore scharpyng stakes;  
 Tho beyr was the gud kowke that all this meyte makes;  
 Tho hare with hyr long gwode come dryvyng tho harrous;  
 And .xxvj. salte elys, ycheon with a sckeyfe of arrwus.  
 In a symphon sange tho snype with notes of tho nyghtgale.  
 Yf all thees be trwe that bene in this tale,  
 God as he madde hus, mend hus he mey,  
 Save hus and sende hus sum drynke for this dey.

*Explicit.*

*Amen.*

## II.

*Mollificant olera durissima crusta.* Fryndis this is to saye to your lewde understanding, that hoote wortes erased crusses makeyn softt hard wortes. The helpe and the grace of the grey gose that goose on the grene, and the wysdam of the watur wynde mylne, with the gud grace of the galon pytcher, and all the salt sawsegis that ben sothen in Northefolke apon seyturdaye, be with hus now at owre begynnyng, and helpe hus in owre endyng, and qwyte yow of blys and bothe your een, that never schall have endyng. Amen.

My leve cursyd creatures, ther was wonus a whyfe whose name was Katernyn Fyste, and sche was crafty in curtte, and wele cowde carve. Thryis sche sende astur the .iiij. ssynodes of Rome, to wytte why, wherfore, and for what case, that Alelyna was closud or the cope come wonus abowtt.

Why hopes thu nott for sothe that ther stode wonus a coke on Seynt Pale stepull toppe, and drewe up the strapuls of his brech. How preves thu that? Be all the .iiij. doctors of Wynberehylles, that is to saye, Vertas, Gadatryme, Trumpas, and Dadyltrymsert, the whych .iiij. doctors saye ther was onus a nolde wyfe hadde a coke to hyr son, and he loked owt of an olde duf-cowtte, and warnyd and chargyd that no mon schulde be so harde nodur to ryde nor to goo on Seynte Paule stepull toppe, bot yf he rode on a .iiij. fotyd stole, or ellus that he broght with hym a warant of his necke, and yett the lewde letherand lurdon went forthe and mette .vij. acurs of londe betwyxe Dover and Qwykkesand, and he broȝt an acur in his recke from the Tour of Londone unto the Tour of Babilon, and as he went be the wey he had a foole falle, and he fell doun at the castyll of Dover into a gruell potte, and brake boþe his schynnus. And because he hadde spylt his potage, the toos that he had on his feete flemyd all on red blod.

Theroft come trypyng to the kyng of Hongre, that all pepull which myȝt not lyȝtely come to the Playn of Salesbere, but

the fox and the grey convent, schuld pray for all the olde schu  
solys that ben rostynd in the kyngus dysche on seterday, the  
whych hempppe gresse and alfyns that is nedefull and spedefull  
bothe to yow and to me, y pray you everychone with all the  
hart in my hele, sey a *pater noster* and an *ave* for seyn cherytre.

*Mollyficant olera durissima crusta, etc.* These wordus that  
y have rehersed above be with hus now and ever more. Amen.

My leve cursed catyves, ther was wonus a kyng, and he had  
weddyl a yonge olde qwene, and this qwene had a chylde, and  
the chylde was sent to Syble the Sage, prayng that Sibell the  
Sage schuld gyve to it the same blessyng that God gave hur,  
becase sche bote hym be the hele.

Hereof spekus a worthi doctur, Radagundys *superatibus  
potatorum nolite timere*. This worthi doctur rehersus and  
seys he saw wonus a nolde wyfe gwo .vij. yer be the sey-syde,  
and of all that seyd .vij. yere sche had no more for to do but for  
to take a fart in a schowepette.

Syrs, y rede also that ther was wonus a kyng, and he made  
a gret fest, and he had .iiij. kyngus at his feyst, and these .iiij.  
kyngus ete but of wone gruell dysche, and thei ete so mykull  
that ther balys brast, and owt of ther balys come .iiij. and  
.xx.<sup>te</sup> oxon playng at the sword and bokelar, and ther wer laft  
no moo on lyve but .iiij. rede herynges. And these .iiij. reyd  
heryngus bled .ix. days and .ix. nyȝtus, as it had ben the  
cawkons of horse-schone.

Syrs, what tyme that God and Seynt Petur come to Rome,  
Petur askud Adam a full greyt dowtfull question, and seyd,  
“Adam, Adam, why ete thu the appull unpared?” “For  
sothe,” quod he, “for y had no wardyns fryde.” And Petur  
saw the fyr, and dred hym, and steppud into a plomtre that  
hangud full of rype redde cherys. And ther he see all the  
perretes on the see. Ther he saw stedus and stockfesche pryc-  
kyng swoise in the watur. Ther he saw hennus and heryngus  
that huntod astur hartus in heggys. Ther hee see elys rostyng  
larkus. Ther he se how haddoccus wer don on the pelare, for  
wrong rostyng of may buttur; and ther he se how bakers boke  
buttur to grece with olde munkus botus. Ther he se how the  
fox prechyd, and charged, and commanded that noo mon  
schuld be so harde nowdur be day ne be nyȝt for to pysse  
wakone.

And also that every mon schuld tye his ratons and his myse  
with a hors nyȝt-cappe, that is to sey, with a hors haultur.

Syrrus, thynke not lonke and y schall telle yow a sleeveles  
reson, and make a neynd a-non. Drynke thu to me, and y to  
the, and halde the coppe in are. Why mowre in are then in  
bemy? For sothe every clarke that can rede and syng seythe  
that are gothe befor bemy, and yf thu have a grete blacke

Si pulcher fueris, sapiens, fortisque, quid inde ?  
 Si malus et mendax, non audax, tunc nichil inde.  
 Si tibi sint pecora, si prædia multa, quid inde ?  
 Tam cito prætereunt hæc omnia, quod nichil inde.

Judice Francigena sacco portatur avena,  
 Sed Bachi vena ciatho, cratera, lagena.  
 Projiciatur humi, ne possit abinde resumi,  
 Fluctibus assumi dignissima filia fumi.  
 Filia festucæ nostræ contraria bucæ,  
 Est dampnanda cruce, neque nocte placet neque luce.  
 Filia fermenti nostræ contraria genti,  
 Mater tormenti nocitura nocensque bibenti.  
 • Venter enim turget, quem fermenti furor urget,  
 Surgit et exurget, donec digestio purget.  
 Ecce molendinum fundit non vine vinum,  
 Potio mortalis, mala potio, potio talis,  
 Pernicies homini genus hoc potus peregrinum.  
 Hactenus hunc potum michi solo nomine notum,  
 Devoveat totum seria ventura nepotum.  
 A nobis totum se sentiat esse remotum,  
 Et fieri scotum qui mandit pro dape potum.  
 Si censura Jovis tribus appreienda sit ovis,  
 Legibus ista novis reprimet sub judice quovis. Amen.

*Wrt.*

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EPIGRAM ON THE DEGENERACY OF THE TIMES.

From a quarto MS. of the fifteenth century on paper, in the Ashmol. lib. a.
 Oxford, 750, f. 100. v°.

Wytte is trechery ;
 Love is lechery ;
 Play is vileney ;
 And holyday is glotery.
 Olde man is skorned ;
 Jong woman is wowed ;
 Ryche man is glosed ;
 And poure man is bowed.

Hull.

PIOUS LEGENDS.

rom some poems in praise of the Mass, in MS. Harl. No. 3954, of the
er half of the fourteenth century. It contains, besides these poems,
ies of the English version of Sir John Maundevile's Travels and Piers
ughman. The language bears a considerable resemblance to that of the
Songs and Carols in MS. Sloane, No. 2593, of which a selection was printed
Mr. Pickering in 1836, and which was conjectured to be in the dialect of
urwickshire and Nottinghamshire.

Narratio Sancti Augustini. (fol. 75 r°.)

Evyl gostes, wel thu wete,
Thyn evyl wordes han wrete
In here bokys ichon;
This wytnessyt sent Austyn,
That fyrst in Ingland with gyn
Trewe prechyg begon.
Beforn that Austyn to Ingland kome;
With sen Gregory in Rome,
For sothe, he gan duelle,
Tyl on a day of derworthynesse
Sen Gregory wold seyn a messe,
Fayre as hym befelle.
Onto sent Austyn he made a sygne,
For to ben hys dekene dygne,
To redyn hys gospelle;
And as he redde, he sey a syth,
.iiij. wyvys setyn to-gydder ryth,
Here talys gun thei telle.
Quat thei spokyn he herd al
Thour a wyndowe at a wal
Nout fer fro hys face.
He saw a fend sytting therin,
With penne, ink, and parchemyn,
As God ȝaf hym grace.
He wrot so long that hym schant,
And hys skyn gan to want,
To spekyn he had space:
He had so mych haste,
With hys naylys faste
Hys rolle gan he race.
So sore ruffyn toggyd hus rolle,
That he smot with hys cholle
Aȝen the marbyl ston;
Alle that sotyn ther aboute
Of the dynt weryn a doute,
Hee herdyn everychon.
Quan the fend so foul drow,

The schulerde schowttyde in a schalmas, the torbot trompyde
to that,
The ratton rybybyde, the fox fedylde, therto claryide the catte.*
With a synfan songe the snyt, the laverok louptyde withalle,
The humbul-be haundylt a horne-pype, her fyngurs wer smalle.
The goos gagult ever more, the gam was better to here,
Herde [I] noo syche mastrys this .vii. ȝere.
Then ther com masfattus in mortros alle soow,
Borhammys and beynsteyllys, for thei myȝt not goo,
Potstykis and paunyaris, and gret long battus,
Hammyrs and horne sponnys, and scroude mosselde cattus.
Mockeforccus and dressyngcynus com trottyng one sparrous;
The hare come with a long goude, drywyng the harrous.
Ther com trynkettus and tournyng-stonyss, and elson bladys,
Colrakus and copstolus, one gret whyle-barrous,
.xx. salt ellys, and eych of them a scheyf arrous,
Ratouns and rattus, and long cart-whellys.†
Gnyttus and snayllus cam routtyng in schyppus.
To formus and a stole rade one a mas-boke,
Fyfty fyre-brondus, and eyche of them a croke.
Dore-bundys stalkyng one styltus, in ther hondus gret oke[s],
The storgyn stode be-hynde the dore scharpyng stakys.
Alle this I sawe that I have here tolde,
And monny moo mervellus uppon Cottyswolde.
But I them foregat as I went by the way,
Therfor at this tym no more can I tel nor saye.
But God, as he made us, and mend us he may,
Save us and sende us sum drynk or we dye.

Explycyt trutallis, etc.

Wrt.

* *Cakte* in the MS. † Sic MS. perhaps for *wheppys* (whips).

HYMNS AND ANTIPHONES.

Written by William Herebert, a Franciscan friar and famous preacher about 1390. From a MS. on vellum, written with his own hand, formerly in the possession of Mr. Fermor of Tusmore, in Oxfordshire, and afterwards in that of Mr. Heber, in the sale catalogue of whose books (1835) it was numbered 1470.

Hostis Herodes impie.

Herodes, thou wykked fo, wharof ys thy dredinge ?
And why art thou so sore agast of Cristes to-cominge ?
The reveth he nouth erthlich god, that maketh ous hevene
kynges.

Ibant magi.

The kynges wenden here way and folededen the sterre,
And sothfast lyȝth wyth sterre lyth southen vrom so verre,
And sheuden wel that he ys God, in gold, and stor, and mirre.

Lavacra puri gurgitis.

Crist, y-cleped hevene lomb, so com to seynt Jon,
And of hym was y-wasȝe that sunne nadde non,
To halewen our vollouth water, that sunne havet vor-don.

Norum genus potentiae.

A newe myghte he cudde, ther he was at a feste,
He made vulle wyth shyr water six cannes hy the leste,
Bote the water turnde into wyn, thorou Crystes ounе heste.

Gloria tibi, domine.

Wele, Loverd, bee myd the, that shewedest the to-day,
Wyth the vadur and the holy gost, withouten endeday.

II.

Vexilla regis prodeunt, etc.

The kynges baneres beth forth y-lad ;
The rode tokne is nou to-sprad.
Whar he that wrouth havet al monkinne,
An-honged was vor oure sinne.

Quo vulneratus insuper.

Ther he was wounded vurst and y-swonge,
Wyth sharpe spere to herte y-stonge,
To washen ous of sinne clene,
Water and blod ther ronne at ene.

Impleta sunt quæ concinit.

Y-volvuld ys Davidthes sawe,
That sothe was prophete of the olde lawe,
That sayde, “ Men, ȝe mowen y-se
Hou Godes trone ys rode tre.”

Arbor decora et fulgida.

H[a]ȝl ! tree that art so vayr y-kud,
And wyth kynges pourpre y-shrud ;
Of wourthy stok y-kore thou were,
That so holy limmes oup bere.

Beata cuius brachis.

Blessed be thou that hast y-bore
 The wordles raunsoun that was vor-lore ;
 Thou art y-maked Crystes weye,
 Thorou the he tok of helle prey.

O crux, ave.

Ha ! croyz, myn hope, onliche my trust,
 The nouthe ich grete wyth al my lust ;
 The mylde gode sped in rithfolnesse,
 To sunfle men shew mylfolnesse.

Te summa Deus.

A ! God, the heyȝe trinite,
 Alle gosten heryȝe the !
 Hoem that thou boughest on rode troe,
 Hoere wissere evermore thou boe. *Amen.*

N. H.

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A BILL OF DINNER FARE,

For a feast at Oxford in October, 1452 ; from MS. Cotton. Tit. B. XI. fol. 21, v<sup>a</sup>.

*Primus Cursus.* A sutteltee ; the bore hed and the bulle. Brawne and mustarde. Frumenty with venysoun. Fesaunt in brase. Swan with chawduen. Capon of grece. Herun-sew. Poplar. Custad ryalle. Graunt fflaupaut departid. Lesshe damask. Frutour lumbert. A sutteltee.

*Secundus.* Viant en brase. Crane in sawce. Yong pocok. Cony. Pyions. Buttor. Curlew. Carcelle. Partriche. Venysoun bake. Fryed mete in past. Lesshe lumbert. A ffrutour. A sutteltee.

*Tertius.* Gely ryalle departid. Haunche of venyson rostid. Wodecok. Plover. Knottis. Styntis. Quayles. Larkys. Quynces bake. Viant in past. A frutour. Lesshe. A sutteltee.

This was the service at the coman . . . of maister Nevell, the sone of the [erle] of Saresbury, whech commenced a[t] Oxenford the . . . day of Oct . . . the yere of our Lord m<sup>l</sup>. cccc. ij. and the y[ere] of Kyng H. vj<sup>th</sup> xxxi<sup>th</sup>.

Hull.

## A HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

on MS. Egerton (in Brit. Mus.) No. 613, fol. 2, r. of the thirteenth century.

Of on that is so fayr and briȝt,  
*velut maris stella,*  
 Briȝter than the day is liȝt,  
*parens et puella.*  
 Ic crie to the, thou se to me,  
 Levedy, preye thi sone for me,  
*tam pia,*  
 That ic mote come to the,  
*Maria.*

Al this world was for-lore  
*Eva peccatrice,*  
 Tyl our Lord was y-bore  
*de te genitrice.*  
 With ave it went away,  
 Thuster nyth and comz the day  
*salutis;*  
 The welle springet hut of the  
*virtutis.*

Levedi, flour of alle thing,  
*rosa sine spina,*  
 Thu bere Jhesu hevene king,  
*gratia divina;*  
 Of alle thu berst the pris,  
 Levedi, quene of parays  
*electa.*  
 Mayde milde, moder *es*  
*effecta.*

Of kare conseil thou ert best,  
*felix facundata,*  
 Of alle wary thu ert rest,  
*mater honorata.*  
 Bisek him wiz milde mod,  
 That for ous allesad is blod  
*in cruce,*  
 That we moten komen til him  
*in luce.*

Wel he wot he is thi sone,  
*ventre quem portasti,*

He wyl nout werne the thi bone  
*parvum quem lactasti,*  
 So hende and so god he his,  
 He havet brutous to blis  
*superne,*  
 That havez hi-dut the foule put  
*inferni*

*Explicit cantus iste.*

*Wrt.*

### PROVERBIAL DISTICHS.

The following lines occur among other miscellaneous scraps, on the last page of a copy of the *Massea Compoti*, in the possession of J. O. Halliwell, Esq. (Bibl. Hal. No. 58, f. 35, v°.) where they seem to have been written about the beginning of the fifteenth century. The first couplet is remarkable for preserving the epithets bestowed on those, who either *mumbled*, *skipped*, or ‘*leaped*’ over the Psalms, in chanting.

Ecclesiæ tres sunt, qui servitium male fallunt;  
 Momylers, forscyppers, ovrelepers, non bene psallunt.

Nos aper auditu, linx visu, simia gustu,  
 Vultur odoratu præcellit, aranea tactu.

### ANGLO-SAXON MEASURES OF TIME.

From MS. Cotton. Titus, D. xxvii. fol. 25, v°. of the first half of the eleventh century.

Þis is full ger, twelf monþas fulle ȝ endlufan dagas ȝ six týdaf þ is ȝonne ȝreo hund daga ȝ fif ȝ sixtig daga ȝ feorðan dæl dæges, þ syndon six tida, þæs bið twa ȝ fisti wucena, ȝ eahta þusend tida ȝ seovan hund ȝ sixti, hund eahtatig ȝusenda hwila ȝ six hund, ȝa man hateþ minuta, ȝ seovan ȝusenda ȝ six hund, þonne bið ȝæs eac þara beorhtan hwila ȝreo hund ȝusenda ȝ fisti ȝusenda fif hund ȝ twentig, ȝonne bið þæs fif ȝ brittig ȝusenda prida ȝ feowertig. On anre æfen neahtrlicre tide beoð feower punctas tén minuta fistene partes feowertig momenta be sumra manna tale.

*Wrt.*

## CARMINA JOCOSA.

From MS. Harl. No. 3362, fol. 47, r<sup>o</sup>. of the fifteenth century. They are less curious as presenting us with some early specimens of English acaronic verse. It is a singular circumstance that two lines of the second are still popular among school-boys in the following modified form.

Tres fratres cœli·navigabant roundabout Ely ;  
Omnes drownderunt qui swimaway non potuerunt.

The expressions concealed by the cypher, as in the MS., are rather gross, and do not speak much for the morals of the Carmelites of Cambridge, to whom they evidently refer.

Flen, flyys, and freris populum domini male cædunt,  
Thystlis and breris crescentia gramina lœdunt ;  
Christe, nolens guerras, sed cuncta pace tueris,  
Destruere per terras breris, flen, flyzes, and freris.  
Flen, flyzes, and freris, foul falle hem thys fyften ȝeris,  
For non that her ys lovit flen, flyzes, ne freris.

Fratres Carmeli navigant in a bothe apud Eli,  
Non sunt in cœli, quia gxddbov xxkxzt pg ifmk,  
Omnes drencherunt, quia sterisman non habuerunt,  
Fratres cum knyvys goth about and txxkxzv nfookt xxzxkt,

**E**x Eli veniens præsentि sede locatur,  
Nec rex nec sapiens, Salomon tamen ille vocatur.

Pediculus cum sex pedibus me mordet ubique,  
Si possum capere, tokl tobl debet ipse habere.

Si tibi strok detur, wyth a round strok evacuetur ;  
Et si revertetur, loke tu quod retribuetur.

**E**t mea mens mota pro te, speciosa Magota.

**V**erum dixit anus, quod piscis olet triduanus ;  
~~Et~~ de more simili fœtet hospes odore.

~~Et~~ in quadrupede pes quintus, in æquore pulvis,  
In cirpo nodus, in muliere fides.

**C**um premo, re retrahit, stringit con, inque sigillat,  
~~Et~~ a silet, ob spoliat, sed de gravat, ex manifestat.

**M**as, pix, cum sepo, sagmen, cum virgine cera,  
~~Et~~ his attractus bonus est ad vulnera factus.

**V**ento quid levius ? fulgur. Quid fulgure ? flamma.

**F**lamma quid ? mulier. Quid muliere ? nichil.

**M**uro quid melius ? jaspis. Quid jaspide ? sensus.

**S**ensu quid ? ratio. Quid ratione ? nichil.

Frigore Prix fraxit, quia Tres trax tubera traxit,  
Trosque truces Traces sancte necunqne minaces.

Taurus in herta ludit, et opia: tangere limpham.  
Rumbo murena exita Thamnesa plena.

*Wrt.*

### VERSES ON THE CONQUEROR'S FOUNDING BATTLE ABBEY.

The following verses are written on the margin of a MS. in Merton College Library, Oxford, Q. 2. 16, f. 160, which contains a copy of the old law-book called 'Britton,' and many ancient Statutes of the Realm, of the age of Edward I. or II. They seem to have been set down about the middle of the fourteenth century, and probably not long before the year 1386, which was to have been the period of this vain prediction.

Anglorum regna Bastard bello superavit,  
Ac monasterium rex construere properavit;  
Jejunans, orans, volens de sobole scire,  
Divum resonsum rex promeretur audire:  
"Quot pedibus stabit ecclesia Batallia longa,  
Tot annis tua posteritas stabit in Angla."\*  
Quam licet ecclesiam prolongasse voluere,  
Trecentos pedes excedere non potuere.

*Niger.*

\* Sic MS.

### MORAL PROVERBS.

From MS. Harl. 3810, Pars. I. f. 13, vo. of fifteenth century.

For the begynnyng of wysdom is  
For to drede Goddys ryȝtwysnes.

He that in ȝouthe no vertu usit,  
In age alle honure hym refusit.

Ever the hiere that thou art,  
Ever the lower be thy hert.

Be swyfte to here, and slow to speke,  
Late to wrathe, and lothe to . . . .

Deme the best of every doute,  
Tyl the truthe be tryed out.

Thinke on the ende or thu begyn,  
And thou schalt never be thral to syn.

*Hull.*

## PROGNOSTICATIONS.

Transcribed from an old Register of the Abbey of Spalding, in MS. Cole  
(Brit. Mus.) vol. xliv. p. 212.

- Januarii 25°. Clara dies Pauli bona tempora denotat anni;  
Si nix, vel pluvia, designat tempora chara;  
Si fiant venti, designat prælia genti;  
Si fiant nebulæ, periant animalia quæque.
- Februarii 2<sup>do</sup>. Imber si datur, Virgo dum purificatur,  
Inde notatur quod hyemps abinde fugatur;  
Si sol det radium, frigus erit nimium.\*
- Julii 2<sup>o</sup>. Si pluat in festo Processi et Martiniani,  
Imber erit grandis, et suffocatio grani.  
4<sup>o</sup>. Martini magni translatio si pluviam det,  
Quadraginta dies continuere solet,
- Augusti 6<sup>o</sup>. In Sixti festo venti validi memor esto;  
Si sit nulla quies, farra valere scies.

*Hlll.*

\* Cole has added in the margin the following variation of this saying,

Si sol splendescat Maria purificante,  
Major erit glacies post festum, quam fuit ante.

~~~~~

WELSH GLOSSES.

From MS. Cotton Vespas. A. xiv. fol. 7, r^o, of the end of the twelfth or beginning of the thirteenth century. Besides the *p* and *ȝ*, the writer more often uses the Saxon *y* than the modern *w*.

Deus omnipotens, Duychefindoc. Celum, nef. Angelus, ail. Archangelus, archail. Stella, steren. Sol, heul. Luna, luir. Firmamentum, firmament. Cursus, redegua. Mundus vel cosmus, enbit. Tellus, tir. Terram, doer. Humus, gueret. Mare, mor. Equor, spauen mor. Pelagus, mordifeid. Oceanum, mortot. Homo, den. Mas, vel masculus, gurruid. Femina, benenrid. Sexus, antromet. Membrum, esel. Capud, pen. Vertex, diwuleuuít. Cerebrum, impimon. Cervix, chil. Collum, conna. Frons, tal. Nasus, trein. Naris, friic. Capillus, bleuynpen. Cesaries, gols. Coma, cudin. Auris, scouarn. Maxilla, grud. Timpus, (i. e. tempus), erieu. Facies, enuoch. Supercilium, abrans. Palpebre, bleuenlagat. Oculus, lagat, vel oculi, legeit. Pupilla, biu enlagat. Os, genau. Oss, ascorn. Dens, dans. Dentes, dannet. Lingua, tauot. Palatum, stefenic.

Labia, gueus. *Guttur*, briansen. *Mentum*, elgeht. *Barba*, barf. *Barbam*, baref. *Collum*, guar. *Pectus*, cluitdiuron. *Cor*, colon. *Pulmo*, sceuens. *Jecur*, aui. *Fel*, bistel. *Stomacus*, glas. *Splen*, lepilloit. *Adeps*, blonet. *Aruina*, suif. *Viscus*, culurionem. *Exstum*, enederen. *Sanguis*, guit. *Caro*, chic. *Cutis*, he. *Pellis*, croin. *Scapula*, scuid. *Dorsum*, chein. *Venter*, tor vel talon. *Brachium*, brech. *Ulna*, elin. *Manus*, lau, vel lof. *Digitus*, bis. *Digiti*, besset. *Digitum*, bes. *Unguis*, enuin. *Palma*, palf. *Artus*, chefals. *Latus*, tenepen. *Costa*, asen. *Renes*, diuglun. *Nervus*, goiu en. *Vena*, guid. *Femur vel coxa*, morboit. *Clunis*, penclun. *Genu*, penclin. *Wulva*, cheber. *Sura*, logodenfer. *Crus*, fer. *Tibia*, elescher. *Talus*, lifern. *Pes*, truit. *Planta*, goden truit. *Allax*, bis truit. *Ungula*, epincarn. *Patriarcha*, hupeltat. *Propheta*, profuit. *Apostolus*, apostol. *Archiepiscopus*, archescop. *Episcopus*, escop. *Regnum*, ruifanaid. *Abbas*, abat. *Presbitur*, hebreñ chiat plui, vel oferiat. *Sacerdos*, prounder. *Clericus*, cloireg. *Diaconus vel levita*, diagon. *Monacus*, manach. *Monacha vel monialis*, manaes. *Anachorita*, ancar. *Hermita*, ermit. *Nonna*, laines. *Cantor*, cheniat. *Cantrix*, canores. *Lector*, redior. *Lectrix*, rediores. *Laicus*, leic. *Conjunx*, chespar. *Castus*, guaf. *Incestus*, squenip. *Pulcher*, teg. *Formosus*, faidus. *Speciosus, vel decorus*, carder. *Deformis*, disliu. *Pater*, tat. *Mater*, mam. *Avus*, hendat. *Abavus*, hengog. *Proavus*, dipog. *Attavus*, gurhog. *Filius*, mab. *Filia*, much. *Liberi*, flechet. *Soboles*, ach. *Familia*, goscorpi, teilu. *Frater*, broder vel braud. *Soror*, piur. *Victicus*, altrou. *Noverca*, altruuan. *Privignus*, els. *Filiaster*, elses. *Nepos*, noi. *Neptis*, noit. *Altior, vel nutritor*, tatuat. *Altrix, vel nutrix*, mammaid. *Alumpnus*, mabmeidrin. *Patruus*, euiter abardtat. *Avunculus*, abarh, mam. *Matertera*, modereb abarhmam. *Amita*, abarhtat. *Osculum*, impoc, vel cussain. *Basium*, poccul. *Propincus*, nesheuin. *Affinis vel consanguineus*, carogos. *Amicus*, car. *Progenies, vel tribus*, leid. *Generatio*, kinethel. *Gener*, dof. *Socer*, hwigeren. *Scorus*, hweger. *Nurus*, guhit. *Rex*, ruy. *Sceptrum*, guailen ruifanaid. *Regina*, ruifanes. *Imperator, vel Cesar, vel Augustus*, emperur. *Imperatrix, vel Augusta*, emperiz. *Princeps*, pendeuig. *Dux*, hebreñ ciat, luir. *Comes, vel consul*, yurl. *Vicecomes*, pupeluair. *Clito*, pupelpur. *Obses*, guistel. *Primas*, guesbeuin. *Satrapa*, guahalgeh. *Judec*, brodit. *Prepositas*, mair. *Miles*, vel adletha, cadpur. *Exercitus*, llu. *Populus*, pobel. *Procinctus*, liud. *Edictum*, gurhemin ruif. *Vulgus*, pobel tiogou. *Congregatio, vel concio*, cuutellet. *Conventus, vel conventio*, chetua. *Sinodus*, sened. *Dominus, vel herus*, arluit. *Domina*, arludes. *Matrona*, bennenuat. *Cliens, vel clientulus*, dencoscør, undamsi. *Empitius*, caidprinid. *Servus*, caid. *Vernaculus*, teithioc. *Ancilla*,

vel abra, vel serva, caites. *Custos*, guidthiað. *Pastor*, bugel.
Puer, floh. *Puella*, moroin. *Virgo*, mahtheid. *Procus*, tanter.
Sponsus, gurpriot. *Sponsa*, benen. *Infans*, mab afluuar. *Vir*,
 gur. *Mulier*, grueg. *Vidua*, guedeu. *Senex*, coth. *Maritus*, gur
 cansgrueg (vel freg). *Uxor*, greg (vel freg) cansgur. *Anus*,
 gruah. *Adolescens*, guriouene. *Juvenis*, youonc. *Paterfamilias*,
 penteilu. *Materfamilias*, manteilu. *Consiliarius*, cusulioder.
Consilium, cusul. *Concionator*, datheluur. *Operarius*, oberor.
Faber vel cudo, gof. *Ofrinitiva*, gofail. *Ferrarius*, heirnior.
Lignarius, sairpren. *Aurifex*, eure. *Argentarius*, gueidpur
 argans. *Erarius*, gueiduur cober. *Rusticus*, treuedic. *Arator*,
 araderuurr. *Ars*, crest. *Artifex*, crestor. *Opus*, gueid. *Opifex*,
 inguinor. *Architectus*, weidwurti. *Piscator*, piscadur. *Rethe*,
 ruid. *Hamus*, hyc. *Venator*, helhwur. *Venabulum*, hochwuyu.
Auceps, idne. *Laqueus*, maglen. *Trapezeta*, vel *numularius*,
 bathor. *Numisma*, bat. *Sollers*, guasbathorfur. *Iners*, dicrest.
Potens, galluidoc. *Gigas*, enchinethel. *Namus*, cor. *Fidis*,
 corden. *Citharista*, teleinior. *Cithara*, telein. *Tubicen*, Barth
 hirgorn. *Tuba*, hirgorn. *Tibicen*, wiphit. *Musa*, wib. *Fidicen*,
 harfellor. *Fidicina*, fellores. *Fiala*, harfel. *Cornicen*, cheriat.
Cornu, corn. *Fistula*, wibonoul. *Litiken*, kemat combricam.
Linthrus, tollcorn. *Poeta*, pridit. *Mimus*, vel *scurrus*, barth.
Saltator, lappior. *Saltatrix*, lappiores. *Mercator*, vel *negociator*,
 guicgur. *Merx*, paroe. *Pirata*, ancredpur mor. *Classis*,
 lun listri. *Navis*, lester. *Remus*, ruif. *Remex*, vel *nauta*,
 rufadur. *Gubernator*, vel *nauclerus*, leuiut. *Proreta*, brenniat.
Pvra, flurrag. *Puppis*, airos. *Ancora*, ancar. *Antempsa*, dele.
Velum, guil. *Matus*, guern. *Clavus*, leu, pi, obil. *Medicus*,
 medhec. *Medicina*, medhecnaid. *Arsura*, vel *ustulatio*, losc.
Potio, diot. *Unguentum*, urat. *Malagma*, tairnant. *Salinator*,
 haloinor. *Sutor*, chereor. *Sartor*, seuyad. *Dispensator*, maer,
 buit. *Divisor*, renniat. *Pincerna*, menistror. *Caypo*, maidor.
Dives, wuludoc. *Inops*, vel *pauper*, bochodoc. *Fur*, ferhiat.
Latro, lader. *Profugus*, fadic. *Exul*, diures. *Fidelis*, laian.
Infidelis, dislaian. *Felix*, fodic. *Contentiosus*, strifor. *Injuriosus*,
 camhinsic. *Piger*, dioc. *Hebes*, talsoch. *Parasitus*, gouhoc,
 vel wilecur. *Augur*, chuillioc. *Incantator*, wurcheniat. *Veneficus*,
 guenoin reiat. *Maleficus*, drochoberor. *Magus*, hudol.
Phitonissa, cuillioges. *Centurio*, pencanguer. *Persecutor*, helhiat.
Theolenarius, tollor. *Bonum*, da. *Malum*, drog. *Dispendium*,
 vel *dampnum*, dioþenes. *Jactura*, collet. *Commodum*, les. *Res*,
 tro. *Anulus*, bisou. *Armilla*, moderuy. *Diadema*, curun ray.
Caputium, hot. *Monile*, delc. *Spinter*, broche. *Fibula*, streing.
Vitta, snod. *Inauris*, scinen. *Incola*, treuedic doer. *Advena*,
 denunchut. *Peregrinus*, pírgirin. *Colonus*, treuedic. *Agricola*,
 gunithiat ereu. *Messor*, midil. *Messis*, hitaduer. *Acervus*,

bern. *Aratrum*, aradar. *Vomer*, soch. *Cultur*, colter. *Jugum*, ieu. *Stimulus*, garthou. *Aculeus*, bros. *Cutulus*, guiden. *Funs vel funiculus*, louan. *Magister*, maister. *Scriptor*, scriuiniat. *Scriptura*, scriuit. *Epistolam*, scriuen danou. *Evangelium*, geaweil. *Quaternio*, *Plano*, disclien. *Diploma*, guarac. *Enula*, baiol. *Pergamenum, vel membranum*, parchemin. *Seda, vel scedula, ymbilionen*. *Penna*, pluuen. *Pictor*, liuor. *Minium*, liu melet. *Gluten*, glut. *Sculptor*, grauior. *Imago, vel agalma*, auain. *Scalprum, vel scalbellum*, collel grauio. *Scola*, scol. *Scolasticus*, scholheic. *Pedagogus*, maister mebion. *Discipulus*, discibel. *Miser*, trot. *Cecus*, dal. *Claudus*, clof. *Mutus*, aflauar. *Balbus*, creg. *Blesus*, stlaf. *Surdus*, bothar. *Debilis*, guan. *Lucus, vel monotalmus*, cuic. *Strabo*, cam. *Lippus*, primus-doc. *Mancus*, mans. *Infirmus*, aniaach. *Eger, vel egrotus*, claf. *Leprosus*, clahorec. *Lunaticus*, badus. *Demoniacus*, sach diauol. *Energuminus*, quan ascient. *Morbus*, elewet. *Pestis*, bal. *Rabidus, vel amens, vel demens*, conerioc. *Insanus*, gurbulloc. *Sanus*, jach. *Rabies*, discoruunait. *Freneticus*, folterguske. *Letargus, vel letargicus*, cuscadur disimpit. *Letaria*, jundesimpit. *Vigil*, hepuel. *Vigilia*, quillua. *Per-vigil*, hichhepuil. *Justus*, eunhinsic. *Injustus*, camhinsic. *Famosus*, geriit da. *Fama*, gerda. *Infamis*, drocgeriit. *Infamia*, drocger. *Largus*, hail. *Tenaz*, sinsiat. *Parcus*, henbidiat. *Avarus*, craf. *Raptor*, robbior. *Sagax, vel gnarus*, guenwui. *Sapiens*, skientoc. *Insipiens*, diskient. *Prudens*, fur. *Inprudens*, anfur. *Astutus*, cal. *Stultus*, fol. *Verax*, guirion. *Veredicus*, guirleuenat. *Fallax*, tullor. *Mendax*, gouhoc. *Falsidicus*, gouleueriat. *Testis*, tist. *Testimonium*, tistuni. *Sermo, vel locutio*, lauar. *Superbus*, gothus. *Superbia*, goth. *Humilis*, huuel. *Humilitas*, huueldot. *Vita*, biu. *Anima*, enef. *Spiritus*, spirit. *Mors*, ancou. *Yris, vel arcus*, camniuet. *Tonitruum*, taran. *Fulgor*, luwet. *Pluvia*, glau. *Nix*, irch. *Grando*, keser. *Celum*, reu. *Glacies*, jey. *Aer*, awuit. *Ventus*, guins. *Aura*, auhel. *Nimbus*, couat. *Procella*, anauhel. *Nubes*, huibrien. *Lux*, golou. *Tenebre*, tiwuigou. *Flamma*, flam. *Seculum*, huis. *Dies*, det. *Nox*, nos. *Mane*, metin. *Vesperum*, gurthuper. *Hora*, prit. *Ebdomada*, seithum. *Mensis*, mis. *Ver*, guaintoin. *Estas*, haf. *Autumpnus*, kyniaf. *Hyemps*, goyf. *Annus*, blipen. *Tempus*, anser. *Hodie*, hepeu. *Cras*, auorou. *Heri*, doy. *Nunc, vel modo*, luman. *Sursum*, huchot. *Deorsum*, isot. *Calor*, tunder. *Frigus*, iein. *Fervor*, tes. *Cauma*, entredes. *Siccitas*, sichor. *Humor*, glibor. *Sterilitas*, anuabat. *Fertilitas*, walutowat. *Calor*, lui. *Albus*, guyn. *Niger*, dup. *Ruber*, rud. *Fulvus, vel flavis*, milin. *Viridis*, guirt. *Varius*, bruit. *Unus color*, unliu. *Discolor*, disliu. *Forma*, furf. *Phantasma*, tar-nutuan. *Umbris*, scod. *Creator*, creador. *Creatura*, croudur.

Nomina Atrium.

Avis, vel volatile, hethen. *Aquila*, er. *Corvus*, marburan. *Milvus*, scoul. *Ancipiter*, bidnewein. *Grus*, garan. *Ardea*, cherhit. *Ciconia*, storc. *Merula*, moelh. *Columba*, colom. *Palumba*, cudon. *Aneta*, hoet. *Alcedo*, guilan. *Paro*, paun. *Olor, vel cignus*, elerhc. *Rostrum*, geluin. *Mergus, vel mergulus*, saithor. *Hirundo*, guennol. *Passer*, goluan. *Turtur*, troet. *Auca*, guit. *Anser*, cheliocguit. *Gallus*, chelioc. *Gallina*, yar. *Coturnis*, rinc. *Pullus*, ydnic, velebol. *Ovum*, liy. *Nidus*, neid. *Vespertilio*, hihsommet. *Noctualis stix*, hule. *Falco, vel capum*, falcun. *Turtur*, turen. *Graculus*, palores. *Alauda*, ewidit. *Parraz*, berthuan. *Apis*, guenenen. *Sucus*, sudronenn. *Vespa*, guhien. *Brucus*, casor. *Scrabo*, hwirnores. *Scarabeus*, hwilen. *Musca*, kelionen. *Cinomia*, lewenki. *Culex*, stut. *Scinifes*, guibeðen.

Nomina Piscium.

Piscis, pisc. *Cetus*, moruil. *Delphinus*, morhoc. *Isicius, vel salmo*, ehoc. *Mugilis, vel mugil*, breithil. *Taricus, vel allec*, hering. *Mullus*, mehil. *Tructa*, trud. *Anguilla*, selli. *Fannus*, roche. *Rocea*, talhoc. *Cancer*, cancher. *Polippos*, legest. *Ostrea, vel ostreum*, estren. *Muscula*, mesclen. *Murena, vel murenula*, mornader. *Luceus*, denshoc, dour. *Concha*, crogen.

Nomina Ferarum.

Fera guifil. *Lupus*, bleit. *Leo*, leu. *Linx*, commiscbleit hahchi. *Unicornis*, unicorn. *Vulpes*, louvern. *Taxo, vel melus*, broch. *Equus*, march. *Equa*, cassec. *Asinus, vel asina*, asen. *Camehus*, caurmarch. *Onager*, asenguill. *Elephans*, oliphans. *Ursus*, ors. *Simia*, sim. *Lutrius*, dosferghi. *Fiber*, befer. *Feruncus*, yeugen. *Mustela*, louennan. *Talpa*, god. *Cattus, vel murilegus*, kat. *Hyricius, vel erinacius*, sort. *Clissemus, vel mus, vel soorrex*, logoden. *Vermis*, prif. *Cervus*, caruu. *Cerva*, euhic. *Dama, vel damula*, da. *Hinnulus*, loch, euhic. *Capreolus*, kytiorch. *Caprea*, yorch. *Caper, vel hyrcus*, boch. *Capra, vel capella*, gauar. *Hedus*, min. *Lepus*, scouarnoc. *Porcus*, hoch. *Sus*, haneu. *Scroffa*, guis. *Aper, vel verres*, bahet. *Magalis*, torch. *Porcellus*, porchel. *Bos*, odion. *Vacca, vel buccula*, buch. *Vitulus*, loch. *Juvencus*, deneuoit. *Ovis*, dauat. *Aries*, horþ. *Verves*, mols. *Agnus*, oin. *Pecus, vel jumentum*, ehal. *Animal*, mil. *Canis*, ki. *Molosus*, guilter. *Catulus*, coloin. *Draco*, driuc. *Vipera, vel serpens, vel anguis*, nader. *Coluber*, gorþsel. *Rubeta*, croinoc. *Rana*, guilschin. *Lacerta*, wedresif. *Stellio*, anaf. *Locusta*, cheliocreden. *Sanguissuga*, ghel. *Limax*, melyen. *Testudo*, melþioges. *Formica*, menpi-onem. *Eruca*, prifpren. *Pediculus*, lowen. *Pulex*, hþannen. *Cunex*, contronen. *Tinea*, gouþan.

Nomina Herbarum.

Herba, les. *Algium*, kenineuynoc. *Dilla*, tauolen. *Libestica*, guyles. *Febrifugia*, lesdeith. *Symphoniaca*, gahen. *Anadonia*, gouiles. *Aprotanum*, dehoules. *Sinitia*, madere. *Feniculum*, fenochel. *Malva*, malou. *Consolda*, boreles. *Solsequium*, lessengoc. *Ruta*, rute. *Betonica*, lesdushoc. *Costa*, coste. *Millefolium*, minfel. *Calamus*, koisen. *Canna*, vel *arundo*, heschen. *Papaver*, mill. *Absintium*, fuelein. *Urtica*, linhaden. *Archangelica*, coiclinhat. *Plantago*, enlidan. *Marrubium*, lesliut. *Lappa*, lesserehoc. *Sandix*, glesin. *Carula*, vel *magdulans*, caul. *Carista*, vel *kerso*, beler. *Minte*, mente. *Serpilum*, coifinel. *Artemesia*, loðes. *Cardus*, askellen. *Hermodactula*, vel *tilodosa*, goitkenin. *Lilium*, lylie. *Rosa*, breilu. *Vigila*, melhyonen. *Raphanum*, redic. *Filex*, reðen. *Carex*, clestren. *Juncus*, vel *scapus*, brunnen.

Nomina Arborum.

Arbor, guiden. *Flos*, blodon. *Cortex*, rusc. *Folium*, delen. *Buxus*, box. *Fraxus*, onnen. *Quercus*, vel *illex*, glastannen, vel dar. *Taxus*, hiuin. *Corillus*, colpiden. *Alnus*, guernen. *Malus*, auallen. *Pinus*, pinbren. *Fructus*, fruit. *Baculus*, lorch. *Virga*, guaylen. *Virgultum*, luworsh guit. *Ramus*, scorren. *Glans*, mesen. *Granum*, gronen. *Radix*, grueiten. *Pirus*, perbren. *Plumbus*, plumbren. *Ficus*, ficbren. *Ulcia*, kelin. *Populus*, bedewen. *Genesta*, banathel. *Sentes*, drein. *Frutex*, sernic. *Ramnus*, eythinen. *Spina*, drain. *Vepres*, dreis. *Abies*, aridlen, vel sibuit. *Olea*, vel *oliva*, oleubren. *Morus*, moyrbren. *Vitis*, guinbren. *Salix*, heligen. *Silva*, cuit. *Lignum*, pren. *Truncus*, treth. *Stirbs*, stoc. *Nemus*, kelli. *Saltus*, lanherch. *Via*, ford. *Semita*, trulerch. *Inviam*, hebford. *Iter*, kerd. *Patria*, gulat. *Provincia*, poli. *Mons*, menit. *Collis*, cruc, vel runen. *Vallis*, nans. *Fenum*, guyraf. *Ager*, erp. *Seges*, yd. *Campus*, guen. *Pascua*, bounder. *Pons*, pons. *Vadum*, rid. *Pratum*, budin. *Aqua*, vel *amnis*, dour. *Gutta*, vel *stillia*, banne. *Stagnum*, sagen. *Flumen*, vel *fluvius*, auon. *Ripa*, glan. *Litus*, als. *Alveus*, frot. *Torrens*, chahenrit. *Rivus*, guner. *Fons*, funten. *Harena*, grou, vel trait. *Gurges*, aber. *Vivarium*, pisclin. *Puteus*, pol. *Lacus*, grelin. *Latex*, stret.

Domus, ti. *Æcclesia*, eglos. *Angulus*, elin. *Altare*, altor. *Liber*, vel *codex*, liuer. *Litera*, litheren. *Folium*, aden. *Pagina*, eneb. *Loculus*, logel. *Calix*, kelegel. *Patena*, engurbor. *Cruz*, vel *staurus*, crois. *Candelabrum*, cantulbren. befiste escop. (?) *Fundamentum*, sel. *Pavimentum*, vel *solum*, lor. *Paries*, poruit. *Tectum*, to. *Fenestra*, fenester. *Hostium*, darat. *Hostarius*, darador. *Janua*, vel *valva*, porth. *Columpna*, post. *Clausura*, alwed. *Clavis*, dialhyet. *Clavus*, ebilhoera. *Sera*,

hesp. *Chorus*, karol. *Gradus*, grat. *Scabellum*, scauel. *Thus*, encois. *Odor*, flair. *Thuribulum*, incoissester. *Regula*, loe. *Lampas*, vel lucerna, vel laterna, goloulester. *Lichinus*, lugarn. *Cereus*, taper. *Cera*, coir. *Candela*, cantuil. *Muncatorium*, geuel hoern. *Clocca*, cloch. *Cloccarium*, vel lucar, clechti. *Tintinnabulum*, clericic. *Campana*, clochmuer. *Vestis*, vel *vestimentum*, vel *indumentum*, guisc. *Casula*, ofergugol. *Alba*, cams. *Stola*, stol. *Superhumeral*, scuidlien. *Manuale*, stollof, vel ceweidluer. *Cingulum*, vel *zona*, vel *cinctorium*, grugus. *Caliga*, loder. *Ocrea*, hos. *Calciamentum*, orthinat. *Subtularis*, wibonor. *Flagrum*, vel *flagellum*, scubilen. *Dormitorium*, cuscki. *Lectum*, vel *lectulum*, gueli. *Stramentum*, kalagueli. *Sagum*, len. *Pulvinar*, plufoc. *Sindo*, li engueli. *Fulcra*, dilatgueli. *Femoralia*, lafroc. *Perizomata*, vel *campestria*, lafropan. *Filum*, linin, vel noden. *Fimbrium*, pillen. *Cappa*, capa. *Mantellum*, mantel. *Pellicia*, pellistgur. *Tunica*, peis. *Camisia*, kreis. *Femoralia*, lafroc. *Calcias*, fosaneu. *Sotulares*, eskidieu. *Cultellum*, kethel. *Vagina*, guein. *Colobium*, heuis. *Manica*, brethol. *Cuculla*, cugol. *Pedula*, paugen. *Commissura*, enniou. *Toral*, peus gruec. *Mastruga*, pengughgrec. pi. pellistker. *Tela*, guiat. *Peplum*, usair. *Linum*, lin. *Lana*, gluan. *Globus*, pellen. *Colus*, kigel. *Fusus*, gurhthit. *Trabes*, troster. *Tignum*, keber. *Laquear*, nenbren. *Clita*, cluit. *Cimbala*, choch dibei. *Refectorium*, bindorn. *Tapeta*, strail. *Matta*, strail elester. *Mensa*, muis. *Discus*, scudel. *Discifer*, renniat. *Minister*, gonidoc. *Lardum*, mehin. *Caseus*, cos, (vel caus). *Butirum*, amenen (vel emenin). *Sal*, holoin (vel halein). *Panis*, bara. *Panis album*, bara can. *Panis avenam*, bara keirch. *Siliginis*. *Aquam*, douer, vel dur. *Calidam*, toim. *Frigidam*, oir. *Cervisia*, coruf. *Vinum*, win (vel guin). *Meda*, medu (vel meddou). *Cervisia*, vel celea, coref. *Accetum*, guinfellet. *Idromellum*, vel mulsum, bregaud. *Oleum*, oleu. *Puls*, iot. *Olera*, caul. *Lac*, lait. *Lac dulce*, leverid. *Lac*, *Sicera*, sicer. *Manutergium*, vel *mantile*, liendiulof. *Cultellus*, collel, vel kethel. *Artavus*, kellillic. *Vas*, cafat. *Hanapus*, hanaf. *Ciffus*, fiol. *Patera*, scala. *Cibus*, vel *esca*, buit. *Potus*, diot. *Liquor*, lad. *Clastrum*, clauster, (vel cloister). *Coquina*, keghin. *Cocus*, kog. *Ignis*, vel *focus*, tan. *Flamma*, flam. *Pruna*, regihten. *Andena*, tribet. *Ticio*, itheu. *Olla*, seit. *Cacabus*, caltor. *Lebes*, per. *Caro*, kig. *Jus*, iskel. *Ficinula*, kinguer. *Comedia*, racca. *Daps*, vel *absonum*, vel *ferculum*, sant. *Veru*, ber. *Arsura*, guleit. *Sartago*, padelhoern. *Frixorium*, oilet. *Coctio*, bredion. *Coctus*, parot. *Fructus*, trech. *Offa*, suben. *Mica*, breuyonen. *Vestiarium*, guiscti. *Testamentum*, *Sigillum*. *Cellarium*, talgel. *Molendinum*, melin. *Mola*, brou. *Mel*, mel. *Victus*, bruha. *Pecunia*, sols.

*Nummus, dinair. Pistrinum, popei. Fornax, vel clibanus, forn.
Pistor, peber. Granum, gronen, Farina, blot. Bratium, brag.
Palea, culm, vel usion. Cibrum, vel cribellum, croider. Fur-
fures, talch. Fer, guthot. Amfora, perseit. Lagena, kanna.
Utensilia, losgurhc hel. Dolium, tonnel. Cupa, keroin. Sup-
pellex, gutrahel. Aula, hel. Triclinum, steuel. Solarium, vel
solium, soler. Turris, tur. Cardo, medinor. Strigil, vel stri-
gile, streil. Ritus, hwerjin. Letus, louen. Tristis, trist. Famis,
naun. Pinguis, bor. Pinguedo, berri. Corpulentus,
Macer, vel Macilentus, cul. Grossus, bras. Gracilis, muin.
Longus, hir. Brevis, ber. Magnus, mauor. Parous, boghan.
Fortis, crif. Invalidus, anuein. Sollicitus, priderus. Securus,
diogel. Causa, chen. Accusator, cuhuþaudioc. Excusator, dif-
fennor. Nichil, laduit. Aliquid, nebra. Sella, diber.*

The few variations here inclosed in brackets, are in the MS. inserted between the lines by a hand very little more modern than that which wrote the original. The orthography of the MS. has been carefully observed.

Wrt.

HYMNS AND BALLADS.

From MS. Egerton, No. 613, (in the British Museum) written perhaps before the middle of the thirteenth century,

fol. 1, v°, each stanza written in four lines.

Somer is comen and winter is gon,
this day beginniz to longe,
And this foules everichon,
joye hem wit songe !
So stronge kare me bint,
Al wit joye that is funde
in londe,
Al for a child
That is so milde
of honde,

That child that is so milde and wlong,
and eke of grete monde,
Voye (?) in boskes and in bank
i-sout me hauȝ a stunde !
I-funde he hevede me
For an appel of a tre
i-bunde,
He brac the bond
That was so strong
wit wunde.

That child that was, so wilde and wlong,
 to me alute lowe ;
Fram me to Giwes he was sold,
 ne cuthen hey him nouit cnowe ;
 “ Do we ” sayden he,
 “ Nail we him opon a tre
 alowe,
 Ac arst we sullen scinin him
 ay rowe.”

Jhesu is the childes name,
 king of al londe !
Of the king he meden game,
 and smiten him wit honde.
 To fonden him opon a tre,
 He ȝeven him wundes to and thre
 in honden ;
 Of bitter drink he senden him
 a sonde.

Det he nom ho rode tre,
 the lif of us alle !
 . . . it nowit other be
 bote we scolden walle,
 And wallen in helle dep
 Nere nevere so swet
 wit alle !
 Ne miitte savi castel, tur,
 ne halle.

Mayne and moder that a-stod,
 Marie ful of grace,
 vallen in the place.
 The trace ran of, he bled
 Chan gedere, fles and blod
 and face ;
 He was to-drawe,
 So dur i-slawe
 in chace.

Det he nam, the suete man,
 wel heye opon the rode,
He wes hure sunnes everichon
 mid is swete blode.
 Mid flode he lute adun,
 And brace the ȝates of that prisun
 that stode ;
 And ches here out that there
 were gode.

He ros him one the thridde day,
 and sette him on is trone ;
 He wule come a domes day
 to dem us everichic one.
 Grone he may and wepen ay,
 The man that deiet witoute lay,
 alone.
 Grante ous Crist
 Wit thai uprist
 to-gene. *Amen.*

fol. 2. v°. written as prose.

Blessed beo thu, lavedi,
 ful of hovene blisse,
 Swete flur of parais,
 moder of miltornisse ;
 Thu praye Jhesu Crist thi sone,
 that he me i-wisse,
 Thare a londe al swo ihc beo,
 that he me ne i-misse.
 Of the, faire lavedi, min oreisun
 ich wile biginnen !
 Thi deore swete sunnes love
 thu lere me to winnen.
 Wel ofte ich sike and sorwe make,
 ne mai ich nevere blinnen,
 Bote thu, thruh thin milde mod,
 bringe me out of sunne.
 Ofte ihc seke merci,
 thin swete name ich calle :
 Mi flehs is foul, this world is fals,
 thu loke that ich ne falle.
 Lavedi freo, thu schild me
 fram the pine of helle !
 And send me into that blisse
 that tunge ne mai tellen.
 Mine werkes, lavedi,
 heo makieth me ful won ;
 Wel ofte ich clepie and calle,
 thu i-her me for than.
 Bote ic chabbe the help of the,
 other I ne kan ;
 Help thu me, ful wel thu mist,
 thu helpest moni a man.

I-blessed beo thu, lavedi,
so fair and so briht;
Al min hope is uppon the
bi dai and bi nicht.
Help, thruh thin milde mode,
for wel wel thu mist,
That ich nevere for feondes sake
fur-go thin eche liht.

Briht and scene quen of hovene,
ich bidde thin sunnes hore ;
The sunnes that ich habbe i-cun,
heo rewreth me ful sore.
Wel ofte ich chabbe the fur-saken,
the wil ich never eft more ;
Lavedi, for thine sake,
treuthen feondes lore.

I-blessed beo thu, lavedi,
so feir and so hende ;
Thu præie Jhesu Crist thi sone,
that he me i-sende,
Whare a londe al swo ich beo,
er ich honne wende,
That ich mote in parais
wonien withuten ende.

Bricht and scene quen of storre,
so me liht and lere,
In this false fikele world
so me led and steore,
That ich at min ende dai
ne habbe non feond to fere ;
Jhesu, mit ti swete blod,
thu bohatest me ful dere.

Jhesu, seinte Marie sone,
thu i-her thin moder bone ;
To the ne dar I clepien noht,
to hire ich make min mene ;
Thu do that ich for hire sake
beo i-maked so clene,
That ich noht at dai of dome
beo Fleming of thin exsene.

fol. 2, v°. written as prose.

En une matine me levoye l'autre er,
Pensif de amorettes ke fet apreiser ;
Bou mun quer deit estre e od lui demurer,
Kar tute ma joie vent de ben amer.

Mei ke suy ameruse, ne suy à blamer ;
Kar je ay tel amy ke n'ad poynt de per ;
Il est si tres beaus, e si franc de quer,
Ke en trest tut le monde ne trovera sun per.

Mun tres duz amy, ke m'avez doné
De vus si graunt joie e reconforté,
De vostre tres duz amor m'avez enamoré,
Ke pur ren ke veie ne dei estre grevé.

Mun tres duz amy, à vus me comaunt,
Ke me donasstes sen de vus amer taunt ;
E vus pri ke me eidez ke me seit duraunt,
Ke je ai la graunt joye dunt sui atendaunt.

Amen.

ibid. written also in prose.

Litel uo it eniman on trewe love bi stodet,
Butे oure swete levedi that muchel therof haud fondet ;
The love of hire hit lassted swthe longe,
He oaweth ws plist he wele hus underfonge.
Owre mo is mi lif, and ic in grete thouute ;
I thenche of hire that al hure blisse hus broute.

fol. 6 v°. written as prose.

Costi regis filia,
Tua te familia
veneratur,
et precatur
Tua patrocinia.
Virgo pura.
Fac futura
nos frui lætitia.

Tu de tribu regia
Producens exordia,
sola Christi
delegisti
Subire connubia
Virgo pura.

Ad huc annis tenera,
Suspiras ad supra,
et devota
mente tota
Tendis ad cœlestia.
Virgo pura.

Pro fide catholica
Flagella non modica
pertulisti,
nec flexisti
Mentem per supplicia.
Virgo pura.

Dum gens Christo credula
Cogitur ad ydola
adoranda,
tu nefanda
Probas hæc dæmonia.
Virgo pura.

Conclusos in propria
Artis eloquentia
das peritos,
requisitos
Per multa confinia.
Virgo pura.

Qui dum complent ultima
Per ignis duci in ima,
coma, veste,
simul teste,
Non patent incendia.
Virgo pura.

Uxor per te regia
Regis cum militia
Christo credit,
et se dedit
Volens ad martyria.
Virgo pura.

Mira dei gratia,
Rotarum dum pondera
dissolvuntur,
conteruntur
Impiorum milia.
Virgo pura.

Dum lictoris spicula
 Subis post pericula,
 pro crurore
 novo more
 Lactis manant flumina.
 Virgo pura.

On the same page, still written as prose.

Tres duce Katerine, sez nostre mescine.

De une pucele chanteray,
 Ke tut jur de quer ameray ;
 Si le vus di, kar ben le sai
 Ke mut fu nette e fine.
 Tres.

Estreite fu de noble gent,
 Si seynte escripture ne ment ;
 Kar reis esteit sun pere e gent,
 E sa mere reine.
 Tres.

Mut esteit de bon corage ;
 Kar Deu servi en sun age,
 Ke la garda de damage,
 Si la fet sa veisine.
 Tres.

Mut souffri pur Deu hubblement,
 Graunt pasiun e gref turmen[t],
 Meinte aspre flael vifement,
 Au jos e à l'eschine.
 Tres.

Mès Deu tresben l'aguerduna,
 Kaunt de sa mein la corona,
 E s'amie l'apela,
 Cele seinte meschine.
 Tres.

Trop fet apreiser par reysun
 La bele, quant e la prisun
 Venqui Maxence le felun,
 Ce fu la Katerine.
 Tres.

N'est pas merveille, kar verité
 Aveit od sei e amisté ;
 Si out en li humilité,
 De vertu la racine.
 Tres.

Deu ! kaunt à jugement vendrum,
 Graunt mester de lui averum,
 E pur ce eyns crier Deum
 A la pucele entoine.
 Tres.

Si cum ele ad Maxence vencu,
 Plus vilement unques mès ne fu,
 Ke ele seyt par sa graunt vertu
 De nos peccet mescine.
 Tres duce Katerine,
 Seez nostre mescine.

fol. 30, v°, written in a later hand, of about the beginning of the fourteenth century

De la soryte ne di-ge mye !
 Ke elle ne (^{sic}) hardy cum lyon.
 Ele meyne hoveka reys,
 Près de cuntes e baruns ;
 Tus jurs meyne bone vye.
 Va, soryte.

Mut fut hardy le soryt,
 Kaunt ele se cumbati, ne frat.
 Je la ferray aver robe
 De karlet how de autre drap.
 Kar ele me at en sa baylye.
 Va sorys, Deu, etc.

De la soryte ne ay-je qure,
 Ke ele veyne à ma meysun.
 Ele maungera me heses,
 E tuz le quyr de me purune;
 Kar autre chose ne ay-je mye.
 Va sorys, etc.

Mut fut petit le sorys,
 Kaunt ele entra e mun cervere,
 Deu la doynt la male vye,
 Kant ele denea de mun blé.
 Kar ele me at en sa baylye,
 Va, soryte, Deu te maudye !

Kaunt le sorys er malades,
 Je la ferray confesser.
 Mai (?) la maundera le prettre,
 Ci li fray oue ly parler.
 Kar ele me at en sa baylye.
 Va, sorys, Deu te maudye !

Kaunt le sorys er mort,
 Je le feray enterer;
 Quynse jours how treys simeynes
 Pur li fray le seynner soner.
 Kar ele esteit de bone vye.
 Va, soryte, Deu te maudye!

The writing is in some places almost erased, and in others so ill written
 that it is not easy to decypher.

Wrt.

RECEIPTS FOR COLOURS, &c.

From MS. Sloane, 1913, fol. 126, v^o, of the fifteenth century.

Reed.

Tempur rug plom, or vermyloun, with gleyr of eggis or with
 gummed watir, or with thynne cole, that is to say the clere
 therof.

Wit.

Tempur blank chalke, plum or ceruse, with gleyre or thinne
 cole; loke thy maters be wel y-grounde.

To done away mool or spoot from clothe.

Washe thy clothe with the brothe of grey pesene, wel y-
 hooled; *vel sic*, ley upon the moole of thy clothe blake sope
 medeled with otis, and bowke well the clothe asturwarde.

To make murrour bryȝt.

Stryke wel theron blak sope, and let the sope lye theron al
 a nyȝt, and on the morow wepe hit awey.

Gold Watir.

Grynde vytryole, sal gemme, and sal armonacer, an unce of
 eche; sethe in a quart of wyn til hit be wastid half awey; let
 hit kele, and write therwilhe.

Cyse for gold.

R. clalk and brend chalke, and grynde hem well togedur
 with gleyr of an ey; kepe hit as thiike as thou mey, tempur hit
 with faire watyr, put hit in an horn, stere hit with a stykke,
 and worche therwith when it is cold.

To done away what is y-wreten in velyn or parchement without any pomycē.

Take the juyst of rewe and of nettyl, in Marche, in Averel
 or in May, and medyl hit with chese, mylke of a kow, or
 shepe, put therto unqueynt lym, medle hem wel togedur, and

ake therof a lofe, and drye hit at the sonne, and make therof
wdur. When thou wolt do awey the lettre, wete a pensel
ith spotil or with watur, and moist therwith the lettres
at thou wolt do awey, and then cast the powder therupon,
d with thi nail thou maist done awey the lettres that hit
hal nothyng been a-sene, without any apeyrement. This
edecyn, y-made with chese or mylke of a kow, is good for
lym; and, of a sepe, good for parchment.

Hull.

THE PROVERBS OF HENDYNG.

From MS. Harl. No. 2253, fol. 125, r^o, of the reign of Edward II.

Mon that wol of wysdam heren,
At wyse Hendyng he may lernen,
That wes Marcolves sone;
Gode thonkes ant monie thewes
For te teche fele shrewes,
For that wes ever is wone.
Jhesu Crist, al folkes red,
That for us alle tholede ded
Upon the rode tre,
Lene us alle to ben wys,
Ant to ende in his servys!
Amen, par charité!
'God biginning maketh god endyng,'
Quoth Hendyng.

Wyt ant wysdom lurneth ȝerne,
Ant loke that none other werne
To be wys ant hende;
For betere were to bue wis,
Then for te where feh ant grys,
Wher so mon shal ende.
'Wyt ant wysdom is god warysoun.'
Quoth Hendyng.

Ne may no mon that is in londe,
For nothyng that he con fonde,
Wonen at home ant spedē;
So fele thewes for te leorne,
Ase he that hath y-socht ȝorne
In wel fele theode.
'Ase fele thede, ase fele thewes;'
Quoth Hendyng.

Ne buē thi child never so duere,
 Ant hit wolle unthewes lerne,
 Bet hit other whyle ;
 Mote hit al habben is wille,
 Wolton nultou hit wol spille,
 Ant bicome a fule.

‘Luef child lore byhoveth ;’
 Quoth Hendyng.

Such lores ase thou lernest,
 After that thou sist ant herest,
 Mon, in thyne ȝouthe,
 Shule the on elde folewe,
 Bothe an eve ant a-morewe,
 Ant buē the fol couthe.
 ‘Whose ȝong lerneth, olt he ne leseth ;’
 Quoth Hendyng.

ȝef the biste a sunne don,
 Ant thy thocht buē al theron,
 ȝet is god to blynne ;
 For when the hete is overcome,
 Ant thou have thy wyt y-nome,
 Hit shal the lyke wynne.
 ‘Let lust overgon, eft hit shal the lyke ;’
 Quoth Hendyng.

ȝef thou art of thohtes lyht,
 Ant thou falle for un-might
 In a wycked synne ;
 Loke that thou do hit so selde,
 In that sunne that thou ne elde,
 That thou ne deȝe therinne.
 ‘Betere is eye sor, then al blynd ;’
 Quoth Hendyng.

Me may lere a sely fode,
 That is ever toward gode,
 With a lutel lore ;
 ȝef me nul him forther teche,
 Thenne is herte wol areche
 For te lerne more.
 ‘Sely chyld is sone y-lered ;’
 Quoth Hendyng.

ȝef thou wolt fleyshe lust overcome,
 Thou most fist ant fle y-lome,
 With eye ant with huerte ;

Of fleysh lust cometh shame,
 Thath hit thunche the body game,
 Hit doth the soule smerte.
 ‘ Wel fyght, that wel flyth ;’
 Quoth Hendyng.

Wis mon holt is wordes ynne ;
 For he nul no gle bygynne,
 Er he have tempred is pype.
 Sot is sot, ant that is sene ;
 For he wol speke wordes grene,
 Er then hue buen rype.
 ‘ Sottes bolt is sone shote ;’
 Quoth Hendyng.

Tel thou never thy fo-mon
 Shome ne teone that the is on,
 Thi care ne thy wo ;
 For he wol fonde, ȝef he may,
 Both by nyhtes ant by day,
 Of on to make two.
 ‘ Tel thou never thy fo that thy fotaketh ;’
 Quoth Hendyng.

ȝef thou havest bred ant ale,
 Ne put thou nout al in thy male,
 Thou del it sum aboute.
 Be thou fre of thy meeles,
 Wher so me eny mete deles,
 Gest thou nout withoute.
 ‘ Betere is appel y-ȝeve then y-ete ;’
 Quoth Hendyng.

Alle whyle ich wes on erthe,
 Never lykede me my werthe,
 For none wynes fylle;
 Bote myn ant myn owen won,
 Wyn ant water, stokes ant ston,
 Al goth to my wille.
 ‘ Este bueth onne brondes ;’
 Quoth Hendyng.

ȝef the lacketh mete other cloth,
 Ne make the nout for thy to wrotht,
 Thath thou byde borewe ;
 For he that haveth is god plot,
 Ant of worldes wele y-noh,
 Ne wot he of no sorewe.
 ‘ Gredy is the godles ;’
 Quoth Hendyng.

ȝef thou art riche ant wel y-told,
 Ne be thou nocht tharefore to bold,
 Ne wax thou nouȝt to wilde;
 Ah ber the feyre in al thyng,
 Ant thou might habbe blesyng,
 Ant be meke ant mylde.
 ' When the coppe is follest, thenne ber hire
 Quoth Hendyng.

ȝef thou art an old mon,
 Tac thou the no ȝong wommon
 For te be thi spouse;
 For love thou hire ner so muche,
 Hue wol telle to the lute
 In thin oune house.
 ' Moni mon syngeth
 When he hom bringeth
 Is ȝonge wyf;
 Wyste wot he brohte,
 Wepen he mohte,
 Er his lyf syth.
 Quoth Hendyng.

Thah thou muche thenche,
 Ne spek thou nouȝt al;
 Bynd thine tongue
 With bonene wal,
 Let hit don synke,
 Ther hit up swal;
 Thenne myght thou fynde
 Frend over al.
 ' Tonge breketh bon,
 Ant nad hire selve non;
 Quoth Hendyng.

Hit is mony gedelyng,
 When me hym ȝeveth a lutel thyng,
 Waxen wol un-satht.
 Hy telle he deth wel by me,
 That me ȝeveth a lutel fe,
 Ant oweth me riht naht.
 ' That me lutel ȝeveth, he my lyf ys on;
 Quoth Hendyng.

Mon that is luef don ylle,
 When the world goth after is wylle,
 Sore may him drede;
 For ȝef hit tyde so that he falle,

Men shal of is owen galle
 Shenchē him at nede.
 ' The bet the be, the bet the byse ;'
 Quoth Hendyng.

Thah the wolde wel bycome
 For te make houses roume,
 Thou most nede abyde,
 Ant in a lutel house woue,
 For te thou fele that thou mowe
 Withouten evel prydē.
 ' Under boske shal men weder abide ;'
 Quoth Hendyng.

Holde ich no mon for un-sele,
 Otherwhyle thah he fele
 Sumthyng that him smerte :
 For when mon is in treye ant tene,
 Thenne hereth God ys bene
 That he byd myd herte.
 ' When the bale is hest,
 Thenne is the bote nest ;'
 Quoth Hendyng.

Drath thyn hond sone aȝeyn,
 ȝef men the doth a wycke theyn
 Ther thyn ahte is lend ;
 So that child withdraweth is hond,
 From the fur ant the brond,
 That hath byfore buē brend.
 ' Brend child fur dredeth ;'
 Quoth Hendyng.

Such mon have ich lend my cloth,
 That hath maked me ful wroth,
 Er hit come aȝeyn.
 Ah he that me ene serveth so,
 Ant he eft bidde mo,
 He shal me fynde un-feyn.
 ' Selde cometh lone labynde home ;'
 Quoth Hendyng.

ȝef thou trost to borewyng,
 The shal fayle mony thyng,
 Loth when the ware ;
 ȝef thou have thin oune won,
 Thenne is thy treye overgon,

Al wythoute care:
 ' Owen ys Owen, and other mennes edneth;'
 Quoth Hendyng.

This worldes love ys a wrecche,
 Whose hit here me ne recche,
 Thah y speke heye;
 For y se that on brother
 Lutel recche of that other,
 Be he out of ys eze.
 ' Fer from eze, fer from herte;'
 Quoth Hendyng.

Thah uch mon byswyke me,
 That of my god maketh him fre
 For te gete word,
 Ant himself is the mest qued,
 That may breke eny bred
 At ys ounе boord.
 ' Of un-boht hude men kerveth brod thong;'
 Quoth Hendyng.

Moni mon seith, were he ryche,
 Ne shulde non be me y-lyche
 To be god ant fre;
 For when he hath oht bygeten,
 Al the fredome is forȝeten
 Ant leyd under kne.
 ' He is fre of hors that ner nade non ;'
 Quoth Hendyng.

Moni mon mid a lutel ahte
 ȝeveth is dohter an un-mahte,
 Ant lutel is the bettre;
 Ant myhte withoute fere,
 Wis mon ȝe he were,
 Wel hire have bysette.
 ' Lytth chep luthere ȝeldes ;'
 Quoth Hendyng.

Strong ys ahte for te gete,
 Ant wicke when me hit shal lete,
 Wys mon, takes thou ȝeme;
 Al to dere is bocht that ware,
 That ne may wythoute care
 Monnes herte queme.
 ' Dere is bocht the hony that is licked of the tho
 Quoth Hendyng.

Mon, that munteth over flod,
 Whiles that the wynd ys wod
 Abyde fayre ant stille ;
 Abyd stille ȝef that thou may,
 Ant thou shalt have another day
 Weder after wille.
 ‘ Wel abit that wel may tholye ;’
 [Quoth Hendyng.]

That y telle an evel lype,
 Mon that doth him into shype
 Whil the weder is wod ;
 For be he come to the depe,
 He may wrynge hond ant wepe,
 Ant be of drery mod.
 ‘ Ofte rap reweth ;’
 Quoth Hendyng.

Mihte the luther mon
 Don al the wonder that he con,
 Al the world for-ferde,
 He fareth so doth the luther grom,
 That men ever beteth on
 With one smerte ȝerde.
 ‘ Of alle mester men mest me hongeth theves ;’
 Quoth Hendyng.

Wicke mon ant wicke wyf,
 When hue ledeth wicke lyf,
 Ant buen in wicked synne ;
 Hue ne shule hit so wende,
 That hit ne shal atte ende
 Showe himself wythynne.
 ‘ Ever out cometh evel sponne web ;’
 Quoth Hendyng.

Beterere were a ryche mon
 For te spouse a god womon,
 Thath hue be sum del pore,
 Then to brynge into his hous
 A proud quene ant daungerous,
 That is sum del hore.
 ‘ Moni mon for londe wyyeth to shonde ;’
 Quoth Hendyng.

Ne leve no mon child ne wyf,
 When he shal wende of this lyf,
 Ant drawe to the dethe ;

For mowe he the bones bydelve,
 Ant the ahte welde hem selve,
 Of thi soule huem ys ethe.
 'Frendles ys the dede;'
 Quoth Hendyng.

The glotoun ther he fynt god ale,
 He put so muche in ys male,
 Ne leteth he for non eye;
 So longe he doth uch mon rytht,
 That he wendeth hom by nytht,
 Ant lyth ded by the weye.
 'Drynk eft lasse, ant go bylyhte hom;'
 Quoth Hendyng.

Riche ant pore, ȝonge ant olde,
 Whil ȝe habbeth wyt at wolde,
 Secheth ore soule bote;
 For when ȝe weneth alrebest
 For te have ro ant rest,
 The ax ys at the rote.
 'Hope of long lyf
 Gyleth mony god wyf,'
 Quoth Hendyng.

Hendyng seith soth of mony thyng;
 Jhesu Crist hevene kyng
 Us to blisse brynge!
 For his swete moder love,
 That sit in hevene us above,
 ȝeve us god endynge! *Amen.*

Hull.

THE SONG OF THE SCHOOL-BOY, AT CHRISTMAS.

From MS. Sloane, No. 1584, of the beginning of the sixteenth century or latter part of the fifteenth, fol. 33, r°., written in Lincolnshire or Nottinghamshire, perhaps, to judge by the mention of persons and places, the neighbourhood of Grantham or Newark.

Ante finem termini baculus portamus,
 Capud hustiarii frangere debemus;
 Si preceptor nos petit quo debemus ire,
 Breviter respondemus, non est tibi scire.
 O pro nobilis docter, now we youe pray,
 Ut velitis concedere to gyff hus leff to play.

Nunc proponimus ire, withoutt any ney,
 Scolam dissolvere, I tell itt youe in fey.
 Sicut istud festum merth is for to make,
 Accipimus nostram diem owr leve for to take.
 Post natale festum, full sor shall we qwake,
 Quum nos revenimus latens for to make.
 Ergo nos rogamus, hartly and holle,
 Ut isto die possimus to brek upe the scole.

Hull.

NOTE ON THE MSS. OF PETRONIUS.

In the hand-writing of the late Mr. Douce; kindly communicated by
 Sir Henry Ellis.

The printed copies of Petronius must be divided into three classes, in order to prevent that confusion which would otherwise inevitably ensue.

These are, 1, A fragment, first published at Venice, 1499,
 4to.

2, The feast of Trimalchio, first printed at Padaua, from a MS. discovered at Trau in Dalmatia.

3, The entire work, printed from a supposed MS. said to have been discovered at Belgrade in 1688. All the supplemental matter in this edition was undoubtedly forged by M. Nodol, who first printed it at Rotterdam in 1693.

No. 1, as appears from the title of it in the Dalmatian MS., is nothing more than Books XV. and XVI. of the original work, and there is even reason to suppose that it is only an abridgment of those, the title being "fragmentum *ex lib.* XV. etc."

No. 2. This important MS. had been preserved a long time at Trau in Dalmatia, in the family of the Cippii, whose name is written on the first leaf. It is a folio, written on paper, and dated 30 Novem. 1423. It contains Tibullus, Propertius, and Catullus; a poem on Sappho and Phaon; the fragment No. 1, agreeing with the printed copy, except that all the obscenities have been carefully expunged; *the feast of Trimalchio*, beginning "Venerat jam tertius dies;" "Moreto, liber Virgilii pueri;" and lastly, in a more modern hand, "Claudiani carmen de Phœnicio."

Statilius first discovered the feast of Trimalchio in this MS., and afterwards got possession of it. At the instance of many persons, and particularly of Pope Alexander VII. he published it at Padua in 1664. Being immediately reprinted at Paris, it was attacked by some violent and wrong-headed critics, among whom Wagenseil, a young man of promising abilities, took the lead, boldly affirming that Statilius had fabricated the whole. In due time the editor put forth a very masterly and satisfactory defence, which induced M. Valois, one of the ablest of the objectors, to change his opinion, as appears from the preface to his edition of 1677.

On the death of Statilius, the MS. fell into the hands of a Dalmatian, who thinking to make a large sum of money by it, went to Rome, but not succeeding in his attempt to dispose of it, and wanting to raise a supply, pawned it to Peter Paul Marianus. This person afterwards endeavoured to sell it to the Abbé Louvois for the King of France's Library, but asking too large a sum, no bargain was concluded. On the death of Marianus, father Montfaucon in 1703, by the assistance of a friend, bought it of his heirs for the French Library, at a reasonable price.

Independently of the internal evidence of this MS., the circumstance of the mention of Trimalchio's feast in Johannes Sarisburiensis de Nugis Curialium, a writer of the twelfth century, would be sufficiently decisive in its favour. I have traced upwards of twenty MSS. in different libraries (not one in England), but from the careless manner in which they are mentioned, it is impossible to know what part of Petronius's work they contain. The feast of Trimalchio, however, is not specifically mentioned in any other than the Dalmatian MS.

On the whole, it appears that we are in possession but of a small part of Petronius's work, and it is therefore exceedingly unfair to contend that what we have is not the satire sent in the pacquet to Nero, as mentioned in Tacitus. Those who have done so must have conceived that Petronius remained *entire*, as poor Meibomius did.

It is hardly worth while to say anything more about Nodol's forgery, the history of which is briefly this. In 1688 he pretended to have got information, by means of a German nobleman, that a Mons. Dupin, a person in the Emp. of Germany's service, had procured a MS. Petronius from a Greek renegado at Belgrade—that he therefore employed a merchant of Frankfort then residing at Belgrade, to bribe Dupin's secretary to get a copy of this MS., stated to be upwards of a thousand years old.

In this affair not a single party's name was mentioned, except Dupin's, also a forgery, because when the work was published, he would naturally have made some stir in such an affair. It is supposed that Nodol conceived the idea of this forgery from having read in Patin's Letters that some learned man had filled up the chasms in Petronius, but suppressed the publication on account of the author's licentiousness. Whoever examines Nodol's work will find it full of Gallicisms and Barbarisms; and indeed he must have been a bad Latin scholar, when he translated a passage of Solinus "bis sinistra manu præliavit" by "he fought twice with his left hand."

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MAXIMON.

From MS. Har. No. 2253. fol. 82, r°, written in the reign of Edw. II.

Herkne to my ron,  
 As ich ou telle con,  
     Of elde al hou it gos,  
 Of a mody mon,  
 Hihte Maxumon,  
     Soth withoute les.  
 Clerc he was ful god,  
 So moni mon understod.  
     Nou herkne hou it wes.

Ys wille he hevede y-noh,  
 Purpe and pal he droh,  
     Ant other murthes mo.  
 He wes the feyrest mon,  
 With-outen Absalon,  
     That seththe wes ant tho.  
 Tho laste is lyf so longe,  
 That he bigan unstronge,  
     As mony tides so.  
 Him con rewe sore  
 Al is wilde lore,  
     For elde him dude so wo;

So sone as elde him com  
 Ys boc an honde he nom,  
     Ant gan of reuthes rede.  
 Of his herte ord  
 He made moni word,  
     Ant of is lyves dede.

He gan mene is mone ;  
 So feble were is bone,  
     Ys hew bigon to wede.  
 So clene he was y-gon,  
 That heu ne hade he none :  
     Ys herte gan to blede.

“ Care and kunde of elde  
 Maketh mi body felde,  
     That y ne mai stonde upright ;  
 Ant min herte unbolde,  
 Ant mi body to colde,  
     That er thou wes so lyht.  
 Ant mi body thunne,  
 Such is worldes wunne,  
     This day me thinketh nyht.

Riche y was of londe,  
 Ant mon of fayrest honde,  
     That wes bote a stounde.  
 Mi meyn that wes so strong,  
 Mi middel smal ant long,  
     Y-broht it is to grunde.

For thi y grunte ant grone,  
 When y go myn one,  
     Ant thenke on childes dede.  
 Al this wylde wone,  
 Nis hit bote a lone,  
     Her beth blisse gnede.  
 To wepen ant to grone,  
 To make muche mone,  
     That we doth for nede.  
 Ant under the stone,  
 With fleish ant with bone,  
     Wormes shule we fede.

Ther y stod in a snowe,  
 Wel heȝe upon a lowe,  
     Y was a wilde mon ;  
 Hunten herd y blowe,  
 Hertes gonне rowe,  
     Stunte me ne ston.

Nou hit nis nout so ;  
 Y lerne for te go,  
     Ant stonde ant syke sore.  
 My wele is went to wo,  
 Ant so beth other mo,

That lyved habbeth sore.  
 So litht as y wes tho,  
 Ant wilde as eny ro,  
 Er y bygon to hore !  
 Reuthful is my red,  
 Ne shulde me be gled,  
 Me reweth swythe sore.

With hunger y am feed ;  
 Heo seith y spille breed,  
 My wif that shulde be ;  
 Myn herte is hevy so led ;  
 Me were levere be ded ;  
 Then lyves for te be.  
 Hit is ful soth y-sed,  
 The mon that haveth dred,  
 His frendes wile him fle.

Tho I was strong ant wis,  
 Ant werede feir ant grys,  
 Ich havede friendes tho ;  
 Fol soth i-seid it ys,  
 The mon that is of pris  
 He haveth frendes mo.  
 My myht no wyht nys ;  
 Y-gon hit is y-wys,  
 He buge me of wo.  
 Men wyste non y-wis,  
 That werede veyr ant grys,  
 Y-thryven ase y was tho ;  
 That havede more of his,  
 Nou hit so nout nys,  
 Ah al hit is a-go.

So gentil ne so chis,  
 Ne mon of more pris,  
 Ful wo nou me may be ;  
 The world wrechede is,  
 Ant that he wyten y-wis,  
 My frendes nulleth me se.

Fair y was ant fre,  
 Ant semly for te se ;  
 That lasteth lutel stounde.  
 Gladdere mon with gle.  
 Ne mihte never be  
 Thurh al Godes mounde.

Elde unhende is he ;  
 He chaungeth al my ble,  
     Ant bugeth me to grounde.  
 When y shal henne te,  
 Y not whider y fle,  
     For thi y sike unbestounde.

Y sike ant sorewe sore ;  
 Ne may y be namore  
     Mon as y was tho ;  
 Ys hit no whith ȝore,  
 That y bigon to hore :  
     Elde is nou my fo.  
 Y wake as water in wore,  
 Jhesu Crist thin ore !  
     Why is me so wo ?

Thicke y was ant riht,  
 Of wordes wis ant lyht,  
     As ich understande ;  
 Of belte y wes briht,  
 Ant lovelyche y-diht,  
     Ant fayrest mon of londe.

When foules singeth on rys,  
 Y mourne ant sorewe y-wis,  
     That unnethe y go.  
 This world wicked is,  
 Ant that ȝe wyten y-wys,  
     Hit is by-falle so.

Reuthful is my red ;  
 Hue maketh me selde gled,  
     My wyf that shulde be ;  
 Y dude as hue me bad,  
 Of me hue is a-sad ;  
     Evele mote hue the !  
 Hue clepeth me spille-bred ;  
 Sorewe upon hyre hed,  
     For hue nul me y-se.  
 Ycham hevy so led ;  
 Betere me were ded,  
     Then thus alyve to be.

Ase ich rod thourh Rome,  
 Richest alre home,  
     With murthes as ycholde,  
 Ledys wyht so swon,

Maidnes shene so bon,  
 Me come to bi-holde :  
 Ant seyden on after on,  
 “ ȝent ryd Maximon,  
 With is burnes bolde.”  
 Nou nis non of the,  
 That wolleth me y-se  
 In mine clothes olde.

This world is wok ant les ;  
 Y nam noht as ych wes,  
 Ych wot by myne chere ;  
 For gent ich wes ant chys,  
 Ant mon of muche prys,  
 Ant leof to ben y-fere.

Ther nes cleric ne knyht,  
 Ne mon of more myht,  
 That levele wes in londe.  
 Y-stunt is al my syht ;  
 This day me thuncheth nyht,  
 Such is the world to fonde.  
 Fair ich wes of hewe,  
 Ant of love trewe,  
 That lasteth lutel stounde.  
 They that me y-knewe,  
 Hem may sore rewe,  
 Soth hit is y-founde.

Of nothing that y se  
 Ne gladieth me no gle,  
 Myn herte breketh a tuo ;  
 For ich wes on the,  
 That woned wes glad to be  
 In londe that wes tho.  
 Nou icham liche a tre,  
 That loren hath is ble,  
 Ne groweth hit na mo.  
 For thah icholde fle,  
 Y not wyder te ;  
 Elde me worcheth wo.

Stunt is al mi plawe,  
 That y was woned to drawe,  
 Whil y wes so lyht.  
 Y wolde y were in rest,  
 Lowe leid in chest ;

My blisse is forloren.  
 For mourne y make mest,  
 The while that hit lest ;  
     Nou wo is me therfore !  
 Ne gladieth me no gest,  
 Ne murgeth me no fest,  
     Alas, that y wes bore !  
  
 This lond me thuncheth west ;  
 Deth y doute mest,  
     Whider that y shall te.  
 Whet helpeth hit y-told ?  
 Y waxe blo ant colde,  
     Of lyve y wolde be.  
  
 When blosmes breketh on brere,  
 Murthes to me were,  
     Ant blythe y was of mod.  
 Care ant kunde y-fere  
 Chaungeth al mi chere,  
     Ant mengeth al my blod.  
 To longe ichave ben here  
 Bi mo then sixty ,ere,  
     So y me understod ;  
 Icholde that ych were  
 Al so y never nere,  
     My lyf is nothyng god.  
  
 Myn neb that wes so bryht  
 So eny sterre lyht,  
     Falm is ant won ;  
 My body that wes so wyht,  
 Styf hit stod upryht,  
     I wes a mody mon.  
 My mayn ant eke mi myht,  
 Stunt is al mi syht,  
     Lerneth nou of thon :  
 Nis non so kene knyht,  
 That so he byth y-dyht,  
     When elde hym cometh on.  
  
 Mi body that wes strong,  
 Mi middel smal ant long,  
     Y-broht hit is to grounde.  
 Nou nabbe y nout that ȝong,  
 That speche, ne that song,  
     Mi lif nys bote a stounde.

Thah y be men among,  
 Y gladie for no song,  
     Of haveke ne of hounde.  
 My deth icholde fle,  
 For icham on of the  
     That deȝeth boute wounde.  
 Ne con y me no red ;  
 Myn herte is hevi so led  
     Ant wel faste y-bounde ;  
 Ich wes of feyre leynthe ;  
 A-gon is al my streynthe,  
     In armes ant in honde.  
  
 Er ich were thus old,  
 Ich wes of speche bold,  
     Ne recchi wo hit here ,  
 Nou icham old ant cold,  
 Wet helpeth more y-told,  
     Of lyve ycholde ich were.  
  
 Gentil ich wes ant freo  
 Wildore then the leo,  
     Er y bygon to hore ;  
 Nou y nam nout so ;  
 My weole is turnd to wo,  
     Ant hath y-be ful ȝore.  
  
 Ant so bueth other mo,  
 That lyveden nou ant tho,  
     Ne reccheth of weole ne wo :  
 Deth is that y munne,  
 Me seggeth that hit is sunne,  
     God brynge us out of tho.  
  
 Amen, par charite !  
 Ant so mote hit be !

*Wrt.*

## CHARMS FOR THE TOOTH-ACHE.

Taken from a MS. written on paper, in the library of Lincoln Cathedral, marked A. 1, 17, and compiled by one Robert Thornton of the North Riding of Yorkshire, probably between the years 1430-1440.—fol. 176.

## I.

*A charme for the tethe-werke.*

Say the charme thris, to it be sayd ix. tymes, and ay thris  
at a charemynge.

I conjuore the, laythely beste, with that ilke spere,  
That Longyous in his hand gane bere,  
And also with ane hatte of thorne,  
That one my Lordis hede was borne,  
With alle the wordis mare and lesse,  
With the Office of the Messe,  
With my Lorde and his xii. postilles,  
With oure Lady and her x. maydenys,  
Saynt Margrete, the haly quene,  
Saynt Katerin, the haly virgyne,  
ix. tymes Goddis forbott, thou wikkide worme,  
Thet ever thou make any restynge,  
Bot awaye mot thou wende,  
To the erde and the stane !

## II.

Thre gude brether are ȝe,  
Gud gatis gange ȝe,  
Haly thynges seke ȝe ;  
He says, wille ȝe telle me,  
He sais, blissede, Lorde, mot ȝe be ;  
It may never getyne be,  
Lorde, bot ȝour willis be.  
Settis doune appone ȝour knee,  
Gretly athe suere ȝe me,  
By Mary moder mylke so fre ;  
There es no man that ever hase nede,  
ȝe schalle hym charme, and aske no mede,  
And here sall I lere it the.  
As the Jewis wondide me,  
Thay wende to wonde me fra the grounde,  
I helyd my selfe bathe hale and sounde.  
Ga to the cragge of Olyvete,  
Take oyle de bayes, that es so swete,  
And thris abowte this worme ȝe strayke,\*  
This bethe the worme that schotte noghte,

Ne kankire noghte, ne falowe noghte ;  
 And als clere hale fra the grounde,  
 Als Jhesu dide with his faire wondis  
 The Fadir and the Sone and the Haly Gaste,†  
 And Goddis forbott, thou wikkyde worme,  
 That ever thou make any risyng,‡  
 Bot awaye mote thou wende to the erthe and the stane.

*Mdn.*

\* A line seems to be wanting here.    † A line appears to be lost here.  
 ‡ In the MS., over this word is written *or any sugorne*.

### CHARACTERISTICS OF DIFFERENT NATIONS.

From MS. No. 139 in the Library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge,  
 of the fourteenth century.

Invidia Judæorum; ira Britonum: perfidia Persarum;  
 spurcitia Sclavorum; fallacia Græcorum; rapacitas Romanorum;  
 astutia Ægyptiorum; prudentia Hebræorum; sævitia Saracenorum;  
 stabilitas Persarum; solertia Ægyptiorum;  
 levitas Caldæorum; sapientia Græcorum; varietas Affrorum;  
 gravitas Romanorum; gula Gallorum; largitas Longobardorum;  
 vana gloria Longobardorum; sobrietas Gottorum; crudelitas Hunorum;  
 sagacitas Caldæorum; inmunditia Sabinorum;  
 ingenium Affricorum; ferocitas Francorum; firmitas Gallorum;  
 stultitia Saxonum; fortitudo Francorum; hebetudo Bavariorum;  
 instantia Saxonum; luxuria Vascanorum;  
 agilitas Walcarorum; vinolentia Hispaniarum; magnanimitas Pictorum;  
 duritia Pictorum; hospitalitas Britonum;  
 argutia Hispaniarum; libido Suevorum; duritia et superbia  
 Pictavorum.

*Hill.*

### FAITH AND REASON.

From MS. Sloane, No. 3534, fol. 3, v°. apparently of the latter part of the  
 fifteenth century, or perhaps of the beginning of the sixteenth (at latest.)

Hoc mens ipsa stupet, quod non sua ratio cernet,  
 Quomodo virgo pia genetrix sit sancta Maria,  
 Ac Deus almus homo; sed credit ratio miro;  
 Namque fides superest, cum perfida ratio subsit.

*Pecok.*

Witte hath wondir that resoun ne telle kan,  
 How maidene is modir and God is man;  
 Leve thy resoun, and bileyve in the wondir:  
 For feith is aboven, and reson is undir.

*Wrt.*

## ENGLISH SERMONS

Of the beginning of the thirteenth century, from MS. Trin. Coll. Cambridge,  
B. 14, 62.

*Maria virgo assumpta est ad ethereum thalamum.* On of þe holie writes þe ben red herinne to dai bringen us blisfulle tiðinges, of an edie meiden, þe was i-feren bispused þe hevenliche kinge, þ seid þ he hes fette hom. Lusteð nu wich maiden þ is, þ hwat he hatte, þ hware he was fet, þ hwo hire ledde, þ wu, þ hwider, þ cunnen gif we mugen cumen after, for þan þe we ben alle boden þider. Of this maiden specð þe holie boc, þ seið: *Hec est virgo virginum, regina celorum, domina angelorum, mater et filia regis regum omnium.* þis maiden bar ure loverd Jhesu Crist, ure alre fader, of hire holie lichame, þ nis hire maidhod þerefore noht awemmed. Hie is þe hevenliches kinges dohter, þ ec his moder, þ alre maidene maide, þ hevne quen, þ englene lafdi. Hire is to name Maria, *quod est interpretatum stella maris,* þat is on Englis sa-sterre. þan þe sa-farinde men seð þe sa-sterre, hie wuten sone wuderward hie sullen wei holden, for þ þe storres liht is hem god tacðen. *Mundus mari comparabitur, quia fluctus erigit, naves obruit: ita mundus effluit, dum opes confert; reficit, dum aufert, turbine, i. ultione divina vel fraude diabolica, turbatur; discordiarum motus concitat, ecclesiarum pacem perturbat.* þis woreld is cleped sæ, þe floweð þ ebbeð swo doð ec þis woreld; floweð þanne he woreld wurme (?) gieveð, þ ebbeð þanne hie hit eft binimeð. Stormes falleð in þe sæ, þ to worpeð hit; þ godes wrake cumeð on þis woreld to wrekende on sunfuller men here gultes, þ for þen on rihwile men þen hem neigh wunien, þ binimeð hem hwile oref, hwile oðer aihte, þ hwile here hele, þ hwile here ogen lif, þ hwile latte devel hem on fele wise, þ haremeð hem, þ shendeð, þ weccheð among hem flite, þ win, þ fordraueð soð luve, þ struieð rihte bileve. And also þe sa-storre shat of hire þe liht, þe lihteð sa-farinde men, also þis edie maiden, seinte Marie, of hire holie licame shedeð þ soðe liht, þe lihteð alle brihte þinges on eorðe þ ec on hevene, also S. Johannes saið on his godspel: *Erat lux vera que i.o.h.n.i.h.m.* He is þ soðe liht, þe lihteð alle men, þe on þis woreld cumeð, þ alcomed ben: and for þis leome is þ holie maiden cleped sa-sterre. Hie was fet of weste wunienge, þar he funden was, *s. in terra deserta, in loco horroris et vaste solitudinis,* þat is to seien, on weste londe, þ on grisliche stede, Weste is cleped þ londe þ is longe tilðe atleien, þ wildernessee ges þare manie rotes onne wacsed. þis woredcs biwest is efned to wastene, for þ he hit is ferren atleien holie tilðe. *Hinc ex quo veteres emigravere coloni, avre scððen the ealde*

tilie henne wenden. þe hwile þe hie here waren, he wetiden  
 þe eorðe, þurwen god sad þar onne, þit wacxs, þwel þeagh,  
 þbrahte forð blostmes fele þ manie. Ac seðen hie henens  
 wenden, atlai þ lond unwend, þbicam waste, þwas roted over  
 al, þswo bicam wildernes. Nu wunieð þar inne fueles, þ  
 wilde deor, þurmes. þis lond þe ich nu of speke, is þ  
 mennisse þe nu liveð; þe old tilien waren þe holie lorðewes,  
 prophetes, apostles, popes, archebissopes, bissopes, prestes,  
 þe holie lif ladden, þe tilien wenden þis lond þ up þ was ar  
 dun, þanne hie mid here wise word turneden mannes hertc  
 fram eorðelicke þankis to hevenliche þanke, fram unrihte to  
 rihte, fram hordom to clennesse, from alle ivele lustes to luven  
 God þ heren him, and after þ sewen on þis lond Godes word  
 for sede, þit morede on here heorte, þweacs, þwel þeagh.  
 þanne þ folc Godes word gierneliche listeð, þfastliche hield, þ  
 ter after here lif ladden. Ac nu is þ lond tilðe atlein, þi-furen  
 was, for þo hit sholden tilien, þo þe lorðewes of holie chireche,  
 þe sewen gerneluker þe defles sed, þan ure loverdes Jhesu Crist,  
 þmid forbisne of here fule liflode beden men to helle þ naht to  
 hevene. Godes sed is Godes word, þe men tilien in chireche  
 on salmes, þon songes, þon redinges, þon lorspelles, þon holde-  
 bedes þe lerde men selde, þgemelesliche sowen we defles sed  
 [þet] is idel, þunnet, þivele word, hoker, þscorn, spel, þleoð,  
 þcheast, þtwispeche, þcurs, þleasinges, þsware, þalle  
 swikle speches, þoðre. Fele lerdemen speken also lewede,  
 also ure drihten seide þurh anes prophetes muðe: *Erit sicut  
 populus sacerdos*, prest sal ledn his lif also lewed man. þ  
 swo hie doð nuðe, þsumdel warse; for þe lewede man wurðeð  
 his spuse mid cloðes more þan mid him selven; þprest naht  
 sis (*sic*) chireche þe is his spuse, ac his daie þe is his hore,  
 awleneð hire mid cloðes, more þan him selven. þe chire  
 cloðes ben to-brokene þe ealde, þe hise wives shule ben hole  
 þnewe; his alter cloð great þ sole, þhire chemise smal  
 þhwit; þte albe sol, þhire smoc hwit; þe haveð line spard,  
 þhire winpel wit, oðer maked geleu mid saffran; þe meshakele  
 of medeme fustain, þhire mentel grene oðer burnet; þe  
 corporeals sole þunshapliche, hire hand-cloðes þhire bord-  
 cloðes makede wite þlustliche on to siene; þe caliz of tin, þ  
 hire nap of mazere þring of golde. And is þe prest swo  
 muchele forcuðere þane þe lewede, swo he wurðeð his hore  
 more þen his spuse. Prestes ben þo þe apostel of specð, þus  
 queðende: *Quorum Deus venter est*; here wombe is here  
 Crist; þalle ivele forbisne hie ippen of hem selven, þte lewede  
 men hem gierneliche foligen, þteð forð geres after wilde deore,  
 sume after beore, sume after wulve, sume after oðer deor;  
 and also þe fugeles fram o stede to oðer, þne ben nafre stede-

faste, swo doð þis mannisse flieð fram ivele to werse, on speche  
 þ on dede, þ bringeð on here heorte oregel, þ wraðe, þ onde, þ  
 hatinge, þ oðer ivele lustes. Alse wuremes bреден on wilderne,  
 þ is þis woreld, þis grisliche stede on to wunien, for here is  
 hunger, þ þurst, elde, unhale, flit, þ win, ece, þ smertinge,  
 sorinesse, weriness, þ oðre wowe muchel. Of swilch mai  
 grisen men þe ani god cunnen. Eft sone on þis biwiste is  
 muchel weste of holie mihte; al riht is leid, þ wogh arered, alse  
 þe wise queð: *Nusquam tutæ fides, non hospes ab hospite tutus;*  
 nis nower non trewðe, for nis the gist siker of þe husebonde, ne  
 noðer of oðer; *non socer a nuro,* ne þe aldefader of hi oðem;  
*fratrumque gratia rara est,* selde leveð þe broðer þ oðer;  
*filius ante diem patrinos inquirit annos,* þe sunne wussheð þe  
 fader deað, ar his dai cum; *imminet exitio vir conjugis, illa*  
*mariti,* wif wolde þ hire loverd dead ware, þ he þ hie ware.  
 Of þesse waste þ grisliche stede was þis holi maide fet, þe  
 ich of speke, þ is ure lafdi seinte Marie; þ hire fette þe  
 hevenliche king, alse þe prophete seið on his stefne: *Tenuisti*  
*manum dexteram meam, etc., þu helde mi riht hond,* þ leddest  
 me on þine wille, þ understode me mid wurdshipe. *Ter ascendit;*  
*primo quidem passibus corporis ante templum ab imo*  
*quindecim graduum, usque ad summum;* *secundo in templo*  
*passibus mentis de virtute in virtutem, ubi videtur Deus deorum*  
*in Syon;* *tercio corpore et anima assumpta in celum,*  
 preo siðes stech þis holie maiden; erest lichamliche, þo hie was  
 preo gier heold, biforen þe temple on þe sterre of fiftene stoples,  
 fro neþewarde to uweward, wiðute mannes helpe; oðer siðes  
 hie stehg in þe temple gostliche, fram mighte to mihte, forte  
 þ hie alre mihtene loverd biheold, alse hie hit wolde; þe þridde  
 siðe, hie stehg þis dai þo engles hire beren mid soule þ mid  
 lichame into þan hevenliche bure, þar heo was wurðliche un-  
 derstonden. þ Salomon þe wise þe wes fele hundred wintre  
 þer before king in Jerusalem sehg þese wunderliche strenge,  
 als suterliche alse he þis dai were, þ wundrede þer offe, þ  
 seide: *Que est ista que ascendit sicut aurora consurgens, pulcra*  
*ut luna, electa ut sol?* hwat is þis þe astihgð alse dai rieme,  
 fair alse mone, i-coren alse sunne? Ure lafdi S. M., alse wis-  
 liche alse hie þis dai was hoven into hevene, bere ure arende  
 to ure loverd Jhesu Crist, þ he gife us eche blisse in hevene.  
*Q. ipse. p. d. qui v. et r. per o. s. s. Amen.*

## II. Dominica tertia.

*Nox precedit, dies autem appropinquabit.* Hure heiest lorðen  
 after ure loverd Jhesu Crist, this is ure loverd sainte Powel,  
 munegð us to rihtlechen ur liflode, þ wisseð us on wilche wise  
 þ seið þ we haven riht þar to, þ seið hwu, þus queðende: *Nox*

*precedit, dies autem, etc.*; the niht is forð gon, þ dai neihleched. þ for þi hit is riht þ we forleten þ forsaken nihtliche deden, þo ben þe werkes of piesternes, þ scruden us mid wapnen of lihte, þ beð soðfeste bileve, þ of brihtnesse, swo þ we gon a dai bicumeliche; *Non in commensationibus et ebrietatibus, non in cub. et in pud., non in contentione et emulatione, sed in horum oppositis*; and noh on derke wedes. Ac her we seien eow of þese derke wedes, wat þe holie apostle meneð, þo he nemnede niht þ niehtes dede, þ dai leochtes wapne. *Nox accipitur multis modis, sed hic pro infidelitate.* Niht bitocneð her unbileuve, þ is aiware aleid, þ rihte leve arered gode þonc, þ naðeles get is sume þarfore of unbileve i-fild on one stede, þ swo faste bunden, þ swo biwunde þarinne, þ no prest ne no bisop ne mai him chastien, ne mid forbode, ne mid scrifæ, ne mid cursinge; þ þ is liðer custume þ man leveð get, þ þ is after clepenge, þ ascinge, þ uncurne, þ warienge, þ handselne, þ time, þ hwate, þ fele swilche develes craftes. þ wreche man þ swilche þing him mai letten, of þ þe God him haveð munt, ac alle þo þe leveð þ swilch þing hem muge furðrie oðer letten, ben cursed of Godes muðe, þ bus saið on the holie boc: *Maledictus homo qui confidit in homine*, cursed be þe man þe leveth upon hwate. Ac ich wile segen, undernimeð hit hwat makeð swilch letten. We radeð on boc þ elch man haveð to fere on engel of hevene on his riht half, þ him wisseð þ muneged evre to don god, þ on his lifte half an wereged gost, þ him avre tacheð to ufele, þ þ is þe devel. He makeð þe unbilefull man to leven swilche wigeles, swo ich ar embe spac, þ þare mide he him bicherð, þ binimeð him hevene wele, þ bringeð him on helle wowe. Crist us þar wið silde, þ healde us rihte bileve, þ elch man þe hit haveð, þ geve hine þo þe hit naveð nocht. þe werc of þesternes, þ ben alle hevie sennen, þ swilche oðre so þe apostle her nemde, also ben over-etes, þ untimeliche eten, at huse, þ at ferme, þ at feste, þ masthwat at ilche laðeð metisupe, for þar man ne can his muðes meðe, ne cunnen nele, ne his wombe met. þ þeih he cunne of mete, he nele cunne of drinke, er he be swo i-veid þ he falle defle to honde. þe þridde is þ man sit an even at drinke, þ ligge longe a moregen, þ slapliche ariseð, þ late to chireche goð. þat feorðe is unrihte luve, þ is hordom, þ mid-liggunge þe men drigen bitwenen hem, bute gef he ben lageliche bispusede, þ is unriht þ untimeliche þ mid unselðe; for hordom ne haveð non time ne scule, ac is defles hersumnesse; ve forðe gef man haveð to done mid his rihte spuse on unsele, oðer an untyme þan man faste sal oðer halgen, he sinegeð gretliche; for þe holie boc hit forbet. þat fifte is chest, þ chep, þ twifold speche, þ ilch flitting of worde. þat sixte is þ man eggeð his negebure to

oðer to speken him harm, oðer same, þ haveð nið elch wið oðer, þ makeð him to forlese his aihte, oðer of his rihte. Þese ben þe six werkes of þesternes, þe þe holie apostle forbet so swiðe; for elch man þe hem doð, bute he hem forlete, þ bete ar his ende dai, he sal forlesen eche liht þ blisse þ lif, þ haven an helle eche pine þ þesternes mid deflen. Crist us þare wiþ silde, gef is wille be! þe dai þe þe apostle of specð is ure rihte bileve, þ is ure sowle liht. þe wapnes of his lihte ben six werkes of brihtnesse, þe hatten þus: *temperantia, modica potio, strenuitas, continentia, per invicem oratio, invicem dilectio.* þet formeste is rihte medeme mel; þe man þe hit meðeð riht, þe suneð aleð gistnige, þ idel wil, þ haveð riht mel-tid, þ nutteð trimeliche metes, þ gemeð his muðes meðc, þ of his wombe mete. þat oðer is emliche drinke, naht for te quenchen his luðere wil, ne his lust, þe miswune haveð on broht, ac for to beten his þurhst nede. þe ɔridde is þ man be waker, þ liht, þ snel, þ seli, þ erliche rise, þ genliche seche chireche. þat scorðe is, þ man þe spuse haveð, his golliche deden wið-teo, swo hit be untyme, þ þo þe beð unbis-pused forleten mid alle. þat fifti is, þ elch man for oðer bidde, also for him selven. þat sixte is, þ elch man luvie oðer al swo alse him selven, þei he swo swiðe ne tunge. *Ista sex opera dicuntur et vestes et arma; vestes quia nos ornant apud Deum et homines; arma, quia muniunt apud hostes.* Þese six werkes of brictnesse ben cleped lihtes scrud, for þ hie strudð þ huilteð to-genes Gode þ to-genes manne elch þe hie doð; þ ec he ben nemned lichtes wapne, for elch man þe hie doð wereð him selven þar hvide wið man-kinnes unwine. þe laverd sainte Poul, þe us lareð þus, þ munegeð us to forleten þe six werkes of þesternesse þe bilige to nihte, þ to done þe six dede, þe ich later nemnede, þe bilige to brihtnesse, he þingie us to þe holie fader of hevne, þ he geve us mihte þ strengðe to forletene þesternes, þ to folgie brictnesse. *Qui vivit et regnat, etc.*

Wrt.

## NAMES OF THE HARE.

The following very curious composition is taken from a collection of Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman poems written in the reign of Edward I., and preserved in MS. Digby 86, Bodleian Library, 4to. vellum, fol. 168.

*Les noms de un levre en Engleis.*

The mon that the hare i-met,  
Ne shal him nevere be the bet,  
Bote if he lei doun on londe  
That he bereth in his honde,  
Be hit staf, be hit bouwe,  
And blesce him with his helbowe;  
And mid wel goed devosioune  
He shal saien on oreisoun  
In the worshipe of the hare,  
Thenne mai he wel fare.

The hare, the scotart,  
The bigge, the bouchart,  
The scotewine, the skikart,  
The turpin, the tirart,  
The wei-betere, the ballart,  
The go-bi-dich, the soillart,  
The wimount, the babbart,  
The stele-awai, the momelart,  
The evele i-met, the babbart,  
The scot, the deubert,  
The gras-bitere, the goibert,  
The late-at-hom, the swikebert,  
The frendlese, the wodecat,  
The brodlokere, the bromkat,  
The purblinde, the furseccat,  
The louting, the westlokere,  
The waldenlie, the sid-lokere,  
And eke the roulekere;  
The stobhert, the long-here,  
The strau der, the lekere,  
The wilde der, the lepere,  
The shorte der, the lerkere,  
The wint-swifft, the sculkere,  
The hare-serd, the heg-roukere,  
The deudinge, the deu-hoppere,  
The sittere, the gras-hoppere,  
The fitelfot, the foldsittere,

The liȝt-fot, the fernsittere,  
 The cawel-hert, the wortroppere,  
 The go-bi-grounde, the sittest-ille,  
 The pintail, the toure-hohulle ;  
 The coue-arise,  
 The make-agrise,  
 The wite-wombe,  
 The go-mit-lombe,  
 The choumbe, the chauart,  
 The chiche, the couart,  
 The make-fare, the breke-forewart,  
 The fnattart, the pollart,  
 His hei nome is sewart ;  
 The hert with the letherene hornes,  
 The der tha woneth in the cornes,  
 The der that alle men scornes,  
 The der that nomon ne dar nemnen.

When thou hastest al this i-said,  
 Thenne is the hare miȝtte alaid ;  
 Thenne miȝtt thou wenden forth,  
 Est and west, and south and north,  
 Wedrewardes so mon wile,  
 The man that con ani skile.  
 Have nou godne dai, sire hare,  
 God the lete so wel fare,  
 That thou come to me ded,  
 Other in ciue other in bred ! Amen !

*Mdn.*

DIALOGUE BETWEEN HENRY DE LACY AND  
 WALTER BIBLESWORTH, ON THE CRUSADE.

From MS. Fairfax, No. 24, in the Bodleian Library, vellum, 4to., written  
 about A. D. 1300.

(Fol. 19.) *Co est la pleinte par entre mis sire Henry de Lacy, Counte de Nychole, & sire Wauter de Bybelesworthe, pur la Croiserie en la Terre Seinte.*

*Ceo comence le Counte.*

Sire Gauter, dire vus voil  
 Un mien bosoing, dont trop m'en deol,  
 & si me loez à choisir ;  
 Jeo aim oncore, cum faire soil,  
 Cele au cler vys, au ryaunt oil,

Dont ja ne mi quer departir.  
 Ore sui croisée, pur Deu servir,  
 & si utre mer vois pur lui guerpir,  
 Sanz recoverir perc son akoil,  
 & si demur, bien pus sentir,  
 Fors lui me deyvent tuz hair,  
 Car de tuz honurs mi despoil.

*Responst sire Gauter.*

Beau sire quens, jeo truis en un foil,  
 Qe amur ressemble au chevrefoil,  
 Qe en destreignaunt fait setchir  
 Le plus bel arbre de un haut broil,  
 & pus ausi cum en somoil,  
 Sanz porter fruit le fait murrir.  
 Mais qi voudra l'arbre garir,  
 & faire le ben revenir,  
 Les cordes coupe pres du soil ;  
 Lors purront les braunches flurir,  
 & li fust à grant ben venir ;  
 Ensi le ferez, à mon voil.

*Item quens Henry.*

Hay ! sire Gauter, de ci qe à Vernoil,  
 N'a dame de si bel akoil,  
 Cum est cele qe tant desir ;  
 & pur ceo me lerment mi oil,  
 & pri à Deu, à mi genoil,  
 Qe ja n'en puissoms departyr.  
 Meuz voil à sa douczour partyr,  
 Qe de estre utre mer martyr ;  
 Car de lui tuit mi bien akoil.  
 Ore en face Deu son plaisir,  
 Car jeo ne ai talent ne loisir,  
 Qe vers Damasse passe mon soil.

*Responst sire Gauter.*

Sire quens, ausi cum un remoil,  
 Pur vus mon vys des lermes moil,  
 De ceo qe ensi vus vei perir ;  
 Vostre amur veine mult desvoil,  
 Car ausi cum li cerfs en soil,  
 En fol espoir vus vei gisyr,  
 Quant vus laissez à desservir  
 La joye, qe ne peut faillir,  
 Pur un fou delyt plein d'orgoil.

Tost vus deveroient maubaillir,  
Li maufée à lur assaillir,  
Car de verre est vostre garoil.

*Quens Henry.*

Alez, Gauter, qe Deu vus meint,  
Là ou son Filz murrust & meint,  
Qe jeo ne mi pus oncore aler ;  
Car un desir ci me purceint,  
Qe pur estre là un cors saint,  
Jeo ne m'i voudroie trover.  
Il me covient ci demurrer,  
Pur ma douce amie honourer,  
Par force d'amour qe tut veint ;  
Car jeo ne purroie endurer,  
De veir ses beaus oilz plorer,  
Pur assez meins demurroit meint.

*R. sire Gauter.*

Sire quens, mult avez le quer feint,  
Quant un fou regard vus destreint,  
Tant qe voillez celui laisser  
Qui fust de un glayve au quer enpeint,  
& de cler saunc son beau cors teint,  
Pur vus du fu d'enfern getter.  
Mult melz le deveriez vus amer,  
Qe cele qe vus veut mener  
Au fu d'enfern qe ja ne esteint ;  
Mais qi se veut ben purpenser,  
Cil qi de gré se veut noier,  
N'en doit par raisoun estre pleint, &c.

*Mdn.*

A POEM ON THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS.

From a MS. in the Library of Jesus College, Cambridge, Q. I. 3, of the  
fifteenth century, on vellum.

*De Septem peccatis Mortalibus.*

*Superbia.*

Who that wylle abyde in helle,  
He most do as me hym telle.  
I bost and brag ay with the best ;  
To mayntene syn I am full prest ;  
Myn awn wylle I wylle have ay,  
Thof God and gode men alle bid nay.

*Invidia.*

I am full sory in my hert  
 Off other mens welefare and whert;  
 I ban and bakbyte wykkedly,  
 And hynder alle that I may sikerly.

*Ira.*

I chide and feght and manas fast,  
 All my fomen I wylle doun kast;  
 Mercy on thaym I wylle none have,  
 Bot vengeance take, so God me save!

*Accidia.*

I yrk fulle sore with Goddes servyse ;  
 Godenes wyrk I wyll on no wyse ;  
 Idelnes and slepe I luf ay best,  
 For in thaym I fynde most rest.

*Avaritia.*

I covet ay, and wyles oft cast,  
 How that I may be riche in hast ;  
 Full fast I hald alle that I wynne,  
 Alle if my part be left thereinne.

*Gula.*

I luf my wombe over alle thynges ;  
 Hym most to plese is my likynges ;  
 I have no rest nyght nor day,  
 To he be served alle to his pay.

*Luxuria.*

I luf foulle lust and lichory,  
 Fornication and adowtry ;  
 For synfulle lust I wylle not flee,  
 If I for it in helle ay be.

*S. Charles, Trin. Col. Cant.*

## A SONG ON DEATH.

From a MS. in the Public Library of the University of Cambridge,  
29, written about the year 1400.

Esto memor mortis, jam porta fit omnibus ortis,  
 Sæpe sibi juvenes accipit ante senes.  
 Syth alle that in thys worlde hath been,  
     in rerum natura,  
 Or in thys wyde worlde was seen  
     in humana cura,  
 Alle schalle passe withouten ween  
     via mortis dura ;  
 God graunte that mannys soule be cleen,  
     pænas non passura !  
 Whan thou lefte wevys,  
     veniet mors te superare ;  
 Thus thy grave grevys,  
     ergo mortis memorare.  
     Unde vir extolleris ?  
 Thow schalte be wormes mete ;  
     qui quamdiu vixeris  
 Thy synnys wolde thou not lete.  
     Quamvis dives fueris,  
 And of power grete,  
     cum morte percuteris,  
 Helpe may thow noon gete.  
     Si dives fias,  
 Do thyself gode man wyth thy handis ;  
     post necis ergo vias,  
 Ful fewe wole lose the of thy bandis.  
 Thys auȝt wele to fel thy pryd,  
     quod es moriturus ;  
 Thow knowest nether tyme ne tyde  
     qua es decessurus.  
 Wormes schalle ete the bakke and syde,  
     inde sis securus ;  
 As thou hast wrouȝt in thys worlde wyde,  
     sic es recepturus.  
 Thus dethe the ledeth  
     terrae timulo\* quasi nudum ;  
 Dethe no man dredyth ;  
     mors terminat hiccine ludum.  
     Nam nulli vult parcere  
 Dethe that ys yndere,  
     pro argenti munere,

\* Sic MS. apparently for *tumulo*.

Ne for noon fayre prayere ;  
     sed dum rapit propere,  
 He chaunges eche mannys chere,  
     in peccati scelere  
 Yif he be fownden here.  
     Sic cum dampnatis  
 Helle to thy mede thou wynnes,  
 That never blynnes  
     pro peccatis sceleratis.  
 Whan y thenk upon my dede,  
     tunc sum contristatus,  
 And wexe as hevy as any lede  
     meos ob reatus.  
 Dede torneth into wrecchidhede  
     viros magni ætatis ;  
 Than may nothyng stonde in stede  
     Mundi dominatis.  
 Wyth full bare bonys,  
     mundi rebus cariturus,  
 Thus from thys wonys  
     transit nunquam redditurus.  
     Caro, vermis ferculum,  
 Thenk on the pynes of helle ;  
     mors habet spiculum  
 That smyteth man fulle felle ;  
     te ponet ad timulum  
 Tyl domesday to dwelle ;  
     hoc relinquis sæculum,  
 There nys not ellis to telle.  
     Mors cito cuncta rapit,  
 Therfor man thynk on thy werkys ;  
 Thus sey thees clerkys,  
     mors cito cuncta rapit.  
 God that deydest on the tree  
     pro nostra salute,  
 And arose after dayes three  
     divina virtute,  
 Yif us grace synne to flee,  
     stante juven[tu]te,  
 On domysday that we may see  
     vultum tuum tute!  
 Delful dethe, drede y the,  
     veniet quia nescio quando ;  
 Be redy therefor y warne the,  
     De te peccata fugando.

*Hull.*

## THE ABBOT OF GLOUCESTER'S FEAST.

From MS. Harl. No. 913, fol. 10, r<sup>e</sup>. of the beginning of the fourteenth century. The MS. was written in Ireland, apparently by a Monk of Kildare. See for an account of it, Mr. Crofton Croker's *Popular Songs of Ireland* p. 277.

Quondam fuit factus festus,  
 Et vocatus ad commestus  
 Abbas, prior de Glowcestrus,  
     cum totus familia.  
 Abbas ire sede sursum,  
 Et prioris juxta ipsuni;  
 Ego semper stavi dorsum,  
     inter rascalilia.  
 Vinum venit sanguinatis  
 Ad prioris et abbatis;  
 Nichil nobis paupertatis,  
     sed ad dives omnia.  
 Abbas bibit ad prioris:  
 Date vinum ad majoris,  
 Possit esse de minoris,  
     si se habet gratia.  
 Non est bonum sic potare,  
 Et conventus nichil dare;  
 Quia volunt nos clamare  
     durum in capitula.  
 Surge, cito recedamus;  
 Hostes nostros relinquamus,  
 Et currino jam precamus,  
     ibimus in claustra.  
 Post completum redeamus,  
 Et currinum combibamus,  
 Atque simul conlectamus  
     in talis convivia.  
 Estne aliquid in currino?  
 Immo certe plenum vino.  
 Ego tibi nunc propino  
     de bona concordia.  
 Dixit abbas ad prioris,  
 " Tu es homo boni moris,  
 Quia semper sanioris  
     michi das consilia."

Post completum rediere,  
Et currinum combibere,  
Potaverunt usque flere  
propter potus plurima.

Prior dixit ad abbatis,  
“ Ipsi habent vinum satis ;  
Vultis dare paupertatis  
noster potus omnia ?

Quid nos spectat paupertatis ;  
Habet parum, habet satis,  
Postquam venit non vocatis,  
ad noster convivia.

Si nutritum esset bene.  
Nec ad cibus nec ad cæne  
Venisset pro marcis dñæ,  
nisi per precaria.”

Habet tantum de hic potus,  
Quod conventus bibit totus,  
Et cognatus et ignotus,  
de ægris servisia.

Abbas vomit et prioris ;  
Vomis cadit super floris ;  
Ego pauper steti foris,  
et non sum lætitia.

Rumor venit ad antistitis,  
Quod abbatis fecit istis ;  
Totum monstrat ad ministris,  
Quod fecit convivia.

“ Hoc est meum consulatis,  
Quod utrumque deponatis,  
Et prioris et abbatis,  
ad sua piloria.

Per hoc erit castigatis,  
Omnis noster subjugatis,  
Prior, clerus, at abbatis,  
ne plus potent nimia.”

“ Absit !” dicit alter clerus,  
“ Quia bibit parum merus,  
Quod punitur tam severus  
per noster consortia.

Esset enim hæc riotus,  
Quod pro stultus horum potus,  
Sustineret clerus totus  
pudor et scandalia.

Volunt omnes quidem jura,  
 Quod per meum forfectura  
 Alter nullus fert læsura,  
     sed pro sua vitia ;  
 Sed sic instat in privatis,  
 Bis sex marcas det abbatis,  
 Prior denis, et est satis,  
     ut non sit infamia.  
 Placet hoc ad nos antistitis,  
 Dent ad præsens nummos istis,  
 Sed si potant, ut audistis,  
     numquam habet supera.”  
 Dixit abbas ad prioris,  
 “ Date michi de liquoris,  
 Status erit melioris,  
     si h[ab]ebit gratia.”  
 Dixit prior ad abbatis,  
 “ Habes modo bibe satis,  
 Non est bonum ebriatis,  
     ire post in claustris.”  
 Unus . . . de majorum,  
 Bonus lector et cantorum,  
 Irascatus ad priorum  
     dixit ista folia :  
 “ Prior, vos non intendatis,  
 Quantum sumus laboratis,  
 In cantare et legatis,  
     per ista festalia.  
 O abbatis et priore,  
 Nichil datis de liquore ;  
 Non est vobis de pudore ?  
     tu es avaritia.  
 Vos nec nobis nichil datis,  
 Nec abbatem parvitatis,  
 Facit noster sociatis  
     sua curialia.  
 Qui stat, videt ne cadatis,  
 Multos enim de prælatis  
 Sunt deorsum deponatis  
     propter avaritia.  
 Propter cordis strictitatis,  
 Sunt superbi descendatis,  
 Et sic propter parvitatis  
     perdere magnalia.

Rogo Deus majestatis,  
 Qui nos fecit et creatis,  
 Ut hoc vinum quod bibatis  
 possit vos strangulia."

Ad hoc verbum prior cursus,  
 Furabatur sicut ursus,  
 Unam vicem atque rursus  
 momordavit labia.

Tandem dixit ad . . . . ,  
 " . . . viliis, garcione,  
 Quondam discus de pulmone  
 fuit tibi gaudia.

Nunc tu es canonizatus,  
 Et de nichil elevatus,  
 Sicut regem vis pascatus,  
 et in major copia.

Habes justum et micheam,  
 Et servisiam frumenteam,  
 Unde regis posset eam  
 bibit cum letitia.

Nullum carnes commedatis,  
 Neque pisces perfruatis,  
 Lactem quoque denegatis,  
 sic te facit sobria.

Nullum tibi sit tabellum,  
 Neque tibi sit scabellum,  
 Mensa tibi sit patellum  
 non habeus mappalia.

Super terram sic sedebis,  
 Nec abinde removebis,  
 Velis nolis sic manebis,  
 in hæc refectoria.

Post hæc dies accedatis  
 Ad prioris et abbatis,  
 Disciplinas assumatis,  
 fac flectamus genua.

Sic devote prosternatis,  
 Ac deinde lacrimatis,  
 Dorsum nudum extendatis,  
 caret te lætitia.

Ibi palam confiteris,  
 Quod tu male delinqueris,  
 Et sic pardonem consequeris,  
 in nostra capitula.

Tunc proinde tu cavebis  
 Malum loqui, sic tacebis,  
 Prælatores non spernebis,  
 contra tuum regula."

*Wrt.*

~~~~~  
JUDAS.

From a MS. in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, (B. 14, 39.)
 of the thirteenth century.

✓ Hit wes upon a Scere-thorsday that ure Loverd aros,
 ful milde were the wordes he spec to Judas :
 " Judas, thou most to Jurselem oure mete for to bugge,
 thritti platen of seler thou bere up o-thi rugge."
 Thou comest fer i the brode stret, fer i the brode strete ;
 summe of thine tunesmen ther thou meist i-mete.
 I-mette wid is soster the swikele wimon ;
 " Judas, thou were wrthe me stende the wid ston,
 for the false prophete that tou bilevest upon."
 " Be stille, leve soster, thin herte the to-breke !
 wiste min Loverd Crist, ful wel he wolde be wreke."
 " Judas, go thou on the roc, heie upon the ston,
 lei thin heved i-my barm, slep thou the anon."
 Sone so Judas of slepe was awake,
 thritti platen of seler from hym weren i-take.
 He drou hymselfe bi the cop, that al it lavede a blode
 the Jewes out of Jurselem awenden he were wode.
 Foret hym com the riche Jeu that heiste Pilatus ;
 " wolte sulle thi Loverd that hette Jesus ?"
 " I nul sulle my Loverd nones cunnes eiste,
 bote hit be for the thritti platen that he me bitaiste."
 " Wolte sulle thi Lord Crist for enes cunnes golde ?"
 " Nay, bote hit be for the platen that he habben wold."
 In him com ur Lord Crist gon as is postles seten at mete ;
 " Wou sitte ye, postles, ant wi nule ye ete ?
 ic am i-boost ant i-sold to-day for oure mete."
 Up stod him Judas, " Lord am i that ?"
 " I nas never othe stude ther me the evel spec."
 Up him stod Peter, ant spec wid al is miste,
 " thou Pilatus him come wid ten hundred cnistes,
 yet ic wolde, Loverd, for thi love fiste."
 " Still thou be, Peter, wel I the i-cnowe ;
 thou wolt fursake me thrien, ar the coc him crowe.

Wrt.

* A word appears to be omitted in the MS.

ANTIENT INTERLOCUTORY POEM

Taken from a parchment roll, written on both sides. On the recto is a satirical Norman-French poem, written at the close of the 13th century, which has been printed in Wright's "Political Songs," 4to. p. 59. On the verso is the English poem now printed, in a hand of the beginning of the 14th century. It is, perhaps, one of the earliest specimens remaining of this species of dramatic composition. The dialectical peculiarities throughout are very remarkable. It ends, unfortunately, imperfect. In all probability, had we the remainder, it would prove to be the same story as that of Dame Sirith, of which another and contemporary English version is printed in the *British Bibliographer*, vol. iv. from Ms. Digby 86. The original of this tale is to be sought in the East, (see Scott's *Tales from the Arabic*, &c. 8vo. 1800, p. 100.) whence it found its way into the work of Petrus Alphonsus, and the Latin *Gesta Romanorum*, cap. 28. For other references see Schmidt's Notes on his edition of Alphonsus, pp. 133—134, 4to. Berl. 1827. It only remains to add, that the original roll is in the possession of the Rev. R. Yerburgh, D. D. Vicar of Sleaford, Lincolnshire, and is written so illegibly, as to make the transcript in some few words very doubtful.

Hic incipit Interludium de Clerico et Puella.

- | | |
|------------------|---|
| <i>Clericus.</i> | Damishel, reste wel. |
| <i>Puella.</i> | Sir, welcum, by Saynt Michel ! |
| <i>Clericus.</i> | Wer esty sire, wer esty dame ? |
| <i>Puella.</i> | By Gode, es noner her at hame. |
| <i>Clericus.</i> | Wel wor suile a man to life, |
| | That suile a may mithe have to wyfe ! |
| <i>Puella.</i> | Do way, by Crist and Leonard, |
| | No wily lufe, na cleric fayllard, |
| | Na kepi herbhberg, cleric, in huse no y flore |
| | Bot his hers ly wit-uten dore. |
| | Go forth thi way, god sire, |
| | For her hastu losye al thi wile. |
| <i>Clericus.</i> | Nu, nu, by Crist and by sant Jhon, |
| | In al this land ne wis hi none, |
| | Mayden, that hi luf mor than the, |
| | Hif me mithe ever the bether be. |
| | For the hy sory nicht and day, |
| | Y may say, hay wyleuay ! |
| | Y luf the mar than mi lif, |
| | Thu hates me mar than gayt dos chuef. |
| | That es noute for mys-gilt, |
| | Certhes, for thi luf ham hi spilt. |
| | A, suythe mayden, reu ef me |
| | That es ty luf, hand ay salbe. |
| | For the luf of [the] y mod of esne ; |
| | Thu mend thi mode, and her my stevene. |

- Puella.* By Crist of heven and sant Jone !
 Clerc of scole ne kepi non ;
 For many god wynnman haf thai don scam.
 By Crist, thu michtis haf be at hame.
- Clericus.* Synt it nothir gat may be,
 Jhesu Crist, by-tethy the,
 And send neulit bot thar inne,
 That thi be lesit of al my pyne.
Puella. Go nu, truan, go nu, go,
 For mikel thu canstu of sory and wo.
Clericus. God te blis, Mome Helwis.
Mome Ellwys. Son, welcum, by san Dinis !
Clericus. Hic am comin to the, Mome,
 Thu hel me noth, thu say me sone.
 Hic am a cleric that hautes scole,
 Y hidy my lif wyt mikel dole ;
 Me wor lever to be dedh,
 Than led the lif that hyc ledh,
 For ay mayden with and schen,
 Fayrer ho lond hawy non syen.
 Tho hat mayden Malkyn, y wene ;
 Nu thu wost quam y mene,
 Tho wonys at the tounes ende,
 That suyt lif, so fayr and hende.
 Bot if tho wil hir mod amende,
 Neuly Crist my ded me send.
 Men send me hyder, vyt uten sayle,
 To haf thi help anty cunsayle.
 Thar for amy cummen here,
 That thu salt be my herand-bere,
 To mac me and that mayden sayct,
 And hi sal gef the of my nayct,
 So that never al thi lyf
 Saltu be the better wyf.
 So help me Crist ! and hy may spedē,
 Rithe saltu haf thi mede.
- Mome Ellwys.* A, son, wat saystu ? benedicite,
 Lift hup thi hand, and blis the.
 For it es boyt syn and scam,
 That thu on me hafs layt thys blam.
 For hic am an ald quyne and a lam.
 Y led my lyf wit Godis love.*
 Wit my roc y me fede,
 Cani do non othir dede,
 Bot my pater noster and my crede,

* A line is perhaps wanting here.

Tho say Crist for missede,
 And my navy Mary,
 For my scynne hic am sory,
 And my de profundis,
 For al that yn sin lys.
 For cani me non othir think,
 That wot Crist, of heven kync.
 Jhesu Crist, of heven hey,
 Gef that hay may heng hey,
 And gef that hy may se,
 That thay be henge on a tre,
 That this ley as leyit onne me.
 For aly wymam (*sic*) ami on.

* * * * *

Mdn.

HENRY II. AND THE CISTERCIAN ABBOT.

From the *Speculum Ecclesiæ* of Giraldus Cambrensis, MS. Cotton. Tiberius, B. xiii, fol. 93, v^o. This curious story is by far the earliest instance of the curious legend of the king's intercourse with his subjects in disguise, which has been so oft repeated in ballads, such as that of the king and the shepherd, in Hartshorne's Metrical Tales, and other works. The present anecdote may perhaps be regarded less as a true story, than as a proof that such ballads existed as early as the twelfth century. The writer of these lines has the intention of publishing the *Speculum Ecclesiæ* as entire as the condition of the MS. will permit.

Accidet autem aliquando, cum Anglorum rex H. secundus in locis silvestribus studio venationis indulgeret, quod eventu casuali in ferarum persecutione vehementi longius a suis omnibus aberrasset, adeo ut nocte superveniente tandem ad domum quandam ordinis Cisterciensis in silvæ cujusdam margine sitam hospitaturus accederet. Qui satis hospitaliter illico, non tamen ut rex quoniam hoc ignorabant, sed miles de familia regis et sequela, susceptus fuit. Post cænam autem juxta loci naturam et domus facultatem honorifice datam, abbas ipse cum monachis aliquot ad ipsum amplius honorandum advenit, rogans etiam et affectuose supplicans quatinus erga dominum regem, quem propter negotia domus aditus in crastino fuit, ut magis ei propitius foret, adjuvaret. Ille vero se hoc ei facturum et negotia domus erga dominum regem expediturum pro posse prompta voluntate promisit. Abbas autem ut militis animum exhilararet, ipsumque sibi placabilem magis efficeret, calices ei crebros de potu electo more Angli-

cano propinari fecit. Ipsemet quoque, quatinus ad melius potandum militem provocaret et efficacius invitaret, loco *wesheil* ait ei *pril*. Ille vero ignorans quid respondere debaret, edocitus ab abbate, pro *drincheil* respondit ei *wril*. Et sic provocantes ad invicem et compotantes, cum monachis et fratribus assistentibus et servientibus, ingeminare *pril* et *wril* et alternatim saepius usque noctis ad horam profundioris inculcare non destiterunt. Hiis itaque sub hoc tenore completis, membrisque demum sopori datis, surgens summo mane sub formam militis rex manitus ad horam, ad curiam familiamque suam propter absentiam dominique sui ex inopinato parentiam stupidam non mediocriter effectam et animi consternatam, in opido quodam a quo pridie mane venationis causa discesserat parum inde distante incunctanter accessit, et cum gaudio magnorum suorum omnium magno susceptus, et tamquam qui perierat inventus lætabundus intravit. Ubi itaque majestatem regiam denuo resumpserat, præcepit illico quatinus abbas dictæ domus quam cito veniret, absque impedimento quolibet aditum et accessum cum monachis suis ad ipsum haberet. Abbas autem juris sui non centemper existens, sed verbis et promissis hospitis sui fidem habens, ad curiam satis matutinus et non morosus advenit. Hostiarii vero tam exteriores quam interiores juxta præceptum regis portas omnes et januas ei quam citius apperientes usque ad ædes ulteriores talamosque penitiores ubi rex erat, ipsum cum monachis suis duobus ad ipsum conduxerunt. Rex autem ut abbatem vidit, ipsum ad se vocans, eique liberaliter et curialiter assurgens, ad latus suum eundem apposuit, statimque dixit ei quod negotium domus suæ propter quod venerat i proponeret. Quo facto, negotioque statim abbatis ad libitum et volun atem domusque suæ prorsus utilitatem totaliter expedito, abbatem recedere volentem et cum gratiarum actione plurima prout decuit licentiam accipientem, secum ad prandium rex [retin]uit. Cumque a latere i[psius] situs ad mensam cum honore fuisset, post fercula splendida prætiosaque pocula, rex abbatem erigendo calicem aureum et amplum in haec verba convenit: "Abbas pater, dico tibi *pril*." Abbas autem, hoc auditio, pudore nimirum plurimo percussus atque tremore, gratiam regis et misericordiam suppliciter ut ei parceret et summa cum humilitate postulavit. Rex vero per oculos Dei jurans, sicut consuevit, et verbum affirmans, ait "quia sicut heri comedendo simul atque bibendo mutuisque provocationibus nos invicem ad bene potandum imitando boni per omnia socii fuimus, sic et nunc erimus; et sicut ad nutum vestrum in domo vestra vobis morem tunc gessimus, sic æquum est et justum ut nobis morem in domo nostra per ejusdem quoque provocationis verba, scilicet

esterna *pril* et *wril*, morem gerere satagatis." Compulsus
ic de[mum] rege cogente, quamquam verecundus in tanta
audiencia plurimum et invitus, respondit regi *wril*. Et sic inter
regem et abbatem crebrius ex hinc, interque milites et mo-
nachos necnon et rege jubente per aulam et curiam, undi
..... tam *pril* et *wril*, alter [alterum . . . m] utuis vocibus-
que jocundis et clamoris provocando communiter exaltare non
cessarunt. Sic igitur ex hospitis tanti casualiter advecti
fortuita præsentia crevit dicta domus forsitan mundana sub-
stantia, sed male decrevit apud bonos viros et discretos omnes,
talem potandi provocationem et tam inordinatum, primum in
abbatia, postmodum autem admirationem irrisoriam in curia
factam, audientes.

Wrt.

LE VENERY DE TWETY.

From the Cottonian Manuscript, *Vespasian B. xii.* of the fifteenth century.

Warton in his History of English Poetry, 4to. Edit. vol. ii. p. 221. mentions a Manuscript in the possession of Mr. Turner of Tusmore in Oxfordshire, entitled "Le Art de Venerie lequelle maistre Guillaume Twici venour le roy d'Angleterre fist en son temps pur apprendre autres,"* of which the following Tract appears to be an English translation. It occurs among the Cottonian Manuscripts in the Museum, in a hand which is not older than the time of Henry the Fifth, though Twici or Twety was the chief huntsman to King Edward the Second, in whose time the French work was unquestionably written.

Of John Gifforde, whose name occurs in the "Explicit" with Twety's, little information, it is probable, can be obtained. In the Patent Rolls and different Inquisitions, one or more John Giffords will be found, but with no mention attached that can at all show their connection with the Huntsman.

Another Treatise on hunting called "The Master of the Game," occurs in the same Manuscript and hand with the English Twety, of which it was in reality an enlargement. This latter Treatise was the work of Edward, Duke of York, who was slain at the Battle of Agincourt.

The Rhymes prefixed to the present Tract do not really belong to it. The divisions represented by stars, are in the original filled with limnings of the different animals.

Dame Juliana Berner's Treatise on Hunting is only a metrical version of Twety's Tract; with here and there a little enlargement. Her descriptions, and her terms of hunting, are the same *verbatim*.

H. E.

Alle suche dysport as voydith ydilnesse
It syttyth every gentilman to knowe;
For myrthe annexed is to gentilnesse.

* This MS. is now preserved in the rich collection of Sir Thomas Phillips, Bart., who has printed privately the French original of the tract here

Qwerfore among alle other, as y trowe,
 To knowe the craft of hontyng and to blowe,
 As thy book shall witnesse, is one the beste ;
 For it is holsum, plesaunt, and honest.
 And for to sette yonge hunterys in the way,
 To venery y caste me fyrst to go,
 Of wheche .iiij. bestis be, that is to say
 The hare, the herte, the wulfhe, the wylde boor also,
 Of venery for sothe ther be no moe ;
 And so it shewith here in portetewre ;
 Where every best is set in hys figure.

* * *

And ther ben oþyr bestis .v. of chase ;
 The buk the first, the do the secunde,
 The fox the thryde, whiche ofte hath hard grace,
 The ferthe the martyn, and the last the roo ;
 And sothe to say ther be no mo of tho ;
 And cause why that men shulde the more be sure,
 They shewen here also in portreture.
 And cause why they be set in portreture
 Is this, like as lecteture put thyng in mende,
 Of lerned men, ryght so a peyntyde fygure
 Remembryth men unlernyd in hys kende,
 And in wryghtyng for soothe the same I fynde.
 Therfore, sith lerned may lerne in this book,
 Be ymages shal the lewd, if he wole look.

* * *

And .iiij. other bestis ben of gret disport,
 That ben neyther of venery ne chace ;
 In huntyng ofte thei do gret comfort,
 As aftir ye shal here in other place,
 The grey is one therof with hyse sleepy pace,
 The cat an other, the otre one also ;
 Now rede this book and ye shal fynde yt so.

* * *

Incipit Twety.

Tylle alle tho that wyl of venery lere, y shall hem teche as
 y have lernyd of maystris that is disputyd and endyd, that is
 for to say, maystere Johan Gyfford and William Twety, that
 were wyth kyng Edward the secunde.

Of the Hare.

Now wylle we begynne atte hare, and why she is most mer-
 veylous best of the world, and wherfore that she bereth gree^e

printed in English. It may be observed that in the Cottonian MS. the *tis*
 clearly distinguished from the *c*, and no doubt can exist on the orthography
 of the words *Twety, troched, &c. Edd.*

and grotheyth, and roungeth, and so doth non other best in thys lond, and at one tyme he [is] male and other tyme female, and therfore may alle men blow at hyr as at othir bestis, that is to say at herte, at boor, and at wolf. If it be alway male, a man may blowehir for to lede, but it [is] to wete that all the fayre wordis of venery reyseth of hire when ye hym shul seke.

Of Qwestyones.

Syr huntore, how many bestis acquill? Syr, the buk and the doo, the male fox and the female, and alle othir vermyne as many as be put in the book. And how many braches? Sire, alle that be acquilez. How many bestis be escorches, and how many arracies? Alle the bestis that beryth suet and fime ben escorches, and alle that bere grece and freyn be arracies, saf the hare, for he beryth grece and crotyth and not freyns. How many bestis bere os, and how many ergos? The hert berith os above the boor, and the buk berith ergos. The boor frist he is a pyg as long as he is with his dame, and whene his dame levyth hym then he is called a gorgeaunt, and the .iiij. yere he is callyd an hoggaster, and when they be of .iiij. yere age they shall departe fro the sounder for age, and when he goth soole than is he callyd a boor.

Of the Hert.

Now wyl we speke of the hert, and speke we of his degress; that is to say, the fyrist yere he is a calfe, the secunde yere a broket, the .iiij. yere a spayer, the .vij. yere a stagg, the v. yere a greet stagg, the .vj. yere a hert at the fyrist hed; but that ne fallith not in judgement of huntersse, for the gret dyversyte that is fownde of hem, for alleway we calle of the fyrist hed tyl that he be of x. of the lasse. And fyrist whan an hert hath fourched, and then auntelere ryall, and surryall, and forched one the one syde, and troched on that other syde, than is he an hert of .x. and of the more. And whan that he hath alle that I have namyd byfore, to that he hath troched on bothe parties of the hed, he is of .xij. and of that lasse. And if it be so that he have troched of that o partye .iiij. and on that other partye .vij., he is of .xij. of the more; he may be of .xvij. alle hool, for in that poynt, ye shall not fynde .ij. acordyng to .xvij. Whan he hath troched on that one partye .iiij. and on the other .v., than is he of .xvj. of defaunte. Whan he is trochid on bothe sydes .v., than is he of .xvj. atte fulle. And when he is troched on that one syde of .v. and of that other .vj., he is of .xvij. of defaunte, and whan he is troched on bothe sydes of .vj. than is he of .xxij. atte fulle. And when he goth wexyng tyl he come to .xxxij. yere, than is he callyd an hert resygne, for cause his hed astir that tyme wexith no furthere.

escorches
arracies

Of Blowing.

Syre huntere, for how many bestis shall a man blow the mene? For .iiij. males and for one femalle, that is to say, for an hert, the boor, the wolfh male, and alle so the wolfh female, as wel as to here husbond. How shall we blowe whan ye han sen the hert? I shal blowe after one mote, ij motes, and if myn howndes come not hastily to me as y wolde, I shall blowe .iiij. motes, and for to hast hem to me and for to warne the gentelys that the hert is sene, than shalle I rechace on myn houndis .iiij. tymes, and whan he is ferre from me, than shall y chase hym in thys maner, *Trout, trout, tro ro rot, trout, trout, tro ro rot, trou ro rot, trou ro rot.* Syr huntere, why blowe ye so? For cause that the hert is seen, an y wot nevere whedir that myn houndys be become fro myn meyne. And what maner of chase clepe ye that? We clepe it the chace of the forloyne. I chase with my houndis that be huntyng. Another chace ther is, and that is clepid the perfyȝt. Than ye shall begynne to blowe a long mote, and aftirward .ij. shorte motes in this maner, *Trout, trout,* and than *trout, tro ro rot,* begynnnyng with a long mote, for every man that is abowte yow, and can skylle of venery may knowe in what poynt ye be in yowre game be your horn. Another chace ther is whan a man hath set up archerys and greyhoudes, and the best be founde, and passe out the boundys, and myne houndes after; than shall y blowe on this maner a mote, and aftirward the rechace upon my houndys that be past the boundys. Whech be the boundes? Ther as the boundes ben thei that we assignyd, as y have sayd to-fore. Syre huntere, wole ye sech this chace? Ya, syr; if it be a best in strest or in chace, and myn houndes passe out over the boundes, and if ye wy^t not that they chace eny lengere, I shall blowe a mote, and aftirward I shall strake after myn houndes for to have hem ayen. Of wheche bestys shal be strepid, and which flayn? how many bestis berith lether, and how many skyn? Alle that be estorches, that is to say, the skyn flayn, beryth lether, and alle that be arracies, that is to say the skyn pullyd ovyr the hed, beryth skyn; and whan the chevest is take, there ye shall seye *howe, herrowe.* In the tyme of grece begynnyth alle way atte the fest of the Nativyte of Saynt Johan baptist.

Of the Hare Huntyng.

And if ye hounte at the hare, ye shall sey atte uncoupling, *hors de couple, avaunt;* and after .iiij. tymes, *Sohow, sohow, sohow.* And ye shall seye, *Sa, sa, cy, avaunt, sohow.* And if ye se that your houndes have good wyl to renne, and be feer from you, ye shalle sey thus, *how amy, how amy, swef, mon amy, shese.* And if eny fynde of hym, where he hath be-

Rycher or Bemond, ye shall sey, *oiez à Bemond le vayllaunt, que quide trovere le coward, ou le court cow.* And if ye se that hath be there at pasture, if it be tyme of grene corne, and you fynde wel of hym, ye shalle seye, *là, douce amy, là il a étéé, for hym sohow.* And than ye shull blowe .iiij. motes, yf yowr hund ne chace not wel hym, there one and ther another, as he hath pasturyd hym, ye shull say, *Illeosque, illeosque, illeosque.* Alwey whan they fynde wele of hym, and then ye shul keste out assygge al abowte the feld, for to se where he be go out of the pasture, or ellis to his foorme. For he shal not be gladly there, as he was pastured hym, but if it be in tyme of, and afterward if that ony hound fynde of hym, or ony mysyng where he hath been, *Ha! oy toutz cy étéé il, venez arere, sohow, sa, sa, cy, adesto, sohow,* and than *sa, sa, cy avaunt.* Whan that ye se another y-goo out of the foorme, as in playnfeld, or lond yerd, or in wode, and your houndes fynde wel of hym, ye shull saye, *là, douce amy, là est-il venuz pur lue segere, sohow, and Illeosque, sy, douce amy, sy, valaunt, sohow, sohow.* And than whan ye come there as ye trowe that he be dwellyng, and ye seme weel of hym, ye shall say, *là, douce amy, là est-il venuz pur meyndir, sohow.* And then whan they ensemble wele fote hym, and they trowe wele to fynde hym, ye shul saye, *Here, how, here, douce, how, here, pur les sans de lui.* And when be is meved, ye shul change your speche and blowyng booth too, and ye shul saye, as I have sayd to yow afore, ofte tyl he be ded, and whan the hare is take, and your houndes have ronne wele to hym ye shul blowe aftirward, and ye shul yef to your houndes the halow, and that is the syde, the shul-dres, the nekke, and the hed, and the loyne shal to kechonne.

Of the Hert dyvers questious.

And whan the hert is take, ye shal blowe .iiij. motys, and shal be defeted as of other bestes, and if your houndes be bold, and have slayn the hert with streynth of huntynge, ye shul have the skyn, and he that undoth hym shal have the shuldre, be lawe of venery, and the houndes shal be rewardid with the nekke and with the bewellis, with the fee, and thei shal be etyn undir the skyn, and therfore it is clepid the quarre, and the hed shal be brout hom to the lord, and the skyn; the nex, the gargilon, above the tayle, forched on the ryght honde. Than blow at the dore of halle the pryse.

Of the Buk.

And whan the buk is i-take, ye shul blowe pryse, and reward your houndes of the paunce and the bowellis.

Of the Boor.

And whan the boor is i-take, he be deffetyd al value, and he shal have .xxxij. hasteletys, and ye shal ȝif your houndys the bowellis boyled with breed, and it is callyd reward, for cause that it is etyn on the erthe and not on the skyn. The knyghtis be not enchases ne gadered, but they be there that they huntyd to-fore the houndes. Whan ye shal be bore alle hool hom, the houndes shal be rewardid with the fete, and the body shal to the kechyn.

A Qwestion.

And alle maner of bestis that ben enchayde, has o maner of speche, but *sohow* gothe to all manner of chaces, and couplynge and dyscouplynge; but if yowre houndes renne to one chace, that is to seye, ruseȝt or hamylon, or croiseth, or dwell, and they conne not put it no ferthere, ye shal seye, *Ho, so, amy, so, venez à couplere, sa, arere, sohow.* Sohow is moche to say as sahow, for because that it is short to say, we say al wey sohow.

Of Herdis, of Sundre, of Bevys, of the Seson of Bestis.

How many herdes be there of bestes of venery? Sire, of hertis, of bisses, of bukkes, and of doos. A soundre of wylde swyne. A bevy of roos. The sesoun of the fox begynnith at the natyvite of owre Lady, and duryth til the Annunciacion. And the hare is alwey in seson to be chasyd. And if yowre houndes chase the hare or the hert, and the houndes be at defaunt, ye shal say in this maner, then, *Sohow, hossame, hossame, stou, ho, ho, sa, hossame, ariere, sohow.* And if your houndes renne wele at the fox, or atte the buk, and the be at defaunt, ye shul sey in another maner, *Ho, ho, ore, saueff, à luy, douce, à luy, ho ho ossayn, sa ariere, sohow, sohow, venez à coupliere.*

Explicit le venery de Twety, and of mayster Johan Giffarde.

Wrt.

THE FOUR VIRTUES.

From MS. Q. I. 29, in the Library of Jesus College, Cambridge; a 12mo. volume of the twelfth century, on vellum.

Collaterales quatuor virtutum.

Prudentia habet in dextro latere astutiam et versutiam; in sinistro autem habitudinem mentis. Justitia namque habet in dextro latere pleonesiam, hoc est plus justo; in sinistro vero meonesyam, hoc est minus justo. Fortitudo itaque habet in dextro latere audaciam, in sinistro ignaviam. Temperantia igitur habet in dextro latere castitatem et continentiam; in sinistro vero lxxxrkbm et lkbdknfm.

Hill.

THE LADY AND HER DOGS,

An Anglo-Norman Satire, from MS. Harl. No. 209, fol. 7, r^o: of the earlier part of the fourteenth century.

*Veez cy solaz de un dame,
Courteyse e de bone fame,*

Jeo say un dame de bone purveaunce,
Si vous assentez à sa ordenaunce,
K'avant la paske florie vus justerez de launce
Par tut en sa graunges sauns nul desturbance.

Ele est une dame ke tret à grant tresor,
Meuz wut un allouhe hou un esperver sor
Ke trente mere berbiz ho tut lur estor,
E plus ad cher un kenet ke nul vache hou tor.

Vous ke avez cheens dount estes encoumbrez,
Alez à la dame, si vous allegez ;
Vus ke avez treteueles ke vendre ne poez,
Alés à la dame, sy vous en deliverez.

Ele est bone marchaunt e been avisée,
Sys deneres vus dourra pur un cher darré;
Souffit à ly ke eyt sa volontée,
E sy nul en grouce, ne avera for maugré.

Ky vousit par mal sa chaumbre visiter,
De quisez e mustilers avereit le mesteer,
Hou la chape seyt Pere de Roumme enprunter ;
Kar il eert assayli de kenet e leverer,

Là troverez les kenez sayllaunz cum grifiloun,
E les graunz leverez raumpaunz cum lyoun ;
Mes se garde ben le granger de krostoun,
Par la semeyne de lour lyveresoun.

Il avera payn musy ho cerveis asseez egre,
Bure asseez reste, moruhe asseez megre ;
Le cheens averount brouheis de blaunk payn saunz egre,
Pur se sunt jolifs e seins e halegre.

E ceo est been enplaée en ceus ke sunt vaillaunz,
Meyndres e greydres mout travillaunz,
Les unes pernent wybez, les autres mouche volaunz,
Les uns chaufent le liz, les autres gardent baunz.

Si vous avez robe de escharlete tayllé,
Baylez à chaufelit, e il le fra mourré.
E si vostre pellure par kas seyt decirré,
Bayller a terebagge, par ly eert redrecé.

La dame par matyn va à l'eglise,
E de treis chapeleyns ke fount le servise
Fere tele eschaunges, un seul ne prise
Deus lynceus chauz pur un freyde chemyse.

Sovent aveent ke clerk hou chapeleyn,
Ho l'un souler chaucé, l'autre en la meyn,
Se haste ver la chapele pur soner le seyn ;
Il eert en la mercy ky là vendra dreyn.

Avaunt ke les euz seyent descoues,
Enhauent les notes de porter les nues ;
Mès lur devocioun sount assez cruhes,
Taunt cum lur jaumbes esteuent les nus.

Taunt est la dame de messe enamourée,
Ke sy dys hou dousce seyent leyns chauntee,
Ne lerret un soule à soun eyndegrée,
Ne uncore le gibelot ke ne seyt troussé.

Trop y ad sourkar, dyt la juvencèle
Ke derere les autres demurt en la chapele ;
Plus vaudreit en chaumbre ho la verteuele.
Ke escoter de ceo cler sy lounge favele.

Kaunt *in principio* avant se mette en place,
“Ha!” dit la juvencèle, “cy veent bele grace ;
Cesti nous coungeye, cesty nous enhache,
E vers nostre chaumbre nous aprent la trace.”

En cele chaumbre troverés une assemblé
De bone genti femmes e been enteschée.
Sy n'est une soul de Blaunkeneye née,
Mès de la More de Blak hou sunt enparentée.

En la sale troverez prest ky abandonne
Manger e beyvre au matin e à nonne,
E tut le jour troverez ke le cheker sonne,
A cele ke meynteent Dieu sa grace donne. *Amen.*

Wrt.

STANS PUER AD MENSAM.

By John Lidgate. From MS. Q. F. 8, fol. 77, r^o, in the Library of Jesus College, Cambridge. Of the fifteenth century.

My dere childe, first thiself enable
With all thin herte to vertuous disciplyne
Afor thi soverayne standing at the table,
Dispose thi youth astir my doctryne ;
To all norture thi corage to enclyne.
First when thu spekist be not rekles,
Kepe feete and fingeris and handes still in pese.

Be symple of chere, cast not thi looke aside,
Gase not aboute turnyng over all ;
Ageyne the post lat not thi bake abide,
Make not thi myrroure also of the wall ;

Pike not thi nose, and in especiall
 Be right well ware, and set hereon thi thought,
 To-for thi soverain cracche ne rube nought.
 Who spekis to the in ony maner place,
 Lumbissly cast not thi hede a-down,
 Bot with sad chere looke hym in the face ;
 Walke demurly by stretis in the towne,
 And advertise of wisdome and reson.
 With dissolute laughters thou doo noon offence
 To-fore thi sovereyne, whill he is in presence.
 Pare clene thi nailes, thi handis wassh also
 To-for mete and when thu doost arise ;
 Sit in that place thu arte assigned to ;
 Prese not to high in no manner wise ;
 And till thu see afore the thi service,
 Be not to hasty on brede for to bite,
 Of gredynes lest men the wolde a-wite.
 Grennyng and mowes at table eschewe ;
 Crye not to loude ; kepe honestly silence ;
 T'enboce thi jowes with brede it is not due ;
 With full mouth speke not, lest thu do offence ;
 Drinke not bridlid for hast nor negligence ;
 Kepe clene thi lippes fro fatt of flesssh or fysshe ;
 Wype fayre thi spoon, leve it not in thi dische.
 Off brede y-bite no soppis that thu make ;
 Loude for to suppe it is ageyn gentilnes ;
 With mouth embrewed thi cuppe thou not take ;
 In ale ne wyne with honde leve no fatnes ;
 Foul not thi naprie for no reklesnes ;
 Nevyr at met be warre gynne no stryve ;
 Thy teth also ne pike not with thi knyff.
 Off honest myrthe lat be thi daliaunce ;
 Swere noon othes, spek no rebaudry ;
 The best morsell, have this in remembraunce,
 Hole to thiself alway do not applye ;
 Part with thi felawe, for that is curtasie :
 Lade not thi trenchoure with many remissailes ;
 And fro blaknes alway kepe thi nailes.
 Off curtasie also geyn the lawe,
 Which sou dishonest for to doon offence ;
 Of olde surfettes abraid not thi felawe ;
 Toward thi soverain alway thin advertence ;
 Play with no knyff, take hede to my sentence ;
 At mete and soper kepe the still and soft ;
 Eke to and fro meve not thi foote to oft.

Drope not thi brest with sauce ne with potage ;
 Bring no knyves unskoured to the table ;
 Fyll not thi spoone, leest in the carriage
 It wente beside, which were not commendable ;
 Be quyke and redye, meke and servyable,
 Well a-waytyng to fulfyll anoon
 What thi soverain commandith the to done.
 And whare so be thu dyne or supe,
 Of gentillnes take salt with thi knyfe ;
 And be well ware thu blowe not in the cupe ;
 Reverence thi felawis, begynne wyth tham no stryff ;
 To thi power kepe pees all thi life ;
 Interrupt not, wherre so that thu wende,
 No mans tale, till he have made an ende.
 With thi fyngere marke not thi tale ;
 Be well avysed, namly in tender age,
 To drynke by mesure both vyne and alle ;
 Be not copious also of thi language ;
 As tyme requireth, shewe out of thi visage,
 To glad ne sory, bot kepe the atwene tweyne,
 For losse or lucre or any case sodeyne.
 Be meke in mesure, not hasty bot tretable ;
 Over mych is not worth in no thing ;
 To childre longith not to be vengeable,
 Soone mevid and sone foryeving,
 As it is remembred by olde writyng,
 Wrath of childre is sone over-gone,
 With an appill parties be maade at one.
 In childre nowe myrth and nowe debate,
 In theire querell is no grete violence ;
 Nowe play, nowe wepyng, selde in oon estate ;
 To there pleyntes gyff no gret credence.
 A rodd reformyth all theire insolence ;
 In theire corage no rancoure doth abide ;
 Who sparith the yerde, all vertue set a-side.
 Goo, litill bill, bareyne of eloquence,
 Pray yong childre that the shall see or rede,
 Thof that thu be compendious of sentence,
 Of thi clausis for to take hede,
 Which to all vertue shall thare youth lede ;
 Of the writyng thof thaire be no date,
 If ought be mysse in worde, sillable, or dede,
 Put all defaute upon John Lidgate.

E. H. Hunter.

POETIC DESCRIPTION OF DURHAM.

From a MS. in the public library of the University of Cambridge, Ff. 1, 27, 12th cent. at the end of the Chronicle of Simeon of Durham. Twysden, in his edition of that historian, col. 70, has given these verses. The absence of þ. and the constant use of ð, seem to indicate a northern dialect.

De situ Dunelmi et de sanctorum reliquiis quæ ibidem continentur carmen compositum.

Is ȝeos burch breome	cyninges heafud
geond Breoten-rice,	Osuualdes engle-leo,
steppa ge-staðolad,	ȝ Aidan biscop,
stanas ymbutan	Eadberch ȝ Eadfrið,
wundrum ge-wæxen;	ȝðele ge-feres.
Weor ymb-eornað,	Is ȝær inne midd heom
ea yðum stronge,	Æðelwold biscop,
ȝ ȝær inne wunað	ȝ breoma bocera Beda,
fela fisca kyn	ȝ Boisil abbot,
on floda ge-monge;	ȝe clene Cuðberthe
ȝ ȝær ge-wexen is	on ge-cheðe
wuda fæstern micel;	lerde lustum,
wuniað in ȝem wycum	ȝ he wis lara
wilda deor monige,	wel-ge-nom eardiæð
in Deope-dalum	æt ȝem eadige.
deora un-gerim.	In ȝem minstre un-arimeda
Is in ȝere byrieac	reliquia ȝe monia
bearnum ge-cyðed,	wundrum ge-wurðað,
ȝe arfesta	ȝes ȝe writ seggeð,
eadig Cudberch,	mid ȝene drihtnes
ȝ ȝes clene	wer domes bideð.

Wr.

PATER NOSTER, CREED, &c.

From MS. Gg. IV. 32, Bib. Publ. Cantab. temp. Hen. IV. This volume appears to have been the common-place book of a parish priest.

Oratio Dominica.

Oure fader in hevene riche,
Thin name be i-blesced evere i-liche,
Led us, Loverd, into thi blisce,
Let us nevre thin riche misse.
Let us, Loverd, underfon
That thin wille be evere i-don,
Also hit is in hevene
In erthe be hit evene.

The hevene bred that lasteth ay
 3if us, Loverd, this ilke day ;
 For3if us, Loverd, in oure bone
 All that we haven here misdone,
 Also wisliche ase we for3iven
 Hwiles we in this worlde liven
 Al that us is here misdo,
 And we biseken the thereto,
 Led us, Loverd, to non fondinge,
 And sscild us fram alle evel thinge. *Amen.*

Speculum humani generis.

Sori is the fore
 Fram bedde to the flore,
 And werse is the flette
 Fram flore to the pette,
 And for senne thine
 From pette to the pine ;
 Weilawei and wolawo !
 Thanne is joye al over-go.

Be the lef other be the loth,
 This worldes wele al a-goth,
 Under night and under day
 Thine daies fluten away,
 Thise beth tueye thinges stronge
 That everich man holdeth in honde.

Suo sit fairhed in womman sot,
 Suo the geldene begh in suynes throt,
 Bituene hope and drede
 Schal man his lif right lede.

Cimbolum in Anglica lingua.

I bileve in God fader in hevene,
 Almighty, that in dayes sevne
 Hevene and erthe haveth wroght,
 And al that tharinne is, of noght ;
 And in Jhesu Crist sone his
 One, that oure Loverd is,
 That thorgh the holi gostes might
 Kenned was and flessc tok right,
 And of mayden Marie borene
 To sauven tho that were for-loren,
 And tholede after for sennes mine
 Under Ponce Pilate pine,

Sore and smarte, stark and stronge,
 And sithen on rode was an-honge,
 Bi his wille, and deide on tre,
 His bodi was bered, as oweth be
 Man and wymman that is ded,
 Thus overcam Jhesu the qued.
 His soule after to helle lighte,
 And out of pine thorgh his mighte
 Tho Gode tok that he ther soghte,
 And into Paradis hem broghe.
 Up he rose the thridde day
 Out of the throwe ther he lay,
 Hol mon and sond, withouten lak,
 With his disciples ȝede and spak.
 Up to hevene after he stegh
 His fader side he sit wel negh
 On almighty Godes right hond,
 Hevene and helle, water and lond,
 For to deme, quike and dede,
 He scall come to gode and quede.
 The Holy Gost I leve wel,
 And Holi Cherche everi del,
 Of holi halewen mendenesse,
 And of sennes forȝevenesse,
 Thorgh the mighte of Jhesu Crist,
 And on oure flessches uprist,
 And on the lif withouten indinge,
 Jhesu Crist us thider bringe ! *Amen.*

Hull.

AN ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

From MS. Ee. iv. 35, in the Cambridge Public Library, a folio volume of English poetry of the fifteenth century.

In Ynglond ther ys a schepcote, the whiche schepekote hayt ix. dorys, and at yever dor standet ix. ramys, and every ram hat ix. ewys, and yever ewe hathe ix. lambys, and yever lambe hayt ix. hornes, and yever horne hayt ix. tyndes ; what ys the somme of alle thos belle ?

Hull.

SATIRE ON THE LADIES.

From MS. Reg. 8 E, xvii, fol. 108, v^o, of the thirteenth century.

Ici comence la jeste des dames.

Quei diroms des dames kaunt viennent à festes,
Les unes des autres avisent les testes,
Portent les boces cum cornues bestes ;
Si nule seit descornue, de cele font les gestes.

Des braz font la joie kaunt entrent en chambre,
Moustrent les coverchefs de seye e de chambre,
Atachent les botons de coral e de l'ambre,
Ne tesent de gangler tant cum sont en chambre.

Ilokes mandent les bruoys, si seent à disnér,
Gettent les barbez la bouche pur overer ;
Si entrast à icel houre un nice esquier,
De un privé escharn ne put pas ben failler.

Deus vistes vallez unt asset à fere,
De servir à totes de chescun à plere ;
Un à la cusine lur viande à quere,
Autre à la botelerie le bon vin à trere.

Kaunt eles ount diné tot à leisir,
S'aherdent ensemble pur privément parler ;
Là une de l'autre entice le quor,
Si aucune priveté put alocher.

Kaunt houre est à manger, avalent les degrez,
Entrent en sale coytement jointez ;
Ilok put hom veer la bele ensemblez,
Ke tot sanz envie ne passera la jornée.

Kaunt à la table à manger sont assis,
Reen ne manguent de kaunke là est mys ;
Mout se tenent en pes e moustrent lor vis,
Ke plus est regardée cele porte le prys.

Kaunt eles ount moustré ce ke est par devant,
Trovent acheson d'escouper arere bank,
Ke les genz pussent veer l'overaigne grant
Ke gyst par derere, ke muscé fu avant.

Kaunt levent de la table, ne di pas del manger,
Kar moy ont mangé, ce fist lour bon disner,
Entrent donke en chambre pur entresolacer,
De soutilété de overaigne donk covient treiter.

Lors viennent en place les overaignes ridées,
Le eymer de Alemaigne, e les overes percées,
L'overe sarrazynoys, e l'ovre peynée,
Oue l'entaylleure e l'ovre enleynnée,
Li perroun e ly melice e li diasprée,

astoun e li peynet e li gernettée,
 double samyt n'y est pas obliée,
 ovre de redener ont sovent manyée.
 le ke plus en seet sera lour listresce ;
 autres li escoutent sanz nule peresce.
 e dorment mie cum font à la messe,
 la prise de vanité dont ont grant leesce.
 is s'en vount à l'oustel, retornent de la feste,
 nt tost si changent la bele lusante teste,
 ke fu si fresche jà devient si reste,
 e marchant se repent ki achata cele beste.
 is font la folye ke mult fet à charger,
 nt à nule feste deivent retorner,
 long tems avant coment despescer,
 aundeschés e trescources e tot renoveler.
 ors changent la couchure, diversent le champ ;
 mettent les perles où furent plates avant ;
 n leon recoupé funt egle volant,
 n cyn entaillye un levere tapisant.
 ès ke lour atyr jà tant ben seyt fet,
 nt une fez est veu de ren ne lour plest.
 est ore envie et tant orgoil en crest,
 a fille le provost la dame contrefest.

Ici finist la geste des dames.

Wrt.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

from a paper MS. in 4to. of the fifteenth century, preserved in the
 Cambridge Public Library—Ee. i. 13.

to make boke-glewe.—Take the sowndys of stok-fysch, he hem in worte, or ellys in thynne ale, tyl that they be thanne take them and ley hem in a lynen cloth, and put the water tyl they be herd and drye; than cut hem /s, and let hem drye up.

to make horn-glew.—Take pecys of velym, and put hem dynge watyr to the tyme they be nere sothyn; than the watyr thorow a lynen cloth into a basyn, the thyk-f half an enche; and whan yt ys cold, cut yt owt in and put yt on a thred, and drye yt in the sunne.

to make clene thy boke yf yt be defowlyd or squaged.— schevyr of old broun bred of the crummys, and rub te therwith sore up and downe, and yt shal clense yt.

to make wernysch.—Take a galon of good ale, and put iij. ounces of gumme of Arabiske, and boyle a galon quarte, and kepe yt welle.

For to wryte golde.—Take grey pomys, grynde yt smalle, temper yt with gleyre as rede ynke ys, and wryte therwith ; and qwhan yt ys drye, rub theron gold or sylver, and as the metal ys so yt wylle be sene, and than borne yt with a tosch of a calf.

For to wryte secrelyt that no man kan rede yt.—Take gallys, and breke hem, and ley hem in stondyng watyr a nyght ; wryte with that water, and let it drye, and whan thou wylt rede yt, take vytryole, and make yt in pouder ; put yt in a moyst cloth, and rub that thow hast wretyng, and yt shal apere that thow mayst rede yt.

For to make glas bryght.—Take synderys and watyr, and temper hem togedyr, and rub thi glas, and yt schal be clere. Or ells, take venegar and watyr medelyd togedyr, and wasch thy glas therwyth.

Hill

POEM ON THE ALPHABET.

From a MS. in the Cambridge University Library, Gg. V. 35 ; of the eleventh century, on vellum.

Incipiunt versus cuiusdam Scotti de Alfabeto.

- A. Principium vocis veterumque inventio prima,
Nomen habens domini, sum felix voce pelasga,
Execrantis item dira interjectio dicor,
- B. Principium libri, mutis caput alter et ordo
Tertia felicis vere sum sillaba semper ;
Si me Græce legas, viridi tum nascor in horto.
- C. Principium cœli primis et luna figuris ;
Et me clerus amat, legeris si Græce Latinus.
Littera sum terræ pedibus praescripta quaternis.
- D. Ablati casus vox sum, et pars septima linguæ ;
Omnitens nomen et habens us bannita juncta,
Sum medium mille, et veterum quoque nota Deorum —
- E. Pars ego mutorum vere vocalis habebor ;
Altera deceptæ quondam sum sillaba matris ;
Pars quoque sum plena, et vocis quinta Latinæ.
- F. Semisonus dicor, liquidis ut muta ministro ;
Nescio quid causæ est cur me sic ebrius odit.
Nox perit et tenebrae, si me de flumine tollas.
- G. Si solam legeris, tunc clarus Cæsar habebor ;
Si duplarem legeris, Romanus præsul habebor ;
Post me quinta sonat parvum vocalis in ore.

- Nomen habens vacuum, fragilem de porto figuram,
Non nisi per versus minæ manet ulla potestas ;
Hoc tantum valui linguis spiramina ferre.
Sum numerus primus, juvenum contentio magna ;
Spreta figura mihi est etiam, sed mira potestas ;
Me tamen hand dominus voluit de lege perire.
- Dux ego per primos primæ vocalis habebor,
Meque meo penitus pepulerunt jure moderni ;
Nunc caput Afrorum merui vel mensis haberi.
- Si me Græce legas, totum sine sorde videbis ;
Nec frustra, quoniam per carmina sæpe liquesto.
Sed tamen agricola in curvo me vertice portat.
- In metris jugiter cum sim vocalibus esca,
Suadeo de musis tollas me nongentricis,
Ne atra figura tuos tenebris obfuscet ocellos.
Vox sum certa sonans qua res monstratur adesse ;
Tollere me multi quærunt de nomine frustra.
Vim quoque sic solitam phiteo de carmine prodens.
Littera sæpe chorus sensum signata canentum,
Curro vias multas, manibus sed fixa manebo ;
Perque meam formam sæclorum vertitur ordo.
Me sine nulla potest hominum concordia cerni ;
Nota potentis eram plebis præscripta columnis ;
Sic quoque nota fui patrum bis scripta priorum.
Sola mihi virtus vocalem vincere quintam ;
Qua sine non nascor ego, hanc occido nefande ;
Qua propter juste memet resuere quaternæ.
Est nomen durum, sed virtus durior illo ;
Idcirco placuit me non molire camenæ ;
Nota tamen fueram populos vincentis et orbem.
Nota fui patrum proprie et virtutis in odis,
Sed modo jam melius domini sum nota secunda ;
Et me Phœbus amat posuitque in ordine lucis.
Augelus en voluit poni me in fronte gementum,
Cætera turba neci miseræ dum tota dabatur ;
Te precor hoc legitans proprio me nomine signa.
Forma manet semper, virtus mihi sed variatur ;
Utraque sum vere nullo discrimine formæ ;
Nec me Græcus habet scriptam, sed me duo complent.
- Forma mihi simplex, sed certe duppla potestas.
Aere me puro præscribit penna volantis ;
Per me sæpe patet numerus de lege sacratus. Finit.

Hill.

SCRAPS OF VERSE.

From a Manuscript in the Library of St. Paul's Cathedral; a miscellaneous theological volume of the fifteenth century, under the press-mark, —9 D. xix.

Fol. 76, r^o.

To the chyld makyng,
To the maner of beryng,
To the myght of his helpyng,
Throw hym the world ys i-right
Holden in myght and ryght.

Fol. 270, v^o.

Prayes to God sorofully to forgyff ȝow ȝowr syn ;
Prayes to God mekely to bryng ȝow to blys that he is in ;
Prayes to God hertly that he kep ȝow fro ȝowr enemys,
That thay of ȝow the over home ne wyn.

Fol. 271, v^o.

I schalle pray for hys sowle, that God gyff hym rest ;
And schalle hop for hys sowle, for that con I best.
He wold noȝt do for hymself whylys he was on lyve,
And if I do for hys sowle, small moste I thryve.

Fol. 37, r^o.

Wanne the hillus smoken,
Thanne Babilon schal have an eende ;
But whan they brenne as tho fyrr,
Thanne eerthe schal henus weende ;
Whenne tho watres rennen hem froo,
The pepul schal turne to eerthe aȝeyne ;
And yf ye bleden aboute over,
Alle men schul be slayne,

Hill.

LOVE.

From MS. Trin. Coll. Cant. B. 15, 17, last leaf, of the reign of Edward I

Crist made to man a fair present,
His blody body with love y-brent,
That blisful body his lyf hath sent,
For love of man whom sin hath blent.
O, love! love! what hastow ment?
Me thynketh that love to wraththe is went.
Thi loveliche hondes love hath to-rent,
And thi lithe armes wel streyte y-tent;
Thi brest is bare, thi body is bent,
For wrong hath wonne, and right is shent.

Thi mylde bones love hath to-drawe;
 Thi nayles, thi feet ben al to-gnawe.
 The lord of love love hath now slawe.
 Whan love is strong, love hath no lawe.
 His herte is rent, his body is blent,
 Upon the roode tree;
 Wrong is went, the devel is shent,
 Crist, thoruȝ the myȝt of thee.
 For that herte is leyd to wedde;
 Swich was the love that herte us kedde;
 That herte brast, that herte bledde,
 That herte blood oure soules fedde.
 That herte he yef for treuthe of love;
 Therfore in hym one is trewe love.
 For love of thee that herte is yove,
 Keep thou that herte, and thou art above.
 Love, love, wher shaltow wone?
 Thy wonyng stede is thee byname.
 For Cristes that was thyn home,
 He is deed, now hastow none.
 Love, love, why dostow so?
 Love, thow brekest myn herte a-two.
 Love hath shewed his grete myȝt;
 For love hath maad day of the nyȝt.
 Love hath slawe the kyng of ryȝt,
 And love hath ended the stronge fyȝt.
 So muchel love was nevere noon;
 That witeth ful wel Marie and Jhon,
 And also witeth thei everichon
 That love with hym is maad aton.
 Love maketh, Crist, thyn herte myn;
 So maketh love myn herte thyn.
 Thanne shal my love be trewe and fyn,
 And love in love shal make fyn. Amen.

Wrt.

Drope not thi brest with sauce ne with potage;
 Bring no knyves unskoured to the table;
 Fyll not thi spoone, leest in the carriage
 It wente beside, which were not comendable;
 Be quyke and redye, meke and servyable,
 Well a-waytyng to fulfull anon
 What thi soverain commandith the to done.
 And whare so be thu dyne or supe,
 Of gentillnes take salt with thi knyfe;
 And be well ware thu blowe not in the cupe;
 Reverence thi felawis, begynne wyth tham no stryff;
 To thi power kepe pees all thi life;
 Interrupt not, wherre so that thu wende,
 No mans tale, till he have made an ende.
 With thi fyngere marke not thi tale;
 Be well avysed, namly in tender age,
 To drynke by mesure both vyne and alle;
 Be not copious also of thi language;
 As tyme requireth, shewe out of thi visage,
 To glad ne sory, bot kepe the atwene tweyne,
 For losse or lucre or any case sodeyne.
 Be meke in mesure, not hasty bot tretable;
 Over mych is not worth in no thing;
 To childre longith not to be vengeable,
 Soone mevid and sone foryeving,
 As it is remembred by olde writyng,
 Wrath of childre is sone over-gone,
 With an appill parties be maade at one.
 In childre nowe myrth and nowe debate,
 In theire querell is no grete violence;
 Nowe play, nowe wepyng, selde in oon estate;
 To there pleyntes gyff no gret credence.
 A rodd reformyth all theire insolence;
 In theire corage no rancoure doth abide;
 Who sparith the yerde, all vertue set a-side.
 Goo, litill bill, bareyne of eloquence,
 Pray yong childre that the shall see or rede,
 Thof that thu be compendious of sentence,
 Of thi clausis for to take hede,
 Which to all vertue shall thare youth lede;
 Of the writyng thof thaire be no date,
 If ought be mysse in worde, sillable, or dede,
 Put all defaute upon John Lidgate.

E. H. Hunter.

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þeos burch breome	cyninges heafud
Breoten-rice,	Osuualdes engle-leo,
a ge-staðolad,	ȝ Aidan biscop,
symbutan	Eadberch ȝ Eadfrið,
rum ge-wæxen;	æðele ge-feres.
ymb-eornað,	Is ȝer inne midd heom
um stronge,	Æðelwold biscop,
inne wunað	ȝ breoma bocera Beda,
sca kyn	ȝ Boisil abbot,
la ge-monge;	ðe clene Cuðberte
ge-wexen is	on ge-cheðe
fæstern micel;	lerde lustum,
ð in ðem wycum	ȝ he wis lara
deor monige,	wel-ge-nom eardiæð
ope-dalum	at ðem eadige.
un-gerim.	In ðem minstre un-arimeda
ðere byrieac	reliquia ðe monia
un ge-cyðed,	wundrum ge-wurðað,
festa	ðes ðe writ seggeð,
Cudberch,	mid ðene drihtnes
clene	wer domes bideð.

Wrt.

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Oratio Dominica.

Oure fader in hevene riche,
Thin name be i-blesced evere i-liche,
Led us, Loverd, into thi blisce,
Let us nevre thin riche misse.
Let us, Loverd, underfon
That thin wille be evere i-don,
Also hit is in hevene
In erthe be hit evene.

The hevene bred that lasteth ay
 3if us, Loverd, this ilke day ;
 For3if us, Loverd, in oure bone
 All that we haven here misdone,
 Also wiſliche aſe we for3iven
 Hwiles we in this worlde liven
 Al that us is here misdo,
 And we biseken the thereto,
 Led us, Loverd, to non fondinge,
 And sſcild us fram alle evel thinge. *Amen.*

Speculum humani generis.

Sori is the fore
 Fram bedde to the flore,
 And wersh is the flette
 Fram flore to the pette,
 And for senne thine
 From pette to the pine ;
 Weilawei and wolawo !
 Thanne is joye al over-go.

Be the lef other be the loth,
 This worldes wele al a-goth,
 Under night and under day
 Thine daies fluten away,
 Thise beth tueye thinges stronge
 That everich man holdeth in honde.

Suo sit fairhed in womman sot,
 Suo the geldene begh in suynes throt,
 Bituene hope and drede
 Schal man his lif right lede.

Cimbolum in Anglica lingua.

I bileve in God fader in hevene,
 Almighty, that in dayes sevēne
 Hevene and erthe haveth wrōght,
 And al that tharinne is, of noght ;
 And in Jhesu Crist sone his
 One, that oure Loverd is,
 That thorgh the holi gostes might
 Kenned was and flessc tok right,
 And of mayden Marie borene
 To sauven tho that were for-loren,
 And tholedē after for sennes mine
 Under Ponce Pilate pine,

Sore and smarte, stark and stronge,
 And sithen on rode was an-honge,
 Bi his wille, and deide on tre,
 His bodi was bered, as oweth be
 Man and wymman that is ded,
 Thus overcam Jhesu the qued.
 His soule after to helle lighte,
 And out of pine thorgh his mighte
 Tho Gode tok that he ther soghte,
 And into Paradis hem broghte.
 Up he rose the thridde day
 Out of the throwe ther he lay,
 Hol mon and sond, withouten lak,
 With his disciples ſede and spak.
 Up to hevene after he stegh
 His fader side he sit wel negh
 On almighty Godes right hond,
 Hevene and helle, water and lond,
 For to deme, quike and dede,
 He ſcall come to gode and quede.
 The Holy Gost I leve wel,
 And Holi Cherche everi del,
 Of holi halewen mendenesse,
 And of sennes forȝevenesse,
 Thorgh the mighte of Jhesu Crist,
 And on oure flessches uprist,
 And on the lif withouten indinge,
 Jhesu Crist us thider bringe ! Amen.

Hull.

AN ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

From MS. Ee. iv. 35, in the Cambridge Public Library, a folio volume of English poetry of the fifteenth century.

In Ynglond ther ys a schepcote, the whiche schepekote hayt ix. dorys, and at yevery dor standet ix. ramys, and every ram hat ix. ewys, and yevery ewe hathe ix. lambys, and yevery lambe hayt ix. hornes, and yevery horne hayt ix. tyndes ; what ys the somme of alle thos belle ?

Hull.

SATIRE ON THE LADIES.

From MS. Reg. 8 E, xvii, fol. 108, v^o, of the thirteenth century.

Ici comence la jeste des dames.

Quei diroms des dames kaunt viennent à festes,
Les unes des autres avisent les testes,
Portent les boces cum cornues bestes ;
Si nule seit descornue, de cele font les gestes.

Des braz font la joie kaunt entrent en chambre,
Moustrent les coverchefs de seye e de chambre,
Atachent les botons de coral e de l'ambre,
Ne tesent de gangler tant cum sont en chambre.

Ilokes mandent les bruoys, si seent à disner,
Gettent les barbez la bouche pur overer ;
Si entrast à icel houre un nice esquier,
De un privé escharn ne put pas ben failler.

Deus vistes vallez unt asset à fere,
De servir à totes de chescun à plere ;
Un à la cuisine lur viande à quere,
Autre à la botelerie le bon vin à trere.

Kaunt eles ount diné tot à leisir,
S'aherdent ensemble pur privément parler ;
Là une de l'autre entice le quor,
Si aucune priveté put alocher.

Kaunt houre est à manger, avalent les degrez,
Entrent en sale coytement jointez ;
Ilok put hom veer la bele ensemblez,
Ke tot sanz envie ne passera la jornée.

Kaunt à la table à manger sont assis,
Reen ne manguent de kaunke là est mys ;
Mout se tenent en pes e moustrent lor vis,
Ke plus est regardée cele porte le prys.

Kaunt eles ount moustré ce ke est par devant,
Trovent acheson d'escouper arere bank,
Ke les genz pussent veer l'overaigne grant
Ke gyst par derere, ke muscé fu avant.

Kaunt levent de la table, ne di pas del manger,
Kar moy ont mangé, ce fist lour bon disner,
Entrent donke en chambre pur entresolacer,
De soutilleté de overaigne donk covient treiter.

Lors viennent en place les overaignes ridées,
Le eymer de Alemaigne, e les overes percées,
L'overe sarrazynoys, e l'ovre peynnée,
Oue l'entaylleure e l'ovre enleynnée,
Li perroun e ly melice e li diasprée,

Li bastoun e li peynet e li gernettée,
 E li double samyt n'y est pas obliée,
 E li ovre de redener ont sovent manyée.
 Cele ke plus en seet sera lour listresce ;
 Les autres li escoutent sanz nule peresce.
 Là ne dorment mie cum font à la messe,
 Pur la prise de vanité dont ont grant leesce.
 Pus s'en vount à l'oustel, retornent de la feste,
 E tant tost si changent la bele lusante teste,
 Cele ke fu si fresche jà devient si reste,
 Ke le marchant se repent ki achata cele beste.
 Pus font la folye ke mult fet à charger,
 Kaunt à nule feste deivent retorner,
 Ben long tems avant coment despescer,
 Garlaundeschés e trescources e tot renoveler.
 Lors changent la couchure, diversent le champ ;
 Ore mettent les perles où furent plates avant ;
 De un leon recoupé funt egle volant,
 De un cyn entaillye un levere tapisant.
 Mès ke lour atyr jà tant ben seyt fet,
 Kaunt une fez est veu de ren ne lour plest.
 Tel est ore envie et tant orgoil en crest,
 Ke la fille le provost la dame contrefest.

Ici finist la geste des dames.

Wrt.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

Selected from a paper MS. in 4to. of the fifteenth century, preserved in the Cambridge Public Library—Ee. i. 13.

For to make boke-glewe.—Take the soundys of stok-fysch, and sethe hem in worte, or ellys in thynne ale, tyl that they be tendyr; thanne take them and ley hem in a lynen cloth, and presse out the water tyl they be herd and drye; than cut hem on pecys, and let hem drye up.

For to make horn-glew.—Take pecys of velym, and put hem in stondynge watyr to the tyme they be nere sothyn; than streyne the watyr thorow a lynen cloth into a basyn, the thyknesse of half an enche; and whan yt ys cold, cut yt owt in pecys, and put yt on a thred, and drye yt in the sunne.

For to make clene thy boke yf yt be defowlyd or squaged.—Take a schevyr of old broun bred of the crummys, and rub thy boke therwith sore up and downe, and yt shal clense yt.

For to make wernysch.—Take a galon of good ale, and put thereto iij. ounces of gumme of Arabyke, and boyle a galon into a quarte, and kepe yt welle.

For to wryte golde.—Take grey pomys, grynde yt small, temper yt with gleyre as rede ynke ys, and wryte therwith; and qwhan yt ys drye, rub theron gold or sylver, and as the metal ys so yt wylle be sene, and than borne yt with a tosch of a calf.

For to wryte secrelyt that no man kan rede yt.—Take gallys, and breke hem, and ley hem in stondyng watyr a nyght; wryte with that water, and let it drye, and whan thou wylt rede yt, take vytryole, and make yt in pouder; put yt in a moyst cloth, and rub that thow hast wretyn, and yt shal apere that thow mayst rede yt.

For to make glas bryght.—Take synderys and watyr, and temper hem togedyr, and rub thi glas, and yt schal be clere. Or ellys, take venegar and watyr medelyd togedyr, and wasch thy glas therwyth.

Hull.

POEM ON THE ALPHABET.

From a MS. in the Cambridge University Library, Gg. V. 35; of the eleventh century, on vellum.

Incipiunt versus cuiusdam Scotti de Alfabeto.

- A. Principium vocis veterumque inventio prima,
Nomen habens domini, sum felix voce pelasga,
Execrantis item dira interjectio dico,
- B. Principium libri, mutis caput alter et ordo
Tertia felicis vere sum sillaba semper;
Si me Græce legas, viridi tum nascor in horto.
- C. Principium cœli primis et luna figuris;
Et me clerus amat, legeris si Græce Latinus.
Littera sum terræ pedibus præscripta quaternis.
- D. Ablati casus vox sum, et pars septima linguæ;
Omnitens nomen et habens us bannita juncta,
Sum medium mille, et veterum quoque nota Deorum.
- E. Pars ego mutorum vere vocalis habebor;
Altera deceptæ quondam sum sillaba matris;
Pars quoque sum plena, et vocis quinta Latinæ.
- F. Semisonus dico, liquidis ut muta ministro;
Nescio quid causæ est cur me sic ebrius odit.
Nox perit et tenebræ, si me de flumine tollas.
- G. Si solam legeris, tunc clarus Cæsar habebor;
Si duplarem legeris, Romanus præsul habebor;
Post me quinta sonat parvum vocalis in ore.

- H.** Nomen habens vacuum, fragilem depōto figuram,
Non nisi per versus minæ manet ulla potestas ;
Hoc tantum valui linguis spiramina ferre.
- I.** Sum numerus primus, juvenum contentio magna ;
Spreta figura mihi est etiam, sed mira potestas ;
Me tamen hand dominus voluit de lege perire.
- K.** Dux ego per primos primæ vocalis habebor,
Meque meo penitus pepulerunt jure moderni ;
Nunc caput Afrorum merui vel mensis haberí.
- L.** Si me Græce legas, totum sine sorde videbis ;
Nec frustra, quoniam per carmina sæpe liquesto.
Sed tamen agricola in curvo me vertice portat.
- M.** In metris jugiter cum sim vocalibus esca,
Suadeo de musis tollas me nongentricis,
Ne atra figura tuos tenebris obfuscet ocellos.
- N.** Vox sum certa sonans qua res monstratur adesse ;
Tollere me multi quærunt de nomine frustra.
Vim quoque sic solitam phiteo de carniōne prodens.
- O.** Littera sæpe choris sensum signata canentum,
Curro vias multas, manibus sed fixa manebo ;
Perque meam formam sæclorum vertitur ordo.
- P.** Me sine nulla potest hominum concordia cerni ;
Nota potentis eram plebis præscripta columnis ;
Sic quoque nota fui patrum bis scripta priorum.
- Q.** Sola mihi virtus vocalem vincere quintam ;
Qua sine non nascor ego, hanc occido nefande ;
Qua propter juste memet respuere quaternæ.
- R.** Est nomen durum, sed virtus durior illo ;
Idcirco placuit me non mollire camcenis ;
Nota tamen fueram populos vincentis et orbem.
- S.** Nota fui patrum proprie et virtutis in odis,
Sed modo jam melius domini sum nota secunda ;
Et me Phœbus amat posuitque in ordine lucis.
- T.** Augelus en voluit poni me in fronte gementum,
Cætera turba neci miseræ dum tota dabatur ;
Te precor hoc legitans proprio me nomine signa.
- V.** Forma manet semper, virtus mihi sed variatur ;
Utraque sum vere nullo discrimine formæ ;
Nec me Græcus habet scriptam, sed me duo complent.
- X.** Forma mihi simplex, sed certe duppla potestas.
Aere me puro præscribit pennा volantis ;
Per me sæpe patet numerus de lege sacratus. Finit.

Hill.

SCRAPS OF VERSE.

From a Manuscript in the Library of St. Paul's Cathedral; a miscellaneous theological volume of the fifteenth century, under the press-mark,
—9 D. xix.

Fol. 76, r^o.

To the chyld makynge,
To the maner of beryng,
To the myght of his helpyng,
Throw hym the world ys i-right
Holden in myght and ryght.

Fol. 270, v^o.

Prayes to God sorofully to forgyff ȝow ȝowr syn;
Prayes to God mekely to bryng ȝow to blys that he is in;
Prayes to God hertly that he kep ȝow fro ȝowr enemys,
That thay of ȝow the over home ne wyn.

Fol. 271, v^o.

I schalle pray for hys sowle, that God gyff hym rest;
And schalle hop for hys sowle, for that con I best.
He wold noȝt do for hymself whylys he was on lyve,
And if I do for hys sowle, small moste I thryve.

Fol. 37, r^o.

Wanne the hillus smoken,
Thanne Babilon schal have an eende;
But whan they brenne as tho fyrr,
Thanne eerthe schal henus weende;
Whenne tho watres rennen hem froo,
The pepul schal turne to eerthe aȝeyne;
And yf ye bleden aboute over,
Alle men schul be slayne,

Hillz.

LOVE.

From MS. Trin. Coll. Cant. B. 15, 17, last leaf, of the reign of Edward III.

Crist made to man a fair present,
His blody body with love y-brent,
That blissful body his lyf hath sent,
For love of man whom sin hath blent.
O, love! love! what hastow ment?
Me thynketh that love to wraththe is went.
Thi loveliche hondes love hath to-rent,
And thi lithe armes wel streyte y-tent;
Thi brest is bare, thi body is bent,
For wrong hath wonne, and right is shent.

Thi mylde bones love hath to-drawe ;
 Thi nayles, thi feet ben al to-gnawe.
 The lord of love love hath now slawe.
 Whan love is strong, love hath no lawe.
 His herte is rent, his body is blent,
 Upon the roode tree ;
 Wrong is went, the devel is shent,
 Crist, thoruȝ the myȝt of thee.
 For that herte is leyd to wedde ;
 Swich was the love that herte us kedde ;
 That herte brast, that herte bledde,
 That herte blood oure soules fedde.
 That herte he yef for treuthe of love ;
 Therfore in hym one is trewe love.
 For love of thee that herte is yove,
 Keep thou that herte, and thou art above.
 Love, love, wher shalpow won ?
 Thy wonyng stede is thee byname.
 For Cristes that was thyn home,
 He is deed, now hastow none.
 Love, love, why dostow so ?
 Love, thou brekest myn herte a-two.
 Love hath shewed his grete myȝt ;
 For love hath maad day of the nyȝt.
 Love hath slawe the kyng of ryȝt,
 And love hath ended the stronge fyȝt.
 So muchel love was nevere noon ;
 That witeth ful wel Marie and Jhon,
 And also witeth thei everichon
 That love with hym is maad aton.
 Love maketh, Crist, thyn herte myn ;
 So maketh love myn herte thyn.
 Thanne shal my love be trewe and fyn,
 And love in love shal make fyn. Amen.

Wrt.

A CHARTER IN VERSE.

From MS. Cotton. Julius F. X, fol. 154, a modern transcript.

Inter Record. de termino Sancti Hillarii Anno Regni Regis Edwardi Secundi xvii^{mo}. penes Thes. et Camerar. Seaccarii Rem. inter alia continentur sic

*Charta Sancti Edwardi Regis
de concessione ballivæ suæ.*

Iche Edward Kynge
Have yeoven of my forest the keping,
Of the Hundred of Chelmer ant Dansing,
To Randolph Peperking ant to his kyndlyng,
With hart ant hynd, do ant bokke,
Hare ant foxe, catt ant brocke,
Wild fowle with his flocke,
Partriche, fesant henne ant fesant cocke,
With grene ant wilde, stob ant stokke,
To kepen ant to yeomen by all her myght
Bothe by day [ant] eke by nyght;
Ant houndes for to holde,
Gode ant swift ant bold,
Four greyhoudes ant six raches
For hare ant fox ant wilde cattes;
Ant therof iche made hym my book,
Witnes the bisshop Wolston,
Ant book-y-lered many on,
An Sweyn of Essex our brother,
Ant teken hym many other,
Ant our steward Howelyn
That besought me for hym.*

G. J. A.

* The word *and* is represented in these lines in the original by a contraction, except in line 10, where it is spelt *ant*, a very common form in MSS. of the reign of Ed. II.—*Wrt.*

WHAT IS WOMAN?

From MS. Ee. II. 33, Bib. Publ. Cantab., of the thirteenth century.

Quid est mulier? Amicitia inimica; ineffugabilis pœna;
necessarium malum; naturalis temptatio; desiderabilis cala-
mitas; domesticum periculum; delectabile detrimentum; mali-
nata, boni colore dipicta; janua diaboli; via iniquitatis;
scorpionis percussus notitiumque genus femina. Ex eis ab
initio aucupatum est peccatum.

Hill.

PATERNOSTER AND AVE.

MS. in the Cambridge Public Library, Hh. VI. 11, of the thirteenth century, on vellum.

ader, that art in hevene, blessed be thi name,
 oli heveriche mote us cumen to frame,
 l be don in hevene and in erthe ii same,
 us yif ure lifli bred that ilke dai we craven,
 ryif us oure dettes, so stronge so we hes haven,
 e don alle men that in oure dettes aren,
 de us noht in fonding, bote silde us fro harm and fro
 schame,
 alle kennes iveles, thuruh thin holi name. Amen.

Heyl Marie! of grace i-fild,
 And of God himself i-teld,
 Blisceth be thu among wimmen,
 For thu art of Davi kinges kin,
 Blesced be the frut of thi wombe,
 For it is Goddes owene lombe.

Hull.

LOVE SONG.

MS. Ff. I. 6, Bib. Publ. Cantab., of the fifteenth century.

y woofull hert thus clad in payn
 ote natt welle what do nor seyn,
 Longe absens grevyth me so ;
 or lakke of syght nere and I fleyn,
 ll joy myne hert hath in dissedeyn,
 Comfort fro me is go.
 hen thogh I wold me owght complain
 f my sorwe and grete payn,
 Who shold comfort me do ?
 er is nothinge can make me to be fayn,
 it the syght of hym agayn
 That cawsis my woo.
 one but he may me susteyn,
 e is my comfort in all payn,
 I love hym and no moo ;
 hym I woll be trywe and playn,
 nd evyr his owne in serteyn,
 Tyll deth departe us to.
 y hert shall I never fro hym refrayn,
 ave hitt hym withowte constrainy,
 Evyr to contenwe so.

Hull.

The hevne bred that lasteth ay
 3if us, Loverd, this ilke day ;
 For3if us, Loverd, in oure bone
 All that we haven here misdone,
 Also wiſliche aſe we for3iven
 Hwiles we in this worlde liven
 Al that us is here misdo,
 And we biseken the thereto,
 Led us, Loverd, to non fondinge,
 And ſſcild us fram alle evel thinge. *Amen.*

Speculum humani generis.

Sori is the fore
 Fram bedde to the flore,
 And werſe is the flette
 Fram flore to the pette,
 And for ſenne thine
 From pette to the pine ;
 Weilawei and wolawo !
 Thanne is joye al over-go.

Be the leſ other be the loth,
 This worldes wele al a-goth,
 Under night and under day
 Thine daies fluten away,
 Thise beth tueye thinges ſtronge
 That everich man holdeth in honde.

Suo ſit fairhed in womman ſot,
 Suo the geldene begh in ſuynes throt,
 Bituene hope and drede
 Schal man his lif right lede.

Cimbolum in Anglica lingua.

I bileyve in God fader in hevne,
 Almighty, that in dayes ſevene
 Hevne and erthe haveth wrought,
 And al that tharinne is, of noȝt ;
 And in Jhesu Crist ſone hiſ
 One, that oure Loverd iſ,
 That thorgh the holi gostes miȝt
 Kenned was and flesſc tok riȝt,
 And of mayden Marie boren
 To ſauuen tho that were for-loren,
 And tholede after for ſennes mine
 Under Ponce Pilate pine,

Sore and smarte, stark and stronge,
 And sithen on rode was an-honge,
 Bi his wille, and deide on tre,
 His bodi was bered, as oweth be
 Man and wymman that is ded,
 Thus overcam Jhesu the qued.
 His soule after to helle lighte,
 And out of pine thorgh his mighte
 Tho Gode tok that he ther soghte,
 And into Paradis hem broghte.
 Up he rose the thridde day
 Out of the throwe ther he lay,
 Hol mon and sond, withouten lak,
 With his disciples ȝede and spak.
 Up to hevene after he stegh
 His fader side he sit wel negh
 On almighty Godes right hond,
 Hevene and helle, water and lond,
 For to deme, quike and dede,
 He scall come to gode and quede.
 The Holy Gost I leve wel,
 And Holi Cherche everi del,
 Of holi halewen mendenesse,
 And of sennes forȝevenesse,
 Thorgh the mighte of Jhesu Crist,
 And on oure flessches uprist,
 And on the lif withouten indinge,
 Jhesu Crist us thider bringe ! *Amen.*

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Moustrent les coverches de seye e de chambre,
Attachent les botons de coral e de l'ambre,
Ne tesent de gangler tant cum sont en chambre.

Ilokes mandent les bruoys, si scent à disner,
Gettent les barbez la bouche pur overer ;
Si entrast à icel houre un nice esquier,
De un privé escharn ne put pas ben failler.

Deus vistes vallez unt asset à fere,
De servir à totes de chescun à plere ;
Un à la cusine lur viande à quere,
Autre à la botelerie le bon vin à trere.

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Si aucune priveté put alocher.

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Entrent en sale coytement jointez ;
Ilok put hom veer la bele ensemblez,
Ke tot sanz envie ne passera la jornée.

Kaunt à la table à manger sont assis,
Reen ne manguent de kaunke là est mys ;
Mout se tenent en pes e moustrent lor vis,
Ke plus est regardée cele porte le prys.

Kaunt eles ount moustré ce ke est par devant,
Trent acheson d'escouper arere bank,
Ke les genz pussent veer l'overaigne grant
Ke gyst par derere, ke muscé fu avant.

Kaunt levent de la table, ne di pas del manger,
Kar moy ont mangé, ce fist lour bon disner,
Entrent donke en chambre pur entresolacer,
De soutilte de overaigne donk covient treiter.

Lors viennent en place les overaignes ridées,
Le eymer de Alemaigne, e les overes percées,
L'overe sarrazynoys, e l'ovre peynée,
Oue l'entaylleure e l'ovre enleynnée,
Li perroun e ly melice e li diasprée,

astoun e li peynet e li gernettée,
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 a fille le provost la dame contrefest.

Ici finist la geste des dames.

Wrt.

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from a paper MS. in 4to. of the fifteenth century, preserved in the
 Cambridge Public Library—Ee. i. 13.

to make boke-glewe.—Take the sowndys of stok-fysch, he hem in worte, or ellys in thynne ale, tyl that they be ; thanne take them and ley hem in a lynen cloth, and out the water tyl they be herd and drye ; than cut hem ys, and let hem drye up.

to make horn-glew.—Take pecys of velym, and put hem dynge watyr to the tyme they be nere sothyn ; than the watyr thorow a lynen cloth into a basyn, the thykf half an enche ; and whan yt ys cold, cut yt owt in and put yt on a thred, and drye yt in the sunne.

to make clene thy boke yf yt be defowlyd or squaged.— schevyr of old broun bred of the crummys, and rub te therwith sore up and downe, and yt shal clense yt.

to make wernysch.—Take a galon of good ale, and put iii. ounces of gumme of Arabyke, and boyle a galon quarte, and kepe yt welle.

For to wryte golde.—Take grey pomys, grynde yt smalle, temper yt with gleyre as rede ynke ys, and wryte therwith; and qwhan yt ys drye, rub theron gold or sylver, and as the metal ys so yt wylle be sene, and than borne yt with a tosch of a calf.

For to wryte secretelij that no man kan rede yt.—Take gallys, and breke hem, and ley hem in stondyng watyr a nyght; wryte with that water, and let it drye, and whan thou wylt rede yt, take vytryole, and make yt in pouder; put yt in a moyst cloth, and rub that thou hast wretyn, and yt shal apere that thou mayst rede yt.

For to make glas bryght.—Take synderys and watyr, and temper hem togedyr, and rub thi glas, and yt schal be clere. Or ellys, take venegar and watyr medelyd togedyr, and wasch thy glas therwyth.

Hlll.

POEM ON THE ALPHABET.

From a MS. in the Cambridge University Library, Gg. V. 35; of the eleventh century, on vellum.

Incipiunt versus cuiusdam Scotti de Alfabeto.

- A. Principium vocis veterumque inventio prima,
Nomen habens domini, sum felix voce pelasga,
Execrantis item dira interjectio dico,
- B. Principium libri, mutis caput alter et ordo
Tertia felicis vere sum sillaba semper;
Si me Græce legas, viridi tum nascor in horto.
- C. Principium cœli primis et luna figuris;
Et me clerus amat, legeris si Græce Latinus.
Littera sum terræ pedibus præscripta quaternis.
- D. Ablati casus vox sum, et pars septima lingue;
Omnitens nomen et habens us bannita juncta,
Sum medium mille, et veterum quoque nota Deorum.
- E. Pars ego mutorum vere vocalis habebor;
Altera deceptæ quandam sum sillaba matris;
Pars quoque sum plena, et vocis quinta Latinæ.
- F. Semisonus dico, liquidis ut muta ministro;
Nescio quid cause est cur me sic ebrius odit.
Nox perit et tenebræ, si me de flumine tollas.
- G. Si solam legeris, tunc clarus Cæsar habebor;
Si duplicem legeris, Romanus præsul habebor;
Post me quinta sonat parvum vocalis in ore.

- H.** Nomen habens vacuum, fragilem deporto figuram,
Non nisi per versus minæ manet ulla potestas ;
Hoc tantum valui linguis spiramina ferre.
- I.** Sum numerus primus, juvenum contentio magna ;
Spreta figura mihi est etiam, sed mira potestas ;
Me tamen hand dominus voluit de lege perire.
- K.** Dux ego per primos primæ vocalis habebor,
Meque meo penitus pepulerunt jure moderni ;
Nunc caput Afrorum merui vel mensis haberi.
- L.** Si me Græce legas, totum sine sorde videbis ;
Nec frustra, quoniam per carmina sæpe liquesto.
Sed tamen agricola in curvo me vertice portat.
- M.** In metris jugiter cum sim vocalibus esca,
Suadeo de musis tollas me nongentricis,
Ne atra figura tuos tenebris obfuscet ocellos.
- N.** Vox sum certa sonans qua res monstratur adesse ;
Tollere me multi quærunt de nomine frustra.
Vim quoque sic solitam phiteo de carmine prodens.
- O.** Littera sæpe choris sensum signata canentum,
Curro vias multas, manibus sed fixa manebo ;
Perque meam formam sæclorum vertitur ordo.
- P.** Me sine nulla potest hominum concordia cerni ;
Nota potentis eram plebis præscripta columnis ;
Sic quoque nota fui patrum bis scripta priorum.
- Q.** Sola mihi virtus vocalem vincere quintam ;
Qua sine non nascor ego, hanc occido nefande ;
Qua propter juste memet respuere quaternæ.
- R.** Est nomen durum, sed virtus durior illo ;
Idcirco placuit me non mollire camenæ ;
Nota tamen fueram populos vincentis et orbem.
- S.** Nota fui patrum proprie et virtutis in odis,
Sed modo jam melius domini sum nota secunda ;
Et me Phœbus amat posuitque in ordine lucis.
- T.** Augelus en voluit poni me in fronte gementum,
Cætera turba neci miseræ dum tota dabatur ;
Te precor hoc legitans proprio me nomine signa.
- V.** Forma manet semper, virtus mihi sed variatur ;
Utraque sum vere nullo discrimine formæ ;
Nec me Græcus habet scriptam, sed me duo complent.
- X.** Forma mihi simplex, sed certe duppla potestas.
Aere me puro præscribit penna volantis ;
Per me sæpe patet numerus de lege sacratus. Finit.

Hull.

SCRAPS OF VERSE.

From a Manuscript in the Library of St. Paul's Cathedral; a miscellaneous theological volume of the fifteenth century, under the press-mark, —9 D. xix.

Fol. 76, r^o.

To the chyld makynge,
To the maner of beryng,
To the myght of his helpyng,
Throw hym the world ys i-right
Holden in myght and ryght.

Fol. 270, v^o.

Prayes to God sorofully to forgyff ȝow ȝowr syn ;
Prayes to God mekely to bryng ȝow to blys that he is in ;
Prayes to God hertly that he kep ȝow fro ȝowr enemys,
That thay of ȝow the over home ne wyn.

Fol. 271, v^o.

I schalle pray for hys sowle, that God gyff hym rest ;
And schalle hop for hys sowle, for that con I best.
He wold noȝt do for hymself whylys he was on lyve,
And if I do for hys sowle, small moste I thryve.

Fol. 37, r^o.

Wanne the hillus smoken,
Thanne Babilon schal have an eende ;
But whan they brenne as tho fyrr,
Thanne eerthe schal henus weende ;
Whenne tho watre rennen hem froo,
The pepul schal turne to eerthe aȝeyne ;
And yf ye bleden aboute over,
Alle men schul be slayne,

Hilll.

LOVE.

From MS. Trin. Coll. Cant. B. 15, 17, last leaf, of the reign of Edward I

Crist made to man a fair present,
His blody body with love y-brent,
That blisful body his lyf hath sent,
For love of man whom sin hath blent.
O, love ! love ! what hastow ment ?
Me thynketh that love to wraththe is went.
Thi loveliche hondes love hath to-rent,
And thi lithe armes wel streyte y-tent ;
Thi brest is bare, thi body is bent,
For wrong hath wonne, and right is shent.

Thi mylde bones love hath to-drawe;
 Thi nayles, thi feet ben al to-gnawe.
 The lord of love love hath now slawe.
 Whan love is strong, love hath no lawe.
 His herte is rent, his body is blent,
 Upon the roode tree;
 Wr̄ong is went, the devel is shent,
 Crist, thoruȝ the myȝt of thee.
 For that herte is leyd to wedde;
 Swich was the love that herte us kedde;
 That herte brast, that herte bledde,
 That herte blood oure soules fedde.
 That herte he yef for treuthe of love;
 Therfore in hym one is trewe love.
 For love of thee that herte is yove,
 Keep thou that herte, and thou art above.
 Love, love, wher shaltow wone?
 Thy wonyng stede is thee by nome.
 For Cristes that was thyn home,
 He is deed, now hastow none.
 Love, love, why dostow so?
 Love, thow brekest myn herte a-two.
 Love hath shewed his grete myȝt;
 For love hath maad day of the nyȝt.
 Love hath slawe the kyng of ryȝt,
 And love hath ended the stronge fyȝt.
 So muchel love was nevere noon;
 That witeth ful wel Marie and Jhon,
 And also witeth thei everichon
 That love with hym is maad aton.
 Love maketh, Crist, thyn herte myn;
 So maketh love myn herte thyn.
 Thanne shal my love be trewe and fyn,
 And love in love shal make fyn. Amen.

Wrt.

A CHARTER IN VERSE.

From MS. Cotton. Julius F. X, fol. 154, a modern transcript.

Inter Record. de termino Sancti Hillarii Anno Regni Regis Edwardi Secundi xvii^{mo}. penes Thes. et Camerar. Scaccarii Rem. inter alia continentur sic

*Charta Sancti Edwardi Regis
de concessione ballive sue.*

Iche Edward Kynge
Have yeoven of my forest the keping,
Of the Hundred of Chelmer ant Dansing,
To Randolph Peperking ant to his kyndlyng,
With hart ant hynd, do ant bokke,
Hare ant foxe, catt ant brocke,
Wild fowle with his flocke,
Partriche, fesant henne ant fesant cocke,
With grene ant wilde, stob ant stokke,
To kepen ant to yeomen by all her myght
Bothe by day [ant] eke by nyght ;
Ant houndes for to holde,
Gode ant swift ant bold,
Four greyhoundes ant six raches
For hare ant fox ant wilde cattes ;
Ant therof iche made hym my book,
Witnes the bisshop Wolston,
Ant book-y-lered many on,
An Sweyn of Essex our brother,
Ant taken hym many other,
Ant our steward Howelyn
That besought me for hym.*

G. J. A.

* The word *and* is represented in these lines in the original by a contraction, except in line 10, where it is spelt *ant*, a very common form in MS. of the reign of Ed. II.—*Wrt.*

WHAT IS WOMAN ?

From MS. Ee. II. 33, Bib. Publ. Cantab., of the thirteenth century.

Quid est mulier? Amicitia inimica; ineffugibilis pena;
necessarium malum; naturalis temptatio; desiderabilis cala-
mitas; domesticum periculum; delectabile detrimentum; mali-
nata, boni colore dipicta; janua diaboli; via iniquitatis;
scorpionis percussus notitiumque genus femina. Ex eis ab
initio aucupatum est peccatum.

Hilli.

PATERNOSTER AND AVE.

From a MS. in the Cambridge Public Library, Hh. VI. 11, of the thirteenth century, on vellum.

Hure fader, that art in hevene, blessed be thi name,
Thin holi heveriche mote us cumen to frame,
Thi wil be don in hevene and in erthe ii same,
To day us yif ure lisi bred that ilke dai we craven,
And forsyif us oure dettes, so stronge so we hes haven,
Also we don alle men that in oure dettes aren,
And lede us noht in fonding, bote silde us fro harm and fro
schame,
And fro alle kennes iveles, thuruh thin holi name. Amen.

Heyl Marie! of grace i-fild,
And of God himself i-teld,
Blisceth be thu among wimmen,
For thu art of Davi kinges kin,
Blesced be the frut of thi wombe,
For it is Goddes owene lombe.

Hull.

LOVE SONG.

From MS. Ff. I. 6, Bib. Publ. Cantab., of the fifteenth century.

My woofull hert thus clad in payn
Wote natt welle what do nor seyn,
Longe absens grevyth me so;
For lakke of syght nere and I fleyn,
All joy myne hert hath in disseedeyn,
Comfort fro me is go.
Then thogh I wold me owght complain
Of my sorwe and grete payn,
Who shold comfort me do?
Ther is nothinge can make me to be fayn,
But the syght of hym agayn
That cawsis my woo.
None but he may me susteyn,
He is my comfort in all payn,
I love hym and no moo;
To hym I woll be trywe and playn,
And evyr his owne in serteyn,
Tyll deth departe us to.
My hert shall I never fro hym refrayn,
I gave hitt hym withowte constrainy,
Evyr to contenwe so.

Hull.

THE PROVERBS OF KING ALFRED.

From MS. Trin. Coll. Camb. B. 14, 39, of the beginning of the thirteenth century. There was also a copy in MS. Cotton. Galba, A. xix. which fortunately perished in the fire. Wanley (p. 231) and Spelman (Vit. *A* 127) have preserved some lines of it, which give some various readings. There is another copy in a MS. at Oxford, of which Sir Frederic Madden has kindly given a transcript, printed here at the foot of the pages.

At Siforde
 setin kinhis monie,
 fele biscopis,
 ⁊ fele booc-lerede,
 herles prude
 ⁊ cniutes egleche.
 þer was erl Alfred,
 of þe lawe swiþe wis,
 ⁊ heke Alfred
 Englene herde,
 Englene derling;
 in Enkelonde he was king.
 hem he gon lérin,
 so we mugen i-herin,
 whu we gure lif lede sulin.
 Alfred he was in Enkelonde a king,
 wel swiþe strong ⁊ lufsum þing.
 He was king ⁊ cleric,
 ful wel he lovede Godis werc;
 he was wis on his word,
 ⁊ war on his werke;
 he was þe wisiste mon
 þad was in Engelonde on.

From MS. Coll. Jes. Oxon. 1, 29, fol. 262.

Incipiunt documenta regis Alverdi.

At Sévorde
 séte theynes monye,
 fele biscopes,
 and feole bol i-lered,
 eorles prute,
 knytes egleche.
 Thar wes the eorl Alvrich
 of thare lawe swithe wis,
 and ek Ealvred,
 Englene hurde,
 Englene durlyng;
 on Englene londe he wes kyng.

Heom he bi-gon léré,
 so ye mawe i-hure,
 hw hi heore lif
 lede scholden.
 Alred he wes in Englene lond
 and king wel swithe strong;
 he wes king and he was clerek,
 wel he luvède Godes werk;
 he wes wis on his word,
 and war on his werke;
 he wes the wysuste mon
 that wes Engle londe on.

¶ þus quad Alfred,
 Englene frowere :
 wolde we, mi leden,
 lustin gure lovird,
 ¶ he gu wolde wissin
 of wi[s]liche þinges,
 gu we mistin in werelde
 wrsipe weldin,
 ¶ heke guré salle
 same to Criste.
 þis weren þe sawen
 of kinc Alfred :
 Armo ¶ edie ledin
 of livisdom,
 þad we alle dredin
 gure dristin Crist,
 lovin him ¶ likin,
 for he is lovird ovir lif.
 He is one God
 over alle godnesse,
 ¶ he is gleues
 over alle gladeþinhes ;
 he is one blisse
 over alle blitnesse ;
 he is one mones
 mildist maister ;
 he is one folkes
 fadir and frowere ;
 he is one ristewis,
 ¶ suo riche king,
 nat him sal ben wone
 no þing of is wille,

Thus queth Alvred,
 Englene frover ;
 Wolde ye, mi leode,
 luster eure loverde,
 he ou wolde wysse
 wisliche thinges ;
 hw ye myhte worldes
 wrthesipes welde,
 and ek eure saule
 somnen to Criste.
 Wyse were the wordes
 the seyde the king Alvred.

Middeliche ich munye,
 myne leove freond,
 povre and riche,
 leode myne,
 that ye alle adréde

ure dryhten Crist,
 luyven hine and lykyen ;
 for he is loverd of lyf ;
 he is one God
 over alle godnesse ;
 he is one gleaw
 over alle glednesse ;
 he is one blisse
 over alle blissen ;
 he is one monnen
 mildest mayster ;
 he is one folkes
 fader and frover ;
 he is one rihtwis,
 and so riche king,
 that him ne schal beo wone
 nouht of his wille,

wo him her on worolde
wrþin þenket.
¶ þus quad Alfred,
Englene frovere :
May no riche king
ben onder Crist selves,
bote þif he be booc-lerid,
 þe writes wel kenne ;
 þe bote he cunne letteris,
lokin him selven
wu he sole his lond
laweliche holden.

¶ þus quad Helfred :
þe herl þe heþeling,
þo ben under þe king,
þe lond to ledan
mid lavelich i-dedin ;
þoþe þe clerc þe cnit
demen evenliche rict.
For after þat mon souit,
als suyich sal he mouin,
 þe everiches monnes dom
to his oge dure cherricd.

¶ þus quad Alfred :
þe cnith biovit
kerliche to cnouen,
for to weriin þe lond of here
 þe of heregong,
þat þe riche habbe gryt,
 þe cherril be in frit
his sedis to souin,
his medis to mowen,

we hine her on worlde
wrthie thencheth.

Thus queth Alvred,
Englene ƿrover :
Ne may non ryhtwis king
under Criste seolven,
bute if he beo
in boke i-lered,
and he his wyttes
swithe wel kunne,
and he cunne lettres
loki him seolf one,
hw he schule his lond
laweliche holde.

Thus queth Alvred :
The earl and the ethelyng
i-bureth under góðne king,

that lond to ledan
myd lawelyche deden ;
he schulle démen evelyche
the povre and the ryche
démén i-lyche.
Hwych so the mon soweth
al swuch he schal mowe ;
and everyches monnes de
to his owere dure churreth
Than knyhte bi-hoveth
kenliche on to fóne,
for to werie that lond
with hunger and with he
that the chireche habbe
and the cheorl beo in fr
his sedes to sownen,
his medes to mowen,

his plouis to drivin,
to ure alre bi-lif;
þis is þe cnichs lage,
loke þat hit wel fare.

¶ þus quad Helfred :
Wid widutin wisdom
is wele ful unwrd,
for þau o mon h[ad]de
hunt sevinti acreis,
þ he al heged sagin
mid rede golde,
þ þe golde greu
so gres deit on þe reiþe,
ne were i... wele
nout þe vurþere,
bote he him fremede
frend y-werche.
For wad is g[old] bute ston,
bute id habbe wis mon ?

¶ þus quad Alfred :
Sulde nefere guge mon
given him to huvele,
þoch he is gile
wel ne like.,,
ne,þech he ne welde
al þad he wolde ;

and his ploun beo i-dryve,
to ure alre bihove.
This is thes knyhtes lawe,
loke he that hit wel fare.

Thus queth Alred :
The mon the on his youhthe
yeorne leorneth
wit and wisdom,
and i-written reden,
he may beon on elde
wenliche lorthen.
And the that nule one youhthe
yeorne leornyn
wit and wysdom
and i-written rede,
that him schal on elde
sore rewne.
Thenne cumeth elde
and unhelthe,
thenne beoth his wéne
ful wrothe i-sene,
bothe heo beoth bi-swike,
and eke hi beoth a-swunde.

Thus queth Alvred.
Wyth-ute wysdome
is weole wel unwurh ;
for they o mon ahte
hunt sevinti acres,
and he hi hadde i-sowen
alle myd reade golde,
and the gold greowe
so gres doth on eorthe,
nere he for his weole
never the further,
bute he him of frumthe
freond i-wrche.
For hwat is gold bute ston,
bute if hit haveth wismon ?

Thus queth Alvred :
Ne scolde never yongmon
howyen to swithe,
theih him his wyse
wel ne lykie,
ne theih he ne welde
al that he wolde.

for God may given wanne he wele
goed after yvil,
wele after wrape ;
ge wel him þet mot scaben.

¶ þus quad Alfred :
[Stron]ge it his to rogen
agen þe se flod,
so it is to swinkin
again hineselþe,
..ch is him aguepe
þe suinch was,
wanen her on werlde
welþe to winnen,
..he muge on helde
hednesse holdin,
ne mist his welþe
werchin Godis wille,
..enne his his guewe
swiþe wel bitogen.

¶ þus quad Alfred :
Gif þu havest welþe a wold,
i-wis gerlde ne þin wil nevre for-þi
al to wlone wur-þen.
[Ah]te nis non eldere stren,
ac it is Godis love,
wanne hitis his wille,
wer fro we sullen wenden,
þ ure ogene lif
mid sorw letin,
þanne scullen ure fon
to ure fe gripen,
welden ure madmes,
þ lutil us bimenen.

¶ þus quad Alfred :
Monimon wenit
þat he wenen ne þarf,

For God may yeve thenne he wule
god after uwele,
weole after wowe ;
wel is him that hit i-schapen is.

Thus seyth Alvred :
Strong hit is to reowe
ayeyn the séé that floweth,
so hit is to swynke
ayeyn unylimpe.
The mon the on his youlhthe swo
swinketh,

and worldes weole her i-
that he may on elde
idelnesse holde,
and ek myd his worldes
god i-queme er he quele,
youthe and al that he hay
is thenne wel bi-towe.

Thus queth Alvred :
Monymon weneth,
that he wene ne tharf,

longer livis,
 ac him scal legen þat wrench ;
 for wanne he is lif alre beste trowen,
 þenne sal he letin lif his ogene.
 Nis no wurt woxen
 on woode no on felde,
 þet evvre muge þe lif up helde.
 'Wot no mon þe time
 wanne he sal henne rimen,
 ne no mon þen hende
 wen he sal henne wenden.
 Drittin hit one wot,
 domis lovird,
 wenne we ure lif
 letin scullen.

¶ bus quad Alfret :
 Leve þu þe nouit to swiþe
 up þe se flod ;
 gif þu hawest madmes monie,
 ȝ moch gold ȝ silvir,
 it sollen wurþen to nouit,
 to duste it sullin driven.
 Dristin sal livin evre ;
 monimon for is gold
 havid Godis eire,
 ȝ þuruch is silver
 is saulle he for-lesed.

longes lyves,
 ac him lyeth the wrench ;
 for thanne his lyves
 alre best luede,
 thenne he schal léten
 lyf his owe.
 For nys no wrt uexynde
 a wude ne a velde,
 that ever muwe thas feye
 furth up-holde.
 Not no mon thene tyme
 hwanne he schal heonne turne ;
 ne no mon thene ende
 hwenne he schal heonne wende ;
 Dryhten hit one wot,
 dowethes loverd,
 hwanne ure lif
 leten schule.

Thus queth Alvred :
 Yf thou seolver and gold
 yefst and weldest in this world,
 never upon eorthe
 to wlond thu ny wrthe.
 Ayhte nys non ildre i-streon ;

ac hit is Godes love,
 hwanne it is his wille,
 thar of we schulle wende,
 and ure owe lyf
 myd alle for-leton,
 thanne schulle ure i-fon
 to ure voun gripen,
 welen ure maythenes,
 and leten us byhinde.

Thus queth Alvred :
 Ne i-lef thu nouit to fele
 uppe the aéé that floweth.
 If thu hafst madmes
 monye and i-nowe,
 gold and seoliver,
 hit schal guyde to nouit ;
 to duste hit schal dryven.
 Dryhten schal libben evere.
 Monymon for his gold
 haveth Godes urre,
 and for his seolver
 hym seolve for-yemeth,
 for-yeteth and for-leseth.

Betere him were
i-borin þat he nere.

¶ þus quad Alfred :
lustlike lustine
. . lef dere,
þ ich her gu wille leren
wenes mine,
wit ȝ wisdome.
þe alle welþe on ure god,
siker he may,
ȝ hwo hem nu senden.
For poch his weleþe him at-go,
is wid ne wen him newere fro.
Ne may he newir for-farin,
hwo him to fere haveth,
hwilis þat is lif
lesthen may.

¶ þus quad Alfred :
gif þu havist sorwe,
ne say þu hit þin arege ;
seit þin sadilbowe,
ȝ ridge singende.
þanne sait þe mon
þat ti wise ne can,
þad þe þine wise
wel þe likit.
Sorege gif þu havist,
ȝ ten arege hit sed,
bi-foren he þe bimened,
bi-hindin he þe scarned.
þu hit mist seien swich mon,
þad it þe ful wel on,

Betere him by come
i-boren that he nére.

Thus queth Alvred :
Lusteth ye me, leode,
ower is the neode,
and ich eu wille lére
wit and wisdom
that alle thing over goth.
Syker he may sitte
the hyne haveth to i-vere ;
for theyh his eyhte him a-go,
his wit ne a-goþ hym never mo.
For ne may he for-vare,
the hyne haveth to vere,
the wile his owe lyf,

i-leste mote.

Thus queth Alvred :
If thu hast seorewe,
ne seye thu hit nouht tha
Seye hit thine sadel-bow
and ryd the singinde forl
thenne wele wene,
thet thine wise ne con,
that the thine wise wel ly
serewe if thu hastev,
and the erewe hit wot,
by-fore he the moneth,
by-hynde he the teleth.
Thu hit myght segge swyh
that the ful wel on,

swich mon þu maist seien þi sor,
 he wolde þad þu hevedest mor.
 for-þi hit in þin herte . . . one,
 for-hele hit wid þin arege,
 let þu nevere þin arege witin
 al þer þin herte þenket.

¶ þus quad Alfred :
 Wis child is fadiris blisse.
 Gif it so bitidit
 þat þu chil weldest,
 þe wile þat hit is litil
 þu lere him monnis þewis ;
 þanne hit is woxin,
 he sal wenne þerto ;
 þanne sal þe child
 þas þe bet worþen.
 Ac gif þu les him welden
 al his owene wille,
 þanne he comit to helde,
 sore it sal him rewen ;
 ȝ he sal banne þat widt
 þat him first tagte.
 þanne sal þi child
 þi forbod over-gangin.
 Beter þe þere child
 þat þu ne havedest ;
 for betere is child unboren,
 þenne unbeten.

¶ þus quad Alfred :
 Drunken ȝ undrunken
 eþer is wisdome wel god,
 þarf no mon drinkin þe lasse
 þan he be wid ale wis ;
 ac he drinkit
 ȝ desiet þere a morge,
 so þat he for-drunken
 desiende werchet.
 He sal ligen long a nicht,
 litil sal he sclepen ;
 him sugh sorege to,

h-ute echere ore,
 n the muciele more ;
 ud hit on thire heorte,

that the eft ne smeorte ;
 ne let thu hyne wite,
 al that thine heorte by-wite.

so deð þe salit on fles
suket þuru is liche,
so dot liche blod ;
þ his morge sclep
sal ben umchilestin,
werse þe swo on even
yvele haved y-dronken.

¶ þus quad Alfred :
Ne sal þu þi wif
bi hire wlite chesen,
ne for non athte to þine bury
bringen her, þu hire costes cuþe ;
for moni mon fer athte
ivele i-hasted,
þ ofte mon on faire
fokel chesen.
Wo is him þat ivel wif
brinhit to is cot-lif ;
so his olive,
þai ivele wived,
for he sal him often
dreri maken.

¶ þus quad Alfred :
Wurþu nevere swo wod,
ne so drunken,
þat evere sai þu þi wif
al þat þi wille be.
For hif hue segen þe
biforen þine fomen alle,
þ þu hire mit worde
wraged havedest,

Thus queth Alvred :
Ne schal tu nevere thi wif
by hire wlyte cheose ;
for never nōne thinge
that heo to the bryngeth.
Ae leorne hire custe,
heo cutheth hi wel sone.
For monymon for ayhte
uvele i-aughteth ;
and ofte mon of fayre
frakele i-cheoseth.
Wo is him that uvel wif
bryngeth to his cotlyf ;
so him is a lytte,
that uvel y-wyveth ;
for he schal uppen eorthe

dreori i-wurthe.
Monymon singeth,
that wif hom bryngeth ;
wiste he hwat he brouthe,
wepen he myhte.

Thus queth Alvred :
Ne wurth thu never so wod,
ne so wyn drunke,
that évere segge thine wife
alle thine wille.
For if thu i-seye the bi-vore
thine i-vo alle,
and thu hi myd worde
i-wreþhþed hevedest,

he ne sold it leten
for þinke livihinde,
þat he ne solde þe up-breidin
of þine bale siþes.

Wimon is word wod,
þ havit tunke to swist,
þanne he hire selve wel wolde,
ne mai he it nowit welden.

T bus quad Alvered :
wurþu nevere so wod,
ne so desi of þi mod,
þad evere sige þi frend
al þat þe likit,
ne alle þe þonkes
þat þu þoch havist ;
for ofte sibbie men
foken hem bituenen,
þ ef it so bilimpit
lo...e þat ge wurþen,
þanne wot þi fend
þad her wiste þi frend.
Betere þe bicome
þi word were helden,
for þam ne mud mamelit
more þanne hitsolde,
þanne sculen his heren
ef it i-heren.

T bus quad Alvred :
Mani mon wenit
þat he wenin ne þarf,
frend þad he habbe,
þer mon him faire bi-hait,
seiet him faire bi-foren,
fokel at henden.
So mon mai wel þe lengest helden,
giv þu nevere leven alle monnis spechen,
ne alle þe þinke
þat þu herest sinken ;
for moni mon havit fikil mod,
þ he is monne cuð.

scholde heo hit lete
thing lyvynde,
þeo nescholde the forth up-breyde
þine baleu sythes.

Wymmon is word-woth,
and haveth tunge to swift ;
theyh heo wel wolde,
ne may heo hi nowiht welde.

Ne saltu nevere knewen.
wanne he þe wole bipechen.

T þus quad Alvred :
Moni appell is wid-uten grene,
brit one leme,
þ bittere wid-innen.
So his moni wimmon
in hire faire bure,
schene under schete,
þ pocke hie is in an stondes wile.
Swo is moni gadeling
godelike on horse,
wlanc on werge,
þ unwurþ on wike.

T þus quad Alvred :
Idilscipe þ orgul prude,
þat lerit gung wif
leþere þewes,
þ often to þenchen
don þat he ne scolde.
Gif he for-swuken,
swoti þuere swo hie ne þochte,
ac þoþ hit is ivel to bewen
þat tertre ben ne wille ;
for ofte mused þe catt
after the moder.
Wose lat is wif his maister wurþen,
sal he never ben his wordes loverd ;
ac he sal him rere dreige,
þ moni tene selliche hawen :
selden sal he ben on sele.

Thus queth Alfred :
Idelschipe and over prute,
that lereth yong wif uvel thewes,
and ofte that wolde do,
that heo ne schoilde,
thene untheu lihte,
leten heo myhte.
If heo ofte a swóte
for-swuken were,
theyh hit is uvel to buwe
that beo vule treowe.
For ofte museth the kat
after hire moder.
The mon that let wymmon
his mayster i-wurthe,
ne schal he never beon i-hurd

his wordes loverd ;
ac heo hine schal steorne
to-trayen and to-teóne ;
and seide wurth he blythe and gl
the mon that is his wives qued.
Mony appell is bryht with-ute,
and bitter with-inne ;
so is mony wymmon
on hyre fader þure,
schene under schete,
and theyh heo is schendful ;
so is mony gedelyng
godlyche on horse ;
and is theyh lutel wurth :
wlonk bi the glede,
and úvel at thare neode.

¶ þus quad Alfreverd :
 Gif þu frend bi-gete
 mid þi fre bigete,
 loke þat þu him þeine
 mid alle þe uues þines.
 loke þat he þe be mide
 bi-foren ȝ bi-hinden,
 þe bett he sal þe reden
 at alle þine neden.
 ȝ on him þu maist þe tresten,
 þif is troyþe degh.
 Ac gif þu havist a frend to day,
 ȝ to moreuin drivist him auei,
 þenne bes þu one,
 al so þu her were ;
 ȝ þanne is þi fe for-loren,
 ȝ þi frend boþen.
 betere þe bicome frend
 þat þu newedest.

¶ þus quad Alfred :
 þurch sage mon is wis,
 ȝ þurh selþe mon is gleu,
 þurch lesin mon is loð,
 ȝ þurh lúþere wrenches unwurþ.
 ȝ hokede honden make þen mon
 is hewit to lesen.
 Ler þu þe never
 over mukil to leþen ;
 ac loke þine nexte,
 he is ate nede god ;
 ȝ frendchipe o werlde
 fairest to wurchen,
 wid povere ȝ wid riche,
 wid alle men i-liche,
 þanne maist þu sikerliche
 seli sittin,
 ȝ faren over londe,
 hwar so bet þi wille.

¶ þus quad Alvred :
 Gif þu havist duge,
 ȝ drichen þe senden,
 ne þeng þu nevere þi lif
 to narruliche ledan,
 ne þine faires

to faste holden.
 For wer hachte is hid,
 þer is armþe i-noch;
 ȝ siker ich it te saige,
 letet gif þe liket,
 swich mon mai after þe þi god welden,
 ofte binnen þine burie
 bliþe wenden,
 þad he ne wele heren
 mid ennþe monegen;
 ac evvere him of-pinket,
 þen he þe þenked.

¶ bus quad Alvred;
 Vretu noth to swiþe
 þe word of þine wive;
 for þanne hue bed i-wuarþed (?)
 mid wordes oper mid dedes,
 wimmon weped for mod
 ofter þanne fro eni god,
 ȝ ofte lude ȝ stille
 for to wurchen hire wille.
 Hueweped oper wile,
 þen hue þe wille biwilen.
 Salamon hid hawiti-sait,
 hue can moni yvel reid.
 Hue ne mai hit non oþir don,
 for wel herliche hue hit bi-gan.
 þe mon þad hire red folewiþ,
 he bringeþ him to seruge;
 for hit is said in lede,
 cold red is quene red.
 Hi ne sawe it nocht bi þan,
 þat god þing is god wimmon;
 þe mon þad michtie hire cnoswen,
 ȝ chesen hire from oþere.

Thus queth Alfred :
 Evre thu be thine lyve,
 the word of thine wyve
 to swithe thu ne aréde,
 If heo beo i-wreþthed
 myd worde other myd dede,
 wymmon weþeth for mod
 oftere than for eny god;
 and ofte lude and stille
 for to vordrye hire wille.
 Heo weþeth other hwile
 for to do the gyle.
 Salomon hit haveth i-sed,

that wymmon can wel uvelne red:
 the hire red foleweth,
 heo bryngeth hire to seorewe.
 For hit seyth in the loþ,
 as scumes for-teoth;
 hit is i-furn i-seyd,
 thet cold red is quene red;
 hu he is vulede
 that foleweth hire rede.
 Ich hit nc sege nouht for than
 that god thing nys god wymmon,
 the mon the hil may i-cheose,
 and i-covere over oþre.

¶ bus quod Alfred :
 Be þu nevere to bold,
 to chiden agen oni scold,
 ne mid mani tales
 to chiden agen alle dwales.
 Ne nevere þu biginne
 to tellin newe tidinges
 at nevere nones monnis bord ;
 ne hawe þu to fele word.
 þe wise mon mid fewe word
 can fele biluken ;
 ¶ sottis bold is sone i-scoten.

Thus queth Alred :
 Monymon weneth,
 that he weny ne tharf,
 freond that he habbe,
 thar me him vayre bi-hat,
 seyth him vayre bi-vore
 and frakel bi-hynde ;
 so me may thane lothe
 lengust lede.
 Ne i-lef' thu never thane mon,
 that is of feole speche ;
 ne alle the thinge
 that thu i-herest singe.
 Mony mon haveth swikelne muth,
 milde and monne for-euth ;
 nole he the euthe,
 hwenne he the wule bi-kache.

Thus queth Alred :
 Thurh sawe mon is wis,
 and thurh his elthe mon is gleu ;
 thurh lesinge mon is loth,
 and thurh luthre wrenches and un-
 wirth ;
 and thurh bokede honde that he
 bereth,
 him seolve he for-vareth.
 From lesyng thu the wune,
 and alle unthewesthu the bi-schune ;
 so myht thu on theode
 leof beon in alle leode.
 And hove thyne nexte,
 he is at the neode góð ;
 at chepynge and at chyreche,
 freond thu the i-wurche,
 wyth povere and with riche,
 with alle monne i-lyche ;
 thanne myht thu sikerliche
 sely sytte,
 and ek faren over lond,
 be hwider so beoth thi wille.

Thus queth Alred :
 Alle world ayhte
 shulle bi-cumen to nouhite,
 and uyches cunnes madmes
 to mixe schulen i-multen,
 and ure owe lif
 lutel hwile i-leste.
 For theyh o mon wolde
 al the worlde,
 and al the wunne
 the thanne wunyeth,
 ne myhte he thar myde his lif
 none hwile holde.
 Ac al he schal for-leten
 on a litel stunde ;
 and schal ure blisse
 to balewe us i-wurthe,
 bute if we wurcheth
 wyllen Cristes.
 Nu bithenche we thanne us selve,
 ure lif to ledan,
 so Crist us gynneth lere ;
 thanne mawe we wenen
 that he wule us writhie.
 For so seyde Salomon the wise,
 the mon that her wel deth,
 he cameth than he lyen folth
 on his lyves ende,
 hit schal a-vynde.

Thus queth Alred :
 Ne gabbe thu, ne schotte,
 ne chid thu wyth none sotte ;
 ne myd manyes cunnes tales
 ne chid thu with nenne dwales ;
 ne never thurh ne bigynne
 to telle thine tythinges
 at nones fremannes borde,
 ne have thu to vale worde.
 Mid fewe worde wismon
 fele biluken wel con ;
 and sottes bolt is sone i-scohte ;

For-pi ich telle him for a dote,
 þad sait al is y-wille,
 þanne he sulde ben stille:
 for ofte tunke brekit bon,
 ȝ navid hire selwe non.

¶ bus quad Alverd :
 Elde cumid to tune,
 mid fele unkeþe costes ;
 ȝ doþe þe man to helden,
 þat him selwe ne mai he him noch welden.
 Hit makit him wel unmeke,
 ȝ binimit him is miste.
 ȝif it swo bitided,
 þat þu her so longe abidist,
 ȝ þu in þine held werldes
 welþe weldest,
 þi duþeþe giv þu delen
 þine dere frend,
 hwile þine dages dugen,
 ȝ þu þe selwen live mowe.
 Have þu none leve
 to þe þad after þe bileded,
 to sone ne to douter,
 ne to none of þine foster.
 For fewe frend we sculen finden,
 þanne we henne funden :
 for he þat is ute bi-loken,
 he is inne sone for-geten.

¶ Thus quad Alverd :
 Gif þu i þin helde best

for-thi ich holde hine for dote
 that sayth al his wille,
 thanne he scholde beon stille :
 for ofte tunge breketh bon,
 theyh heo seolf nabbe non.

Thus queth Alverd :
 Wis child is fader blisse.
 If hit so bi-tydeth
 that thu bern i-bidest,
 the hwile hit is lutel
 ler him mon thewes ;
 thanne hit is wexynde
 hit schal wende thar to,
 the betere hit schal i-wurthe
 ever buven eorthe.
 Ac if thu him lest welde,
 werende on worlde,
 lude and stille,

his owene wille ;
 hwanne cumeth ealde,
 ne myht thu hyne a-welde,
 thanne deth hit sone
 that the bith un-y-queme ;
 ofer-howeth thin i-bod,
 and maketh the ofte sory mod.
 Betere the were
 i-boren that he nere ;
 for betere is child unbore,
 thane unbuhsum.
 The mon the spereth yeorde,
 and younge childe ;
 and let hit arulye,
 that he hit areche ne may ;
 that him schal on ealde
 sore reowe. Amen.

Explicant dicta regis Aloredi.

welþes bi-delid,
 J þu ne cunne þe leden
 mid none cunnes listis,
 ne þu ne moge mid strenghe
 þe selwen steren,
 þanne þanke þi loverd
 of alle is love,
 J of alle þine owene live,
 J of þe dagis licht,
 J of alle murþe
 þad he for mon makede.
 J hweder so þu hwendes,
 sei þu aten ende,
 wrþe þad i-wurþe,
 i-wurþe Godes wille.

T þus quad Alvred :
 werldes welþe
 to wurmes scal wurþien,
 J alle cunne madmes
 to nocht sulen melten,
 J þure lif sal lutel lasten.
 For þu mon weldest
 al þis middellert,
 J alle þe welþe
 þad þe inne wonit,
 ne nust þu þi lif lengen
 none wile,
 bote al þu it salt leten
 one lutele stunde,
 J al þi blisse
 to bale sal i-wurþen,
 bote þif þu wurche
 wille to Criste.
 For biþeng þe we mus us selwen
 to ledan ure lif,
 so God us ginnid leten,
 þenne muge we wenen
 þad he us wile wurþen.
 For swo saide Salomon,
 þe wise Salomon :
 wis is þad wel doþ
 hwile he is in þis werld,
 boþ evere at þen ende
 he comid þer he hit findit.

¶ þus quad Alvred :
 Sone min swo leve,
 site me nu bisides,
 ⁊ hich þe wile sagen
 soþe þewes.
 Sone min, ich fala^t (*sic*)
 þad min hert falewidþ,
 ⁊ min wlite is wan,
 ⁊ min herte woc,
 mine dagis arren nei done,
 ⁊ we sulen unc to delen ;
 wenden ich me sal
 to þis oþir werlde,
 ⁊ þu salt bileven,
 in alle mine welþe.
 Sone min, ich þe bidde,
 þu ard mi barin dere,
 þad þu þi folck be fader,
 ⁊ for loverd ;
 fader be þu wid child,
 ⁊ be þu wudewis frend,
 þe arme gume þu froveren,
 ⁊ þe woke gume þu coveren,
 þe vrouke givve þu ristin
 mid alle þine mistin ;
 ⁊ let the sune mid lawe,
 ⁊ lowien þe sulen Drizten,
 ⁊ ower alle oþir þinke
 God be þe ful mindc,
 ⁊ bide þad he þe rede
 at alle þine dedis.
 þe bet sal þe filsten
 to don al þine wille.

¶ þus quad Alvred :
 Sone min so dere,
 do so ich þe lere ;
 be þu wis on þi word,
 ⁊ war o þine speche,
 þenne sulen þe lowien
 ledan alle.
 þe gunge mon do þu lawe,
 þad helde lat is lond hawen.
 Drunken mon þif þu mestes,
 in weis oþer in stretes,
 þu gef him þe weie reme
 ⁊ let him ford gliden.

þenne mist þu þi lond
 mit frendchipe helden.
 Sone, þu best bus þe fot
 of bismare word,
 ȝ bet him siwen þer mide,
 þad him givve to smerten.
 ȝ baren, ich þe bidde,
 þif þu on benche sithest,
 ȝ þu þen beuir hore sixst
 þe bi-foren stonden,
 buch þe from þi sete,
 ȝ bide him sone þer to,
 þanne welle he sawin
 sone one his worde,
 wel worþe þe wid,
 þad þe first taite.
 Sete þanne seiþin
 besidén him selven,
 for of him þu mist leren
 listes ȝ fele þeues,
 þe baldure þu mist ben ;
 for lere þu his reides,
 for the heldermon me mai of rideñ,
 betere þenne of reden.

Thus quad Alvred :

Sone min so dere,
 ches þu nevere to fere
 þen luþere lusninde mon,
 for he þe will wrake don.
 From þe wode þu macht te faren
 wid wilis, ȝ wid armes ;
 ac þanne þu hid lest wenest,
 þu luþere þe biswiket.
 þe bicche bitit ille,
 þan he berke stille.
 So deit þe lusninde luþere mon,
 ofte þen he darit don,
 þan he be wiþuten stille,
 he bit wiþinin hille,
 ȝ al he bi-fulit his frend,
 þen he him unfoldit.

Thus quad Alvred :

Lewe sone dere,
 ne ches þu nevere to fere
 þen hokerfule lese mon,
 for he þe wole gile don ;

he wole stelin þin haite ȝ keran,
 ȝ listeliche on-suerren ;
 so longer he nolle be bi,
 he nolle brinhan on ȝ tuenti
 to nouit, for soþe ich tellit þe :
 ȝ oþer he wole lïben ȝ hokerful ben,
 þuru hoker ȝ lesing þe aloþed
 alle men þat hen y-cnowed.
 Ac min þe to þe astable mon,
 þat word ȝ dede bi-sette con,
 ȝ multeplien heure god,
 a sug fere þe his help in mod.

¶ þus quad Alvred :

Leve sone dere,
 ne ches þu nevere to fere
 littele mon, ne long, ne red,
 þif þu wld don after mi red.
 ¶ þe luttele mon he his so rei,
 ne mai non him wonin nei ;
 so word he wole him selven teir,
 þat his lovird maister he wolde beir ;
 bute he mote himselfen pruden,
 he wole maken fule luden ;
 he wole gressen, cocken, ȝ chiden,
 ȝ hewere faren mid unluden.
 þif þu me wld i-leven,
 ne mai me never him quemen.

¶ þe lonke mon is leþe bei,
 selde comid is herte rei ;
 he havit stoni herte,
 no þing him ne smerteþ ;
 bi ford dages he is aferd,
 of sticke ȝ ston in huge werd.
 þif he fallit in þe fen,
 he bewit ut after men ;
 þif he slit in to a dige,
 he is ded witerliche.

¶ þe rede mon he is a quet ;
 for he wole þe þin uvil red ;
 he is cocker, þef, ȝ horeling,
 scolde, of wrechedome he is king.
 Hic ne sige nouit bi þan,
 þat moni ne ben gentile man ;
 þuru þis lore ȝ genteleri,
 he amendit huge companie.

Wrt.

A POEM ON BLOOD-LETTING.

**MS. o. volume of the end of the 14th century, in the possession of
C. W. Loscombe, Esq.**

Maystris that uthyth blode letyng,
 And therwyth giteth ȝowr levyng,
 Here ȝe may lere wysdom ful gode,
 In what place ȝe schulle let blode
 In man, woman, and in childe,
 For evelys that ben wyk and wilde.
 Weynis ther ben .xxx.^a and two
 That on a man mot ben undo ;
 .xvj. in the heved ful riȝt,
 And .xvj. beneth in ȝow i-pyȝt.
 In what place thay schal be founde,
 I schal ȝow telle in a stounde.
 Besydis the ere ther ben two,
 That on a man mot ben undo
 To kepe hys heved fro evyl turnyng,
 And fro the scalle, wythout lesyng.
 Two at the templys thay mot blede
 For stoppynge of kynde, as I rede.
 And on is in the mydde for-hevede,
 For lepre sausfieme mot blede.
 Abowe the nose thare is on,
 For fuethynge mot be undon ;
 And also whan eyhen ben sore,
 And for resyng gout everemore.
 Two they ben at the eyhen ende,
 Whan they beth bleryt for to amende,
 And for that cometh of smokyng,
 I wol tel yow no lesyng,
 At the holle of the ȝrot ther ben two,
 That for lepre and streyt breyt mot be undo.
 In the lyppys .iiij. ther ben gode to bledene,
 As I yow telle now bydene
 Two by the eyhen abowen also,
 I telle yow there ben two
 For sor of tho mowthe to blede,
 What hyt is I fynde as I rede.
 Two under the tongue wythout lese
 Mot blede for the squynase ;
 And whan the towngē is akyngē
 Throȝt eny maner swollyngē.
 Now I hawe tolē of .xvj.

That longeth to the heved, I weyn ;
 Of as many I schal yow say,
 That hel were bet, in fay.

In every harme ther ben fywe
 Gode to blede to man and wyve.
Sephelica is that on i-wys,
 The heved weyn i-clepyt is,
 That body apleyt and the heved,
 He clansyt fro that ille weyd.
 In the byȝt of the harme also
 Anoȝyr hys that mot be undo,
Baselyca hys name is,
 Leythe he setyt thare i-wys ;
 Forsothe he clansyt the lyvere aryf,
 And alle the membrys benethe astreyt.
 The medyl weyn betuen ham two
 The coral is cleppyt also ;
 That veyn clansit wythoutte doute
 Abowe, beyntre, within and without.
 Fro *basylica*, that I of tolde,
 A branche veyn spryngeth up ful bolde ;
 To the thowme goth that on branche,
 The cardiacle he wol stanche ;
 That other branche ful ryȝt goyt
 To the lytil fyngere, without anoyt,
 Hyt is a weyn of noble fame,
*Salva tell . . . ** is hys name,
 There is no veyne that clansyt so clene
 Stoppynge of lyver ne of splene.
 Bynethe the knokelys of the fete
 Wyth two weynis thow myȝt mete,
 Wythin settyt *domestica*,
 Wythoute settyt *salvatica* ;
Domistica clanseth ful welle
 The blader within every delle,
Salvatrica withoute dowte
 Clensemeth ful wel for the goute.
 A woman schal in the harme blede
 For stoppyng of hure flowrys at nede ;
 A man schal blede ther also
 The emeraudis for to undo ;
 Thys veynis ȝyf thu use as I yow say,
 The fever quarteyn thu schal do away.

* A letter or two seem to be erased after *tell*, though I am no
 there is any omission.

Al the veynis that I have tolde,
 Thay clanseth bothe ȝonge and olde;
 ȝyf thou thyse use at thi nede,
 Of the evelys dar ȝe nost drede,
 So that oure Lorde be helpyng,
 That al hath in governyng.

*Explicit ars fleobotimandi secundum Cambridge et Oxon.
 Hill.*

JOHN ARDERNE'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF.

From the English treatise *de Fistula in Ano*, in MS. Sloane. 563, fol. 124, r^e. of the fifteenth century. This is one of the best manuscripts of the English version, and I am indebted for the choice of it to the politeness of one of the keepers of the Manuscripts in the British Museum, who also informed me that, upon collation of a great number of manuscripts, he had found that this tract is only a portion of a larger treatise.

Johan Arderne fro the first pestelence that was in the yere of our Lord 1349, duelled in Newerke in Notinghamschire unto the yere of our Lord 1370, and ther I helid many men of *fistula in ano*; of which the first was Sir Adam Everyngham of Laxton in the Clay byside Tukkesford, whiche Sir Adam for sothe was in Gascone with Sir Henry that tyme named herle of Derby, and after was made Duke of Lancastre, a noble and worthy lord. The forsaide Sir Adam forsooth sufferend *fistulam in ano*, made for to aske counsell at all the lechez and corurgienz that he myghte fynd in Gascone, at Burdeux, at Briggerac, Tolows, and Neyybon, and Peyters, and many other placez, and all forsoke hym for uncurable; whiche y-se and y-herde, the forsaide Adam hastied for to torne home to his contree, and when he come home he did of al his knyghtly clothings, and cladde mournyng clothes in purpose of abydyng dissolyvynge or lesyng of his body beyng nyȝ to hym. At the last I forsaide Johan Arderne y-soȝt, and covenant y-made, come to hym and did my cure to hym, and, our Lorde beyng mene, I heled hym perfiteley within halfe a yere, and afterward hole and sound he ledde a glad life 30 yere and more. For whiche cure I gate myche honour and lovyng thurȝ all Ynglond; and the forsaide Duke of Lancastre and many other gentilez wondred therof. Afterward I cured Hugon Derlyng of Fowick of Balne by Snaythe. Afterward I cured Johan Schefeld of Rightwell aside Tekill. Afterward I cured Sir Raynald Grey lord of Wilton in Walez, and lord of Schirrlond byside Chesterfelde, whiche asked conseil at the moste famose

lechez of Ynglond, and none availed hym. Afterward I cured Sir Henry Blakborne clerk, Tresorere of the lord Prince of Walez. Afterward I cured Adam Oumfray of Schelford by-side Notyngham, and Sir Johan prest of the same toune, And Johan of Holle of Schirlande, and Sir Thomas Hamelden persone of Langare in the vale of Benare. Afterward I heled Sir Johan Mascy persone of Stopporte in Chestreschire. Afterward I cured frere Thomas Gunny, custode of the Frere Mynours of 3orke. Afterward in the yere of our Lord 1370, I come to London and ther I cured Johan Colyn maire of Northampton, that asked conseil at many lechez. Afterward I heled or cured Hew Denny, fischmanger of London, in Bryggestrete, and William Polle, and Raufe Dowble, and one that was called Thomas Browne, that had 15 holez by whiche went oute wynde with egestiouz ordour, that is to sey 8 holez of the to party of the ersse, and 7 on the tother syde, of whiche some holez was distaunte fro the towel by the space of the hand-brede of a manne, so that bothe his buttockz was so ulcerate and putrefied within that the quiter and filthe went oute iche day als myche as ane egg schel myȝt take. Afterward I cured 4 frerez prechours, that is to sey, frere Johan Writtell, frere Johan Haket, frere Petre Browne, frere Thomas Apperley, and a yong man called Thomas Voke, of whiche forseid somme had only one holy distaunte fro the towell by one ynche, or by tuo, or by thre, and other had 4 or 5 holez procedyng to the codde of the testiclez. And many other maners, of which the tellyng war ful hard. All these forseid cured I afore the makynge of this boke, our Lord Jhesu y-blissed ! God knoweth that I lye noȝt, and therfor no man dout of this, thof al olde famour men and full clere in studie have confessed tham that thay fand noȝt the way of curacion in this case. For God, that is deler or rewarder of wisdome, hathe hit many things fro wyse men and sliȝe, whiche he vouchsafe afterward for to schew to symple men. Therfor al men that ar to come afterward, witte thai that olde maisterez war noȝt bisie ne pertinacez in sekyng and serchyng of this forsaide cure. Butt for they myȝt noȝt take the hardnes of it at the first frount, thai kest it utterly byhind thai bak ; of whiche for soth som demed it holly for to be incurable, other applied doutful opynyons. Therfor, for als myche in harde things it spedeth to studiers for to preserve and abide, and for to turne subtilly thair wittez, for it is opned not to tham that ar passand, bot to tham that ar perseverand. Therfor to the honour of God Almighty that hath opned witte to me that y schuld fynde tresour hidde in the felde of studiers, that long tyme and pantyng breste I have swette and travailed full bisily and per-

in dinamidiis. As my faculté sufficeth withoute faire
ng of endityng, I have broȝt for to schew it openly tham
meth after, oure Lord beyng me in this boke, noȝt that I
myselfe more worthi of lonyng of siche a gifte than other,
it I greve noȝt God, and for the dragme that he hathe
to me that I be noȝt constryned for treason. Therfor I
lat the grace of the holy gost be to the werke, that he
afe for to spedre it, that tho thinges which in wirkynge
I am ofte tymes experie I may plenerly explane tham
litel boke.*

Hull.

Hunter tells me that this treatise by Arderne is printed at the end
of a medical treatise of Arcus, 4to. London 1588. On
: I find that that edition is much abridged from the original.

THE PROVERBS OF HENDING.

er copy of the poem which we have printed under this title at p. 109
present volume occurs in MS. Gg. I. 1, fol. 475, v°, Bib. Publ. Cantab.
ign of Ed. II. It commences as follows—

Ici commence le livre de Hending.

Jhesu Crist al folkis rede,
That for us alle tholed dede
Apon the rode tre,
Lern us alle to be wise,
And to hendi in Godis servise !
Amen, par charité !
Wel is him that wel ende mai,
Quod Hending.

Ne mai no man that is in londe,
For nothing that he mai fonde,
Wonin at home and spedre,
So fele thewis for to lerne,
So he that had i-sowt yerne
Aventures in fele dede.
Also fele dedis also fele thewis,
Quod Hending.

Ne be thi childe nevir so dere,
And he wil nul thewis lere,
Bete him othir wele ;

Thef thou letist him havin his wille,
 Wilton niltow he wil spille
 And becomin a file.
 Sothe childe behovid lore, and leve childe
 som del more,
 Quod Hending.

Soche lore as man vil lerne,
 And nim hit into herte yerne
 Man in his youthe,
 Hi sul him and elde folow,
 Both avene and eke a-morw
 To be him wel cowthe.
 He is i-blessid o so Goddis mowthe, that god
 craft lernit in is thougthe,
 Quod Hending.

&c. &c. &c.

Hilll.

FRAGMENT OF A POEM ON THE VIRTUES OF HERBS.

From a MS. on vellum of the fourteenth century, now in the possession of
C. W. Loscombe, Esq.

To God that is owre best leche
 Owre hele holy we be-teche,
 And to that mayden mylde Marie,
 Modur ful of mercye.
 Gode vertu I sende yow hasshe,
 In worde, in ston, and in grasshe ;
 No wondur that man fallyt therto
 In tryst to keverit be of wo.
 Bothe Ypocras and Galiene,
 Platieri and Constanciene,
 Macer, Plimie, and other moo,
 Gode recorde berreth therto,
 That herbes helpeth man to leche.
 Of on the best schale be owre speche
 That evere was fonde in boke of kynde ;
 Man, at nede hawe it in mynde.
 This herbe is callit rosemarine,
 Of vertu that is gode and fyne :

Bot alle the vertues telle I ne cane,
 No I trawe no erthely man.
 Now summe of ham wylle I telle,
 An ȝe wyl a stowne dwelle,
 As I in boke writhen fonde
 Of doctowrus of dyverse londe,
 That everiche telles in hys degree
 As he hath preved in hys contree;
 And ȝet is preved every ȝere,
 To help mane in hys mystere.
 Alle that ever I preved have
 Ben fowden sothe, so God me save!
 An so sayen other that worche hit can,
 That hele hyt ȝeves to many man.

Bot slywyng and the rote of rosmaryne
 Man may set welle and fyne
 Betwene Aprile and the May,
 In neitis fen and of the way;
 And also befor the Mychaelmasse
 The same to set leve thu hasse;
 Wyth horse fenne thu hellyt welle,
 That colde grewe hyt never a delle.
 Alle so in Aprile do the seede,
 Ther blak erthe may hyt fede.
 The blake forst, the northeren wynde,
 To thys herbe beth unkynde.
 Helle hyt wel wyth alle thy mayn,
 And kep fro colde, that hyt be noȝt sleyn.
 Hyt wylle the help when hyt spronge,
 Therfor thi trawalle theynk noȝt longe.

Hyt hotte is in the secunde degree,
 Drye in the threddde, sayt Platearee.
 The fyfth virtu is gode and fyne
 Of the gloriowse rosmaryne;
 Alle colde eweles help hyt may
 Wythin the body, who can asay;
 Bot fryst the body most purget ben
 Wyth jorepygra Galyen,
 Other wyth summe gode purgacion
 That is of hot complexion.
 The flowre is of a gode lose,
 That men calleth auteose.
 The flowres boyle in water clere,
 Drynk erly and last after sopere,
 Hyt schal the clanse and kepe with wynne
 Of all hot eweles thi body wythinne.

Alle so seeth hyt in wyt wyne,
And weshe thi wysage wel therinne,
Hyt schal make the hole and clere,
Fayre and rody bothe i-fere.

Take poudyr of that same flowre,
And bere wyth the in everi howre,
And thu shalt be mery and lythe,
Graciowse and i-loved in al sythe.

Of rosemaryni is grene tree,
Berne a col and bere wyth the,
And lappe hyt in a lennyn clothe ;
Thoȝt hit grewe, be thu noȝt wrothe ;
Rubbe thi tethe therwyth at nede,
And thu shalt have wel gode spede.
For al wormes hyt wol slee,
And make wenym away to flee.

3yff thou hawe colde in thi hede
Throwth kowthe and poose that the dos lede,
Loke the barke, and therof brenne,
And finny thi visage wel therinne,
The smoke thu fowge at mowthe and noese,
Hyt wille the help of the poose.

Seeth the rote in vynacre of wyne,
And lette a theef weshe his fete thereinne,
He no schal that tyde have myȝt ne strenthe
No harme to do on brede ne lengthe,
No man robbe ne no thyng stelle ;
No man dare drede with him to dele.

The flowrys fastynge with ry brede,
Or other, ete, hit is my rede ;
Wyth hony meynge hyt wel to hepe,
Fro fallyng ewyl hit schal the kepe.

Also lay flowris on thy bedde ;
Thu schalt be i-helpit, I dare the wedde,
Fro drecchynge and fro ferdful swevenys,
Bothe by dayes and on evenys.

Moche of this herbe to seeth thou take
In water, and a bathe thou make ;
Hyt schal the make lyȝt and joly,
And also lykyng and ȝowuly.

Of thys herbe telles Galiene,
That in hys contree was a quene,
Gowtus and croket as he hath tolde,
And eke sixty ȝere olde ;
Sor and febyl, where men hyr sey,
Scho semyth wel for to dey ;

Of rosmaryn scho toke sex powde,
 And grownde hyt wel in a stownde,
 And bathed hir threyes everi day,
 Nyne mowthes, as I herde say,
 And afterwarde anoyntte wel hyr hede
 Wyth gode bame, as I rede ;
 Away fel alle that olde fleshe,
 And ȝowge i-sprong tender and nesshe ;
 So fresshe to be scho then bigan,
 Scho coveytede couplede be to man,
 For * * * *

[A few leaves of the MS. missing.]

Wrl.

MAN HIS OWN WOE.

MS. Cotton. Caligula, A. II. fol. 106, v°, of the fifteenth century.

Myn owene woe.

I may say, and so may mo,
 I wyte mysylfe myne owene woo.

In my ȝowthe full wylde y was,
 Myself that tyme kowthe I not knowe ;
 I wolde have my wyll in every place,
 And that hath browȝte me now full lowe.
 Thenke, Jhesu, I am thyng owne ;
 For me were thy sythes bloe :
 To chastysse me thou dydest hit, I trowe ;
 I wyte myself myne owene woo.

I made covienante trewe to be,
 When y fyrste crystened was ;
 I wente to the worlde, and turned fro the,
 And folowede the fend and his trace.
 Fro wrathe and envyng wolde y not passe,
 With covetyse y was bawȝte also.
 My flesh hadde his wyll, alas !
 I wyte myself myne owene woo.

Now y wote I was full wylde,
 For my wyll passed my wytte ;
 I was full sturdy, and thou full mylde,
 Lorde ! how I knowe well hytte,

Of thy blysse I were full qwyttie,
 3yf I hadde after that I have do ;
 But to thy mercy I truste 3ytte,
 And wyte myself myne owene woo.

Lorde ! I hadde no drede of the,
 Thy grace wente away therfore ;
 But, Lord ! syth thou knowest me,
 Thow woldest not that I were forlore.
 For me thou suffrest paynes sore,
 Thow art my frend, and I thy foo :
 Mercy, Lorde ! I woll no more ;
 I wyte myself myne owene woo.

Hyȝe I was in herte and prowde,
 And in clothyng wonther gay ;
 I lokede that men sholde to me lowte,
 Wheresoever I wente, by nyȝte or day.
 To fayre wymmen I toke gode aray,
 Alle myne entente toke I therto ;
 Aȝeyns thy techynge I sayde nay ;
 I wyte myself myne owene woo.

I trustede more unto my good,
 Thenne to Godde that hit me sente.
 Welthe made me full hyȝe of mode,
 Luste and lykynge me over-wente.
 To gete good I wolde not stynte,
 I ne rowȝte how I come therto ;
 To the pore nowȝt I ȝaf ne lente ;
 I wyte myself myne owene woo.

There ben thre pointes of myschef,
 That be confusioun to mony a monne,
 The whych worchen the sowle gref ;
 I shall hem telle as I kanne.
 Pore prowde that lytull have,
 And wolde be rayde as ryche menne go ;
 3yf they do folye, and be tane,
 They may wyte hemself here owen woo.

Ryche manne a thefe ys another,
 That of covetyse woll not slake ;
 What he with wronge begyle his brother,
 In blysse full sone shall be forsake.
 Byfore God for thefte hit ys take,
 All that with wronge he wynneth so ;
 But he the radure amedes make,
 He shall wyte hymself his owene wo.

Olde manne lechoure, that ys the thrydde;
 For his complexcyoun wexeth colde,
 Hit bryngeth the sowle Payne amyddde,
 Hit stynketh on God mony a folde.
 These thre that I have of tolde,
 Be plesyng to the fende oure fo ;
 Hem to sesen he ys bolde,
 He may wyte hymself his owene woo.

Mony defawtes God may fynde
 In us that shulde his servantes be ;
 He sheweth us love, we ben unkynde,
 Certes the more to blame be we.
 Some staren brothe, and may hit not se,
 By many a clerke hit fareth so ;
 Ther the love of God woll not be,
 They may wyte hemself here owene wo.

In thre poynete I dare well sayne
 God shold be worshipped in all thyng,
 With ryȝtewesnesse, and mercy, ther be twayne,
 The thrydde ys clennesse of lyvynge.
 To men that have holy cherche in kepyng,
 Hit ys his charge, and to lordes also ;
 And for they do agayns Goddus byddyng,
 They may wyte hemselfe hire owene wo.

Wronge ys sette ther ryȝte shulde be ;
 Mercy for manhode ys put away ;
 Lechery hathe made clennes to fle ;
 He dare not byde nyȝt nor day.
 Thus the fende, I dare well say,
 Wolde make our frend our full fo ;
 Manne ! amende the whyll thou may,
 Or wyte thyselfe thyn owene wo.

It ys no wonthur thowȝ thou be wo,
 Thyn owene wyll thou wylt seuwe ;
 Thy lordes byddyng thou wylt not do ;
 Thow art fals and untrewe.
 Sythen he syndeth the all thyng newe,
 And thou servest the fende and gost hym fro,
 But thou amende, hit shalle the rewe,
 And wyte thyself thyne owen wo.

Mon, take hede what thou art,
 But wormes mete, thou woste welle this ;
 Whenne the erthe hathe take his parte,

Heven or helle thou shalt have, i-wys,
 3yf thou do wele, thou goste to blysse ;
 3yf thou do evel, unto thy fo.
 Love thy Lorde God, and thyng on this,
 Or wyte thyself thyne owen wo.

Now Jhesu Cryste, our Saviour,
 From our son thou us defende ;
 In all our nede be our socour,
 Ere that tyme we hennes wende.
 And sendes grace here to amende,
 Hys blysse that we may come to ;
 For to have so gode an ende,
 That we may amende our wo.

Hull.

VARIOUS HEIGHTS OF MEN.

From MS. Lambeth, No. 306, fol. 177, r^o, b. of the reign of Edward IV.

The longitude of men folowynge.

Moyses xij. fote and viij. ynches and half.
 Cryste vj. fote and iiij. ynches.
 Our Lady vj. fote and viij. ynches.
 Crystoferus xvij. fote and viij. ynches.
 Kyng Alysaunder iiiij. fote and v. ynches.
 Colbronde xvij. fote and ij. ynches and half.
 Syr Ey. x. fote iiiij. ynches and half.
 Seynt Thomas of Caunturbery, viij. fote save a
 ynche.
 Long Mores, a man of Yrelonde borne, and ser-
 vaunt to Kyng Edward the iiiijth. vj. fote
 and x. ynches and half

Hull.

HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

From MS. Harl. 4657, early in fourteenth century, written as prose

En Mai ki fet flurir les prez,
 et pullulare gramina,

Ecist oysels chauntent assez
jocunda modulamina,
Li amaunt ki aiment vanitez
quærrent sibi solamina,
Je met ver wus mes pensers,
o gloriosa domina.

En wus espair solaz truver,
propinatrix solaminum,
Ki sovent soliez alegger
gravatos mole criminum.
Surement poet il esperer
medicinam peccaminum,
Ki du cement voet reclamer
te lucis ante terminum.

Duce rose, sul saunz per,
virgo decora facie,
En ki se pount amirer
cives cœlestis patriæ,
En wus voet Deus esprover
vires suæ potentiae,
Quant se forca de wus furmer,
splendor paternæ gloriæ.

Taunt de bunté en wus assist,
et tanta speciositas,
Ke à pain mendif remist
neque prodigalitas.
Mès quant si grant empres pris
illius liberalitas,
De wus coe crai le consail prist,
o lux beata trinitas.

Dame, sur tutes le pris avez,
et gaudes privilegio,
De honur, valu, e buntez,
et hæc requirit ratio;
Quant cil ki pur nus arusé
cruore fuit proprio,
De wus nasqui, li desiré,
Jhesu nostra redemptio.

Mere, pur la duzur
Jhesu dilecti filii,
Ki nasqui quit par vertu
ab omni labe vitii,

Defens nus seez e escu
 contra fulmen judicij,
 Par wus nus mist en salu
 summi largitor præmij.

Wrl.

A BALLAD.

From MS. Ff. I. 6. Bib. Publ. Cantab. of fifteenth cent.

Up son and mery wethir, somer drawith nere.

Somtyme y lovid, so do y yit
 In stedfast wyse and not to flit,
 But in danger my love was knyt,
 A pitous thyng to here.

For when y offerid my service,
 I to obbey in humble wyse,
 As ferfevth as y coude devise
 In countenaunce and chere.

Grete Payne for nought y dide endure,
 Al for that wyckid creature,
 He and no mo y you ensure
 Overthrew al my matere.

But now y thancke of his sand,
 I am escapid from his band,
 And fre to pas by se and land,
 And sure fro yere to yere.

Now may y ete, drynke, and play,
 Walke up and doune fro day to day,
 And herkyn what this lovers say,
 And laugh at ther manere.

When y shal slepe, y have good rest;
 Somtyme y had not alther best,
 But ar that y cam to this fest,
 Y bought hit al to dere.

Al that affray ys clene agoo,
 Not only that but many mo;
 And sith I am escapid so,
 I thencke to hold me here.

But al the crue that suffren smert,
 I wold thay sped lyke your desert,
 That thay myght synge with mery hert
 This song withouten fere.

Hull.

A CHRISTMAS CARROL.

a MS. II. iv. 11. in the Cambridge Public Library, of the fifteenth century, fol. penult. v°.

Puer nobis natus est de Virgine Maria.

Lystenyt, lordyngs, more and lees,
 I bryng yow tydynd of gladnes,
 As Gabriel beryt wytnes;
dicam vobis quia.

I bryng yow tydynges that [arn] fwul gowde;
 Now es borne a blyesful fowde,
 That bowt us alle upon the rode
sua morte pia.

For the trespass of Adam,
 Fro ys fader Jhesu ho cam,
 Here in herthe howre kende he nam,
sua mente pia.

Mayde moder, swete virgine,
 Was godnys may no man divine,
 Sche bare a schild wyt wot pyne,
teste profecia.

Mari moder, that ys so fre,
 Wyt herte mylde y pray to the,
 Fro the fend thou kepe me
tua prece pia.

Hull.

FOOD FOR NIGHTINGALES.

a MS. in Lambeth Palace Library, No. 306, fol. 177, r°. written in the reign of Edward the Fourth.

Dyete for a Nyghtyngale.

yrst take and geve hym yellow antes, otherwyse called nerys, as nere as ye may, and the white ante or pysmers

egges be best bothe wynter and somer, ij. tymes of the day an handful of bothe. Also geve hym of these sowes that crepe with many fete, and falle oute of howce rovys. Also geve hym whyte wormes that breedē betwene the barke and the tre.

Hull.

FABLE OF THE WOLF AND THE COUNTRY-WOMAN.

From MS. Dd. xi. 78, Bib. Publ. Cantab. fol. 149, v^o. Of the reign of Henry III. It is the same in substance as the first fable of Avienus.

Fabula de rustica et lupo.

Jurat anus flenti pueru ni supprimat iram,
Esca lupo dabitur: stat lupus ante fores.
Sic anus una semel dat promissum minasque;
Promissum sperat hic: timet ille minas.
Hic juramenti spem concipit, ille timorem;
Hic spe fraudatur, ille timore silet.
Motus cunarēm, vox matris, tedia flendi,
Sopit eum, mulcet sompnia, membra gravat.
Sic superata puer sompno dat lumina; sic est
Hujus spes ejus evacuata metu.
Hic redit illusus: lupa conjux, "quis tibi," dixit,
"Defectus prædæ? quæ tibi causa famis?"
Cui lupus, "illusit fallax me fæmina jurans
Viscera visceribus pascere nostra suis."
Qui falli meruit, exemplo discat in isto
Fæmineæ fidei non adhibere fidem.

Hull.

THE PATER NOSTER IN ANGLO-SAXON.

From MS. Cotton. Vitellius, A. xii. fol. 181, v^o, written early in the twelfth century.

Fader ure þe giert on heofena, sy þin nama ge-hagod, cumē
þin riche, sy þin willa on georða swo swo on heofona, ure
deghwamlica hlaf gyf us to deg, ȝ for-gyf us ure gyltas swo
swo we for-gyfað þam þe wið us a-gyltað, ȝ ne lede us on
costnunga, ac a-lys us of yfele. Amen, sy hit swo.

Wrt.

PROVERBS.

From MS. II. iii. 26, fol. ult. 10, in the Cambridge Public Library, of the fifteenth century.

Whos conscience is combred and stondith nott clene,
Of anothir manis dedis the wursse woll he deme.

Deme nott my dedis, thogh thyne be noght ;
Say whate thou wilte, knowyst nott my thowght.

Deme the beste of every dowte,
Tyll the trowth be tryed oute.

A harde thynge hit is, y-wys,
To deme a thynge that unknownen is.

A queyntanse of lordschip wyll y noght,
For furste or laste dere hit woll be bowght.

Hull.



A PROPHECY OF THE FALL OF REEVES ABBEY.

Written in a hand of the sixteenth century, in MS. Cotton. Titus, D. xii.

Two men came riding over Hackney hay,
The one of a blacke horse, the other on a gray ;
The one unto the other did say,
Loe yonder stood Reves, that faire abbay !

Henry Cawton, a monke, sometimes of Reves Abbay in Yorkshire, affirmed that he had often read this in a MS. belonging to that abbay, containing many prophesies, and was extant there before the time of the dissolution. But when he, or any af his fellowes, redde it, they used to throwe the book away in anger as thinking it impossible ever to come to passe.—E. B.

Hull.



AN HONOUR TO LONDON.

From MS. Lansd. 762. fol. 7 v°, of the reign of Henry V.

VIII

London ! thowe arte of townes a per se, *ascribed to Du*
Soveraigne of cities, most symbliest by sight, *see Herr. Arch.*
Of high renowne, riches, and roialtie, *XC, 151.*
Of lordis, barons, and many goodly knyght,

44, 41°

Of most delectable lusty ladyes bright,
Of famous prelatis in habitis claricall,
Of marchawntis of substawnce and myght;
London ! thowe arte the flowre of cities all.

Gladdeth a man, thowe lusty Troynomond,
Cicie that somtime cleped was Newe Troye,
In all this erth imperiall, as thowe stonde,
Princis of townys of pleasure and of joye.
A richer resteth under no cristen roye,
For manly powre with craftis naturall,
Furmeth noon fairer syn the flode of Noe ;
London ! thowe arte the flowre of cities all.

Jem of all joye, jasper of jocunditie,
Most myghtie carbuncle of vertue and valure,
Stronge Troy in vigure and treunytie,
Of royall cities rose and geraflour.
Empres of townys exalted in honour,
In beautie bering the trone imperiall,
Swete paradise precelling in pleasure ;
London ! thowe arte the flowre of cities all.

Above all rivers thy river hath renowne,
Whose boriall stremys plesaunt and preclare
Under thy lusty wallys renneth a-downe,
Where many a swan swymeth with wynge fare.
Where many a barge doth rowe and sayle with are,
Where many a ship resteth with top royall.
O towne of townis patron ! and not compare !
London ! thowe arte the flowre of cities all.

Upon thy lusty bridge, with pillers white,
Been marchauntis full royall to beholde ;
Upon thy stretis goth many a semely knyght,
In velvet gownys and chaynys of gold.
By Julius Cesour thy towre founded of olde,
Maye be the howce of Mars victoriall,
Whose artilery with tonge maye not be tolde.
London ! thowe arte the flowre of cities all.

Stronge be the walles abowte the stondis,
Wise be the people that within the dwelles,
Fresshe is thy river, with his lusty strandis,
Blithe be thy chirches, wele sownyng are thy belles.
Rich be thy marchauntis in substaunce that excelles,
Faire be thy wives, right lovesom, white, and small,
Clere be thy virgyns, lusty under kellys.
London ! thowe arte the flowre of cities all.

Thy famous maire by sure governaunce,
 With swerde of justize the ruleth prudently,
 No lorde of Parys, Denys, or Floraunce,
 In dignitie or honour goth hym nygh.
 He is example right lodester and guy,
 Principall patron and rose original,
 Above all maires as maister most worthy.
 London! thowe arte the flowre of cities all.

Hull.

FAITH AND REASON.

From MS. Harl. 541, fol. 207, vo, of the close of the fifteenth century.
 Similar lines are printed at p. 127 of the present volume.

Wytte hath wonder how reson telle can
 That mayd is mother and God is man,
 Oure noble sacrament yn thre thinges on.
 In this leve reson, beleve thou the wondre ;
 There feith is lord, reson gothe undre.

Gregorius. Fides non habet meritum, ubi humana ratio
 probet experimentum.

Hull.

OLD ENGLISH PROVERBS.

From Harl. MS. 2321 of the Sixteenth century.

- fol. 146.* Neyther barrell better herring.
 A large thonge of another mans hide.
 The cat doth love the fishe, but she will not wett her
 foote.
 That which the eye seeth not, the hart doth not rue.
 Cast the beame out of thie owne eye, then thou
 maiest see a mothe in another mans.
 Need makes the old wife trott.
 As long as I am riche reputed,
 With solem vyce I am saluted ;
 But wealthe away once woorne,
 Not one wyll say good morne.

- fol. 147.* When I lent I was a frend,
When I asked I was unkinde. f. 259
 A little in the morninge, nothing at noone,
And a light supper doth make to live longe.
 Evill gotten, wors spent.
- fol. 148.* A fooles bolt is sone shott.
 Riches are gotten with labor, holden with feare,
And lost with greife and excessive care.
 When thou hast gathered all that thou may,
Thou shalt departe, and knowest not what day.
- fol. 149.* He hath need of a long spoone that eateth with the
Devill.
 While the grasse growes the steede starves.
 Put not in this world to much trust,
 The riches whereof will turne to dust.

G. J. A.

A BESTIARY,

From MS. Arundel, No. 292, fol. 4, r^o. (in the British Museum,) of the earlier part of the thirteenth century. I have already communicated it to the *Altdeutsche Blätter*, vol. 2, Leipzig, 1837, a work which is in the hands of few Englishmen. It has been re-collated on the original MS. for the present edition. This poem is a close translation of the Latin *Physiologus* of Theobaldus or Thetbaldus. In the MS. it is written as prose.

Natura leonis j^a.

þe leun stant on hille,
 and he man hunten here,
 oðer þurg his nese smel,
 smoke þat he negge,
 bi wilc weie so he wile
 to dele niðer wenden,
 alle hise fet steppes
 after him he filleð,
 drageð dust wið his stert
 ðer he steppeð,
 oðer dust oðer deu,
 þat he ne cunne is finden,
 driveð dun to his den
 þar he him bergen wille.

ijs.

An oðer kinde he haveð,

wanne he is i-kindled
 stille lið ȝe leun,
 ne stireð he nout of slepe
 til ȝe sunne haveð sinen
 ȝries him abuten,
 ȝanne reiseð his fader him
 mit te rem ȝat he makeð.

iij^a.

ȝe ȝridde lage haveð ȝe leun,
 ȝanne he lieð to slepen
 sal he nevre luken
 ȝe lides of his egen.

Significacio prime nature.

Welle heg is tat hil,
 ȝat is heven riche,
 ure Loverd is te leun,
 ȝe liveð ȝer abuven ;
 wu ȝo him likede
 to ligten her on erðe,
 migte nevre divel witen,
 ȝog he be derne hunte,
 hu he dun come,
 ne wu he dennede him
 in ȝat defste meiden,
 Marie bi name,
 ȝe him bar to manne frame.

iij^a. et iij^a.

ȝo ure drigten ded was,
 and dolven, also his wille was,
 in a ston stille he lai
 til it kam ȝe dridde dai,
 his fader him filstnede swo
 ȝat he ros fro dede ȝo,
 us to lif holden,
 wakeð so his wille is,
 so hirde for his folde ;
 he is hirde, we ben sep ;
 silden he us wille,
 if we heren to his word
 dat we ne gon nowor wille,

Natura aquile.

Kiðen i wille ȝe ernes kinde,
 also ic it o boke rede,
 wu he neweth his guðhede,

hu he turneð ut of elde,
 siðen hise limes arn unwelde,
 siðen his bec is al to-wrong,
 siðen his fligt is al unstrong,
 and his egen dimme;
 hereð wu he neweð him.
 A welle he sekeð ðat springeð ai
 boðe bi nigt and bi dai,
 ðer over he flegeð, and up he teð,
 til ðat he ðe hevene seð,
 ðurg skies sexe and sevene
 til he cumeð to hevene;
 so rigt so he cunne
 he hoveð in the sunne;
 ðe sunne swideð al his fligt,
 and oc it makeð his egen brigt,
 hise fedres fallen for ðe hete,
 and he dun mide to the wete
 falleð in ðat welle grund,
 ðer he wurdeð heil and sund,
 and cumeð ut al newe,
 ne were his bec untrewe.
 His bec is get biforn wrong,
 ðog hise limes senden strong,
 ne maig he tilen him non fode
 him self to none gode,
 ðanne geð he to a ston,
 and he billeð ðer on,
 billeð til his bec biforn
 haveð ðe wrengðe forloren,
 siðen wið his rigte bile
 takeð mete ðat he wile.

Significacio.

Al is man so is tis ern,
 wulde ge nu listlen,
 old in hise sinnes dern,
 or he bicumeth cristen;
 and tus he neweð him ðis man,
 ðanne he nimeð to kirke,
 or he it biðenken can,
 hise egen weren mirke;
 forsaket ðore Satanas,
 and ilk sinful dede;
 takeð him to Jhesu Crist,
 for he sal ben his mede;

leveð on ure love[r]d Crist,
 and lereð prestes lore;
 of hise egen wereð ðe mist,
 wiles he dreccheð ðore.
 His hope is al to Gode-ward,
 and of his lufe he lereð;
 ðat is te sunne sikerlike,
 ðus his sigte he bereð;
 naked falleð in ðe funt fat,
 and cumeð ut al newe,
 buten a litel; wat is tat?
 His muð is get untrewe;
 his muð is get wel unkuð
 wið pater noster and crede;
 fare he norð, er fare he suð,
 leren he sal his nede;
 bidden bone to Gode,
 and tus his muð rigten;
 tilen him so ðe sowles fode,
 ðurg grace off ure drigten.

Natura serpentis.

An wirm ist o werlde,
 wel man it knoweð,
 neddre is it te name:
 ðus he him neweð,
 ðanne he is for-broken and for-broiden,
 and in his elde al for-wurden.
 Fasteð til his fel him slakeð,
 ten daies fulle,
 ðat he is lene and mainles
 and ivele mai gangen;
 he crepeð cripelande forð,
 his craft he ðus kiðeð,
 sekeð a ston ðat a ðirl is on,
 narwe buten he nedeð him,
 nimeð unneðes ðurg,
 for his fel he ðer leteð;
 his fles forð crepeð,
 walkeð to ðe water-ward,
 wile ðanne drinken.
 Oc he speweð or al ðe venim
 ðat in his brest is bred
 fro his birde time,
 drinkeð siðen i-nog,
 and tus he him neweð.

y'a.

ðanne ȝe neddre is of his hid naked,
 and bare of his brest atter,
 if he naked man se
 ne wile he him nogt neggen,
 oc he fleð fro him
 als he fro fir sulde.
 If he cloðed man se,
 cof he waxeð,
 for up he rigteð him
 redi to deren,
 to deren er to ded maken,
 if he it muge forðen.
 Wat if the man war wurðe,
 and weren him cunne,
 figteð wið ȝis wirm
 and freð on him figtande ;
 ȝis neddre siðen he nede sal,
 makeð sold of his bodi,
 and sildeð his heved ;
 litel him is of hise limes,
 but he lif holde.

[*Significacio.*]

Knov cristene man
 wat tu Crist higest
 atte kirke dure,
 ðar ȝu cristned were :
 ȝu higtes to leven on him,
 and hise lages luvien,
 to helden wit herte
 ȝe bodes of holi k(i)rke.
 If ȝu havest it broken,
 al ȝu for-breðes,
 for-wurðes and for-gelves,
 eche lif to wolden,
 elded art fro eche blis,
 so ȝis wirm o werld is ;
 newe ȝe fordi
 so ȝe neddre doð ;
 it is te ned.
 Feste ȝe of stedefastnesse,
 and ful of ȝewes ;
 and help ȝe povre men
 ȝe gangen abuten.
 Ne deme ȝe nog wurdī,

Ðat tu dure loken
 up to þe hevene-ward ;
 oc walke wið þe erðe
 mildelike among men ;
 no mod þu ne cune,
 mod ne mannes uncost ;
 oc swic ef sineginge ;
 and bote bid tu þe ai,
 boðe bi night and bi dai,
 Ðat tu milce mote haven
 of þine misdedes.
 Ðis lif bitokneð þe sti
 Ðat te neddre gangeð bi,
 and tis is þe ȝirl of þe ston
 Ðat tu salt ȝurg gon.
 Let ȝin filðe fro þe,
 so þe wirm his fel doð ;
 go þu ȝan to Godes hus
 þe godspel to heren,
 Ðat is soule drink,
 sinnes quenching.
 Oc or sei þu in scrifte
 to þe prest sinnes tine ;
 fegðe ȝus of ȝi brest filde,
 and feste þe forðward
 fast at tin herte,
 Ðat tu firmest higtes.
 ȝus art tu ging and newe ;
 forðward be þu trewe.
 Nedeth þe þe devel nogt,
 for he ne mai þe deren nogt ;
 oc he fleð fro þe
 so neddre fro de nakede.
 On þe cloðede þe neddre is cof,
 and te devel cliver on sinnes ;
 ai þe sinfule
 bisetten he wile,
 and wið al mankin
 he haveð nið and win ;
 wat, if he leve have
 of ure heven loverd
 for to deren us,
 so he ure eldere or dede ;
 do we þe bodi in þe bale,
 and bergen þe soule,
 Ðat is ure heved gevelic,
 helde we it wirdlic.

Natura formice.

þe mire is magti,
 mikel ge swinkeð
 in sumer and in softe weder,
 so we ofte sen haven ;
 in þe hervest
 hardilike gangeð,
 and renneð rapelike,
 and resteð hire seldom,
 and fecheð hire fode
 ðer ge it mai finden,
 gaddreð ilkines sed
 boðen of wude and of wed,
 of corn and of gres,
 þat ire to haven es,
 haleð to hire hole,
 þat siðen hire helpeð
 ðar ge wile ben winter agen ;
 cave ge haveð to crepen in,
 þat winter hire ne derie ;
 mete in hire hule þat
 þat ge muge biliven.
 ðus ge tileð ðar,
 wiles ge time haveð,
 so it her telleð ;
 oc finde ge þe wete,
 corn þat hire qwemeð,
 al ge for-leteð ðis oðer seð
 þat ic er seide ;
 ne bit ge nowt þe barlic
 beren abuten ;
 oc suneð it and sakeð forð,
 so it same were.
 Get is wunder of ðis wirm
 more þanne man weneð,
 þe corn þat ge to cave bereð,
 al get bit o-twinne,
 þat it ne for-wurðe
 ne waxe hire fro,
 er ge it eten wille.

Significacio.

þe mire muneð us
 mete to tilen,
 long livenoðe,
 ðis little wile

Ðe we on ðis werld wunen :
 for ðanne we of wenden,
 ðanne is ure winter ;
 we sulen hunger haven
 and harde sures,
 buten we ben war here.
 Do we for-ði so doð ðis der,
 ðanne be we derne
 on ðat dai ðat dom sal ben,
 ðat it ne us harde repe :
 seke we ure lives fod,
 ðat we ben siker dere,
 so ðis wirm in winter is,
 ðan ge ne tileð nummore.
 Ðe mire suned ðe barlic,
 ðanne ge fint te wete ;
 Ðe olde lage we ogen to sunen,
 ðe newe we haven moten.
 Ðe corn ðat ge to cave bereð,
 all ge it bit o-twinne,
 Ðe lage us lereð to don god,
 and forbedeð us sinne.
 It ben us ebriche bodes,
 and bekned evelike ;
 it fet ðe licham and te gost
 oc nowt o gevelike ;
 ure loverd Crist it lene us
 ðat his lage us fede,
 nu and o domes-dei,
 and tanne we haven nede.

Natura cervi.

Ðe hert haveð kindes two,
 and forbisnes oc al so :
 Ðus it is on boke set,
 ðat man clepeð Fisiologet.
 He drageð ðe neddre of de ston
 ðurg his nese up on on,
 of ðe stoc er of ðe ston,
 for it wile ðer-under gon ;
 and sweleð it wel swiðe,
 ðer-of him brinneð siðen
 of ðat attrie ðing,
 wiðinnen he haveð brenning :
 he lepeð ðanne wið mikel list,
 of swet water he haveð ðrist ;
 he drinkeð water gredilike

til he is ful wel sikerlike,
ne haveð þat venim non migt
to deren him siðen non wigt.
Oc he werpeð er hise hornes
in wude er in ðornes,
and gingid him þus þis wilde der,
so ge haven nu lered her.

Significacio prima.

Alle we atter dragen off ure eldere,
þe brokendrigtinnes word ȝurg ȝe neddre;
þer ȝurg haveð mankin
boðen nið and win,
kolsipe and gisting,
givernesse and wissing,
pride and over-wene ;
swile atter i-mene.
Ofte we brennen in mod,
and wurðen so we weren wod ;
þanne we ȝris brennen ;
bihoveð us to rennen
to Cristes quike welle,
þat we ne gon to helle ;
drinken his wissing,
it quenchet ilc siniging ;
for-werpen pride everil del,
so hert doð hise hornes,
gingen us tris to gode-ward,
and gemen us siðen forð-ward.

Natura ija.

þe hertes haven anoðer kinde,
þat us og alle to ben minde.
Alle he arn off one mode ;
for if he fer fecchen fode,
and he over water ten,
wile non at nede oðer flen ;
oc on swimmeð bi-forn,
and alle ȝe oðre folegen,
weðer so he swimmeð er he wadeð :
is non at nede ȝat oðer lateð,
oc leigeth his skin-bon
on oðres lend-bon.
Gef him ȝat biforn teð
bilimpes for to tirgen,
alle ȝe oðre cumen mide,
and helpen him for to herien,

beren him of þat water grund
up to þe lond al heil and sund,
and forðen here nede :
ðis wune he haven hem bitwen,
þog he an hundred to giddre ben.

Significacio ij^a.

þe hertes costes we ogen to munen,
ne og ur non oðer to sunen,
oc evrile luven oðer,
also he were his broder,
wurðen stedefast his wine,
ligten him of his birdene,
helpen him at his nede ;
God giveð ðer-fore mede :
we sulen haven hevenriche,
gef we ben twixen us ben briche :
ðus is ure loverdes lage,
luvelike to llen,
herof have we mikel ned,
þat we þar wið ne dillen.

Natura wulpis.

A wilde der is
þat is ful of fele wiles,
fox is hire to name,
for hire queðsipe ;
husebondes hire haten,
for hire harm dedes :
þe coc and te capun
ge feccheð ofte in þe tun,
and te gandre and te gos,
bi þe necke and bi þe noz,
haleð is to hire hole ;
for-ði man hire hatieð,
hatien and hulen
boðe men and fules.
Listneð nu a wunder,
þat tis der doð for hunger :
goð o felde to a furg,
and falleð þar-inne,
in eried lond er in erð chine.
for to birlten fugeles ;
ne stereð ge nogt of þe stede
a god stund deies,
oc dareð so ge ded were,
ne drageð ge non onde:

þe raven is swiðe redi,
weneð þat ge rotieð,
and oðre fules hire fallen bi
for to winnen fode,
derlike wiðuten dred ;
he wenen þat ge ded beð,
he wullen on ðis foxes fel ;
and ge it wel feleð,
ligtlike ge lepeð up
and letteð hem sone,
gelt hem here billing
raðe wið illing,
te-toggeð and te-tireð hem
mid hire teð sarpe,
fret hire fille,
and goð ðan ðer ge wille.

Significacio.

Twifold forbisne in ðis der
to frame we mugen finden her,
warsipe and wisedom
wið devel and wið ivel man ;
þe devel dereð dernelike,
he lat he ne wile us nogt biswike,
he lat he ne wile us don non loð,
and bringeð us in a sinne and ter he us sloð
he bit us don ure bukes wille,
eten and drinken wið unskil,
and in ure skempting
he doð raðe a foxing,
he billeð one þe foxes fel
wo so telleð idel spel,
and he tireð on his ket
wo so him wið sinne fet,
and devel geld swak billing
wið same and wið sending,
and for his sinfule werk
ledeð man to helle merk.

Significacio.

þe devel is tus þe i-lik
mið ivele breides and wið spik ;
and man al so þe foxes name
arn wurði to haven same ;
for wo so seieð oðer god,
and ȝenkeð ivel on his mod,
fox he is and fend i-wis,

þe boc ne legeð nogt of ȝis ;
 so was Herodes fox and flerd,
 ȝo Crist kam in to ȝis middel-erd,
 he seide he wulde him leven on,
 and ȝogte he wulde him for-don.

Natura iranee (sic).

Seftes sop ure seppande,
 sene is on werlde,
 leiðe and loldike, (*sic*)
 ȝus we it leven,
 mani-kines ȝing
 alle manne to wissing.
 ȝe spinnere on hire swid ge weveð,
 festeð atte hus rof,
 hire fo dredes
 o rof er on ovese,
 so hire is on elde ;
 werpeð ȝus hire web,
 and weveð on hire wise.
 ȝanne ge it hoveð al i-digt.
 ȝeðen ge driveð,
 hitt hire in hire hole,
 oc ai ge it biholdeð
 til ȝat ȝer fleges faren
 and fallen ȝer-inne,
 wiðeren in ȝat web,
 and wilens ut wenden ;
 ȝanne renneð ge rapelike,
 for ge is ai redi,
 nimeð anon to ȝe net
 and nimeð hem ȝere,
 bitterlike ge hem bit
 and here bane wurðeð,
 drepeð and drinkeð here blod,
 doð ge hire non oðer god,
 bute fret hire fille,
 and dareð siðen stille.

Significacio.

Dis wirm bitokneð ȝe man
 ȝat oðer biswikeð
 on stede er on stalle,
 stille er lude,
 in mot er in market,
 er oni oðer wise,
 he him bit

þær he him hale setted,
and he drincket his blod
wanne he him drevet,
and so freteþ hem al,
þær he him ived werket.

Natura cetegrande.

Cethegrande is a fis
ðe mooste þær in water is ;
þær ta wuldes seien get,
gef ða i sagē wan it flet,
þær it were an eilond
þær sete one ðe se sond.
ðis fis ðat is unride,
ðanne him hungerð he gapeð wide,
ut of his ðrote it smit an onde,
ðe swetteste ðing ðat is o londe ;
ðer fore oðre fisses to him dragen,
wan he it felen he aren fagen,
he cumen and hoven in his muð,
of his swike he arn uncuð ;
ðis cete ðanne hise chavezles lukeð,
ðise fisses alle in sukeð,
ðe smale he wile ðus biswiken,
ðe grete maig he nogt bigripen.
ðis fis wuneð wið ðe se grund,
and liveð ðer evre heil and sund,
til it cumeth ðe time
ðat storm stireð al ðe se ,
ðanne sumer and winter winnen ;
ne mai it wunen ðer-inne,
so drovi is te sees grund,
ne mai he wunen ðer ðat stund,
oc stireð up and hoveð stille ;
wiles ðar weder is so ille,
ðe sipes ðat arn on se for-driven,
loð hem is ded, and lef to liven,
biloken hem and sen ðis fis,
an eilond he wenet it is,
ðer-of he aren swiðe fagen,
and mid here migt ðar to he dragen,
sipes on festen,
and alle up gangen ;
of ston mid stel in ðe tunder
wel to brennen one ðis wunder,
warmen hem wel and heten and drinken ;

þe fir he feleð and doð hem sinken,
for sone he diveð dun to grunde,
he drepeð hem alle wiðuten wunde.

Significacio.

þis devel is mikel wið wil and magt,
so wicches haven in here craft,
he doð men hungren and haven ɔrist,
and mani oðer sinful list,
colleð men to him wið his onde,
wo so him folgeð he findeð sonde ;
þo arn þe little in leve lage,
þe mikle ne maig he to him dragen :
þe mikle, I mene þe stedefast
in rigte leve mid fles and gast.
wo so listneð develes lore,
on lengðe it sal him repen sore ;
wo so festeð hope on him,
he sal him folgen to helle dim.

Natura Sirene.

In þe se senden
selcuðes manie ;
þe mereman is
a meiden i-like
on brest and on bodi,
oc al þus ge is bunden,
fro þe novle niðer-ward
ne is ge no man like,
oc fis to fuliwis
mid finnes waxen.
þis wunder wuneð
in wankel stede,
þer þe water sinkeð,
sipes ge sinkeð,
and scaðe þus werkeð.
Mirie ge singeð þis mere,
and haveð manie stefnes,
manie and sille,
oc it ben wel ille ;
sipmen here steringe forgeten
for hire stefninge,
slumeren and slepen,
and to late waken,
þe sipes sinken mitte suk,
ne cumen he nummor up.
Oc wise men and warre

agen cunen chare,
ofte arn at-brosten,
mid he brest ovel ;
he haven herd told of ðis mere
ðat tus unie mete,
half man and half fis,
sum ȝing tokneð bi ðis.

Significacio.

Fele men haven ȝe tokning
of ðis forbisnede ȝing,
wiðuten weren wulves fel,
wiðinnen arn he wulves al ;
he speken godcundhede,
and wikke is here dede ;
here dede is al uncuð
wið ðat spekeð here muð ;
twifold arn on mode,
he sweren bi ȝe rode,
bi ȝe sunne and bi ȝe mone,
and he ȝe legen sone,
mid here sage and mid here song
he ȝe swiken ȝer i-mong,
ðin agte wið swiking,
ði soule wið lesing.

Natura elephantis.

Elpes arn in Inde riche,
on bodi borlic berges i-like ;
he to gaddre gon o wolde,
so sep ðat cumen ut of folde,
and behinden he hem sampnen
ðanne he sulen oðre strenen ;
oc he arn so kolde of kinde
ðat no golsipe is hem minde,
til he neten of a gres,
ȝe name is mandragores,
siðen he bigeton on,
and two ger he ȝer-mide gon.
ðog he ȝre hundred ger
on werlde more wunedan her,
bigeten he nevermor non,
so kold is hem siðen blod and bon ;
ðanne ge sal hire kindles beren,
in water ge sal stonden,
in water to mid side,

Ðat wanne hire harde tide,
 Ðat ge ne falle niðer nogt,
 Ðat is most in hire ðogt,
 for he ne haven no lið
 Ðat he mugen risen wið.
 Hu he resteð him ðis der,
 Ðanne he walkeð wide,
 herkne wu it telleð her,
 for he is al unride.
 A tre he sekeð to fulige wis,
 Ðat is strong and stedefast is,
 and leneð him trostlike ðer-bi,
 Ðanne he is of walke weri.
 Ðe hunte haveð biholden ðis,
 Ðe him wille swiken,
 wor his beste wune is,
 to don hise willen ;
 sageð ðis tre and under set,
 o ðe wise Ðat he mai bet,
 hileð it wel Ðat he it nes war,
 Ðanne he makeð ðer to char,
 him selven sit olon bialt,
 weðer his gin him out biwarlt.
 Ðanne cumeð ðis elp unride,
 and leneð him up on his side,
 clepeð bi ðe tre in ðe sadue,
 and fallen boden so to gaddre ;
 gef ðer is noman Ðanne he fallieð,
 he remeð and helpe calleð,
 remeð reufulike on his wise,
 hopeð he sal ðurg helpe risen ;
 Ðanne cumeð ðer on gangande,
 hopeð he sal him don ut standen,
 fikeð and fondeð al his migt,
 ne mai he it forðen no wigt ;
 he canne ðan non oðer,
 oc o remeð mid his broðer,
 manie and mikle cume ðer sesacande,
 wenen him on stall maken,
 oc for ðe helpe of hem alle
 ne mai he cumen so on stalle ;
 Ðanne remen he alle a rem,
 so hornes blast oðer belles drem,
 for here mikle reming
 rennande cuineð a gunning,
 raðe to him luteð,

his sonne him under putes,
and minne helpe of hem alle
bis elp he reisen on stalle ;
and tus ai-breasted bis hunes breid,
o þe wise þat ic have gu seid.

Significacio.

þus fel Adam þurc a tre,
ure firste fader, þat fele we :
Movses wulde him reisen,
migle it no wigt forðen ;
afier him propheteſ alle
mighe her non him make on stalle,
on stalle, i seie, ðer he er stod,
to haven heven-riche god.
He suggeden and sorgeden andweren in þo
wu he migten him helpen out ;
þo remeden he alle under stevene
alle hege up to þe hevene,
for here care and here calling
hem cain to Crist heven king ;
he þe is ai in hevene mikel,
wurð her man, and tus was litel,
droping dolede in ure manhede,
and tus Adam he under gede,
reisede him up, and mankin,
þat was fallen to helle dim.

Natura turturis.

In boke is þe turtres lif
writen o rime, wu lagelike
ge holdeð luve al hire lif time ;
gef ge ones make haveð,
fro him ne wile ge siðen :
muneð wimmen hire lif,
ic it wile gu reden ;
bi hire make ge sit o nigt,
o dei ge goð and flegeð.
wo so seit he sundren out,
i seie þat he legeð.
Oc if hire make were ded,
and ge widue wore,
þanne flegeð ge one and fareð,
non oðer wile ge more ;
buten one goð and one sit,
and hire olde luve abit,

in herte haveð him nigt and dai,
so he were o-live ai.

Significacio.

List ilk lesful man her-to,
and her-of ofte reche :
ure sowle atte kirke dure
ches hire Crist to meche,
he is ure soule spuse,
luve we him wið migte,
and wende we nevre fro him-ward
be dai ne be nigte ;
ðog he be fro ure sigte faren,
be we him alle trewe,
non oðer loverd ne lufe we
ne non lufe newe ;
leve we ðat he lived ai
up on heven-riche,
and ðeðen he sal cumen eft,
and ben us alle briche,
for to demen alle men,
oc nouȝt on gevenlike,
hise loðe men sulen to helle faren,
hise leve to his riche.

Natura pantere.

Panter is an wilde der,
is non fairere on werlde her ;
he is blac so bro of qual,
mið wite spottes sapen al,
wit and trendled als a wel,
and itt bicumeð him swiðe wel.
Wor so he wuneð ðis panter,
he fedeð him al mid oðer der,
of ðo ðe he wile he nimeð ðe cul
and fet him wel til he is ful.
In his hole siðen stille
ðre dages he slepen wille,
ðan after ðe ðridde dai
he riseð and remeð lude so he mai,
ut of his ȝrote cumeð a smel
mid his rem forð over al,
ðat over cumeth haliweie
wið swetnesse, ic gu seie,
and al ðat evre smelleð swete,

be it drie be it wete,
 for ðe swetnesse off his onde,
 wor so he walkeð o londe,
 wor so he walked, er wor so he wuneð,
 ilk der ðe him hereð to him cumeð,
 and folegeð him up one ðe wold,
 for ðe swetnesse ðe ic gu have told.
 ðe dragunes one ne stiren nout
 wiles te panter remeð ogt,
 oc daren stille in here pit,
 als so he weren of dede offrigt.

Significacio.

Crist is tokned ȝurg ȝis der,
 wos kinde we haven told gu her ;
 for he is faier over alle men,
 so even sterre over erðe fen ;
 ful wel he taunede his luve to man,
 wan he ȝurg holi spel him wan,
 and longe he lai her in an hole,
 wel him dat he it wulde ȝolen ;
 ȝre daies slep he al on on,
 ȝanne he ded was in blod and bon,
 up he ros and remedie in wis
 of helle pine, of hevene blis,
 and steg to hevene uvenest,
 ȝer wuneð wið fader and holi gast.
 Amonges men a swete mel
 he let her of his holi spel,
 wor ȝurg we mugen folgen him
 into his godcundnesse fin.
 And ȝat wirm ure widerwine,
 wor so of Godes word is ȝine,
 ne dar he stiren, ne noman deren,
 ȝer wile he lage and luve beren.

Natura columbe et significacio.

ȝe culver haveð costes gode,
 alle wes ogen to haven in mode,
 sevene costes in hire kinde,
 alle it ogen to ben us minde,
 ge ne haveð in hire non galle,
 simple and softe be we alle ;
 ge ne liveð nogt bilagt ;
 ilc robbinge do we of hac.
 ȝe wirm ge leteð and liveð bi ȝe sed,

of Cristes lore we have ned ;
 wið oðre briddes ge doð as moder,
 so og ur ilk to don wið oðer ;
 woning and groning is lic hire song,
 bimene we us, we haven done wrong.
 In water ge is wis of hevekes come,
 and we in boke wið devles nome ;
 in hole of ston ge makeð hire nest,
 in Cristes milce ure hope is best.

Wrt,

BALLADS.

From MS. Harl. 7578, fol. 18, r^o, fifteenth century.

Moost souveraine lord, o blessith Crist Jeshu!
 From oure enemy delivere us and our foon !
 Unth[e]r whoos grace and unther whose vertu
 We been assureth whereso we ride or goon.
 Nowe, Lord, that arte two, three, and oon,
 Kepe and preserve unther thy mighty hande
 The king, the queene, the peple, and the lande.

And blessed Lord, of thine benignité
 Considre and see oure affliccion,
 And lat thine eye on mercy on us see,
 Us to releve in tribulacion ;
 And shadowe us, Lorde, with thy proteccion,
 And ay preserve unther thy mighty hande
 The king, the queene, the peple, and the londe.

And, good Lord, beholde and eke adverte
 Of thy mercy and thy grete grace
 The inwardre sorowes of oure troubled herte,
 And loke upon us with a benyngre face,
 And late thy winges of pité use embrace,
 And ay preserve unther thy mighty hande
 The kinge, the quene, thy peple, and thy lande.

Mekely forthy the synnes olde and newe
 Off thy peple and their grete affence ;
 And, good Lord, upon theire gelthes rewe,
 And theire the merites by done not recompense,
 But reconcile hem with thine indulgence ;
 And aye preserve unther thy mighty hande
 The king, the quene, thy peple, and thy lande.

And, good Lord, have here oure orisons,
 Whanne we to the for helpe clepe and calle,
 Here oure compleyntes and lementacions,
 And do socoure to oure offences alle ;
 Be oure defence that no mischeffe ne falle ;
 And ay preserve unther thy mighty hande
 The kinge, the quene, the peple, and thy londe.

Thou Sonne of God ay lastinge and eterne,
 Have mercy oon us and forgete us nought,
 And of thy grace guide us and governe,
 And reconcile that thou so dere has bought ;
 With love and dredde embrace oure inward thought ;
 And ay preserve unther thy mighty hande
 The king, the quene, the peple, and the lande.

In this life here and perpetually
 To kepe us, Lorde, that thou not disdayne,
 For alle oure truste stante in thy mercy,
 Hopinge by grace we shal therto atteyne,
 Thy passion shalle kepe us oute of payne ;
 And ay preserve unther thy mighty honde
 The kinge, the quene, the peple, and the londe.

Here us, Lord, whanne we to the preyte,
 And here us, Lord, in mischef and in nede ;
 And Criste Jhesu be mercie us conveye,
 Whiche oon the croos lyste for oure sake bleede,
 Fortune this reme, and make it wel to spede,
 Benigne Jhesu preserve eke with thine honde
 The kinge, the quene, the people, and thy londe.

L'envoie.

And, Lord, amonge alle remembraunce,
 Our Henry, thy awen chose knight,
 Borne to inherite the region of Fraunce
 By trewe dissent and be title of right,
 Nowe, good Lord, conserve him thorugh thy might,
 And preserve unther thy mighty hande
 Him and his moder, the peple and thy londe.

Late him in vertu ay encrese and shine,
 Worthy thorow vertu to be put in memorie ;
 And forgete not his moder Katheryne,
 Where thou sittest in thine heven glorie ;
 Yif to thine knight conqueste and victorie,
 And preserve unther thy mighty honde
 Him and his moder, the peple and thine lande.

Be thou his councile and his soverayne rede ;
 So as he wexeth, with vertu him avaunce ;
 And, blessed Lord, be thou both helpe and spedē,
 To alle that labouren for his enheritaunce,
 Both in this rewme and in the grounde of Fraunce,
 And preserve unther thy mighty honde
 Him and his moder, thy peple and thy londe.

In short tyme that thou may atteyne,
 Withoute lettyng, or any perturbaunce,
 To be crowned with worthy crounes tweyne ;
 Firste in this lande, and afterwardē in Fraunce ;
 And give him grace to lyve in thy plesaunce,
 And aye preserve unthir thy mighty honde
 Him and his moder, thy peple and thy londe.

MS. Harl. 7578, fol. 16, r°, 15th century.

Somme tyme [this] worlde was stedfast and stable,
 That manys worde was obligacion ;
 And now it is so fals and so disceyvable,
 That worde and dede as in conclusion
 Is nothinge like, for torneth up so don
 Ys alle thise worlde for neede and wilfulness,
 That alle is loste for lake of stedfastnesse.

What maketh this worlde to be so variable,
 But lust that folke han in destension ?
 For amonge us nowe a man is holde unable,
 But if he can be some conclusion
 Doo his neghboure wronge or opression.
 What causeth this but wilful wrecchednesse,
 That alle is loste for lakke of stedfastnesse ?

Trought is putte doune, reson is holden fable,
 Vertu hath nowe non dominacion,
 Pitee exiled, no man is merciable,
 Thburgh covetyse is blente discreccion,
 The worlde hath made permutacion
 Fro right to wronge, fro trought to fikelness,
 That alle is loste for lake of stedfastnesse.

O, prince, desire to be honorable,
 Chirsshe thine folke and hate extorcion ;
 Suffir no thinge that may be reprovable
 To thine estate donne in thine region,
 Schewe furth thine swerde of castigacion ;
 Dreed God, doo lawe, love trouth and worthiness,
 And weed thine folke agayne to stedfastnesse.

Hilll.

THE MASTER OF OXFORD'S CATECHISM.

From MS. Lansdowne, No. 762, written in the reign of Henry V.

Questions bitwene the Maister of Oxinford and his Scoler.

The Clerkys question. Say me where was God whan he made heven and erthe? *The Maisters answer.* I saye, in the ferther ende of the wynde. *C.* Tell me what worde God first spake? *M.* Be thowe made light, and light was made. *C.* Whate is God? *M.* He is God, that all thinge made, and all thinge hath in his power. *C.* In how many dayes made God all thingis? *M.* In six dayes. The first daye he made light; the second daye he made all thinge that helden heven; the thirde daye he made water and erthe; the fourth daye he made the firmament of heven; the vth daye he made sterrys; the vijth day he made almaner bestis, fowlis, and the see, and Adam, the firste man. *C.* Whereof was Adam made? *M.* Of viij. thingis: the first of erthe, the second of fire, the iij^{de} of wynde, the iijth of clowdys, the vth of aire wherethrough he speketh and thinketh, the vijth of dewe wherby he sweteth, the viijth of flowres, wheroft Adam hath his ien, the viijth is salte wheroft Adam hath salt teres. *C.* Wheroft was founde the name of Adam? *M.* Of fowre sterres, this been the namys, Arcax, Dux, Arostolym, and Momfumbres. *C.* Of whate state was Adam whan he was made? *M.* A man of xxx. wynter of age. *C.* And of whate length was Adam? *M.* Of iij. score and vij. enclys. *C.* How longe lived Adam in this worlde? *M.* ix. c. and xxx^{ty} wynter, and afterwarde in hell tyll the passion of our lord God. *C.* Of whate age was Adam whan he begat his first childe? *M.* An c. and xxx. wynter, and had a son that hight Seth, and that Seth had a son that hight Enos, and the forsayd Seth lived ix. c. and x. wynter, and Enos his son lived ix. c. and v. wynter. And that Enos had a son that hight Canaan, and that Canaan lived ix. c. x. wynter. And that Canaan had a son than hight Malek, and that Malek lived ix. c. and v. wynter, and that Malek had a son that hight Jared, and that Jared lived ix. c. xlj. wynter, and that Jared had a son that hight Matusidall, and that Matusidall lived ix. c. and xlxi. wynter, and that Matusidall had a son that hight Lanek, and that Lanek lived vij. c. and xlviij. wynter, and that Lanek had a son that hight Noe, and that Noe had iij. sonnys, the which forsayd Noe lived ix. c. xl. wynter, and his iij. sonnys hight Sem, Cam, and Japheth. And Sem had xxx. children, and Cam had xxx.

Duisis: Anatole, mesembria

Children, and Japheth had xij. children. **C.** Whate was he **that** never was borne, and was buried in his mothers wombe, and sens was cristenend and saved? **M.** That was our father **Adam.** **C.** How longe was Adam in Paradise? **M.** vij. yere, and at vij. yeres ende he trespassed ayenst God for the apple that he hete on a Fridaye, and an angell drove him owte. **C.** Howe many wynter was Adam whan our Lorde was doon ~~on~~ the crosse? **M.** That was v. m^l. cc. and xxxij. yere. **C.** What hicht Noes wif? **M.** Dalida; and the wif of Sem, Gateslinna; and the wif of Cam, Laterecta; and the wif of Japheth, Aurca. And other iij. names, Ollia, Olina, and Olybana. **C.** Wheroft was made Noes ship? **M.** Of a tre **that** was clepyd Chy. **C.** And whate length was Noes ship? **M.** Fifty fadem of bredeth, and cc. fadem of length, and xxx. fadem of hith. **C.** Howe many wynter was Noes ship in ~~makyn~~? **M.** iiiij. score yeres. **C.** How longe dured Noes ~~flodde~~? **M.** xl. dayes and xl. nightys. **C.** Howe many children **had** Adam and Eve? **M.** xxx. men children and xxx. wymen children. **C.** Whate citie is there the son goth to reste? **M.** A citie that is called Sarica. **C.** Whate be the beste erbes **that** God loved? **M.** The rose and the lilie. **C.** Whate **fowle** loved God best? **M.** The dove, for God sent his spiret **from** heven in likenes of a dove. **C.** Which is the best water **that** ever was? **M.** Flom Jurdan, for God was baptised therein. **C.** Where be the anjelles that God put out of heven and bycam devilles? **M.** Som into hell, and som reyned in the skye, and som in the erth, and som in waters and in wodys. **C.** How many waters been there? **M.** ij. salte waters, and ij. fresshe waters. **C.** Who made first ploughis? **M.** Cam, **that was** Noes son. **C.** Why bereth not stonyf royt as **trees?** **M.** For Cayme slough his brother Abell with the bone of an asse cheke. **C.** Whate is the best thinge and the worste **amonge** men? **M.** Worde is beste and warste. **C.** Of whate thinge be men most ferde? **M.** Men be moste ferde of deth. **C.** Whate are the iij. thinges that men may not live without? [**M.**] Wynde, fire, water, and erth. **C.** Where resteth a **manys** soule, whan he shall slepe? **M.** In the brayne, or in the blode, or in the harte. **C.** Where lieth Moises body? **M.** Beside the howce that highg Enfegor. **C.** Why is the erth cursed, and the see blissed? **M.** For Noe and Abraham, and **for** cristenyng that God commaunded. **C.** Who sat first vines? **M.** Noe set the first vines. **C.** Who cleped first God? **M.** The devyll. **C.** Which is the heaviest thinge bering? **M.** Syn is the heaviest. **C.** Which thinge is it that som loveth, and som hateth? **M.** That is jugement. **C.** Which be the iij. thingis **that** never was full nor never shalbe? **M.** The first is erth,

the second is fire, the thirde is hell, the fourth is a covitous man.
C. How many maner of birdis been there, and howe many of fisshes? *M.* liij. of fowles, and xxxvj. of fisshes. *C.* Which was the first clerke that ever was? *M.* Elias was the first. *C.* Whate hight the iiiij. waters that renneth through paradise? *M.* The one hight Fyson, the other Egeon, the iiij^{de} hight Tygrys, and the iiiijth Effraton. Thise been milke, hony, oyll, and wyne. *C.* Wherefore is the son rede at even? *M.* For he gothe toward hell. *C.* Who made first cities? *M.* Marcarius the gyaunt. *C.* How many langagis been there? *M.* lxij., and so many disciples had God without his apostoles.

Wrt.

MISCELLANEOUS SCRAPS.

From the same MS. fol. 2. vo.

Computatio Subscriptio de feodis militum fuit factum in anno regis Henrici quinti, iiij^{to}.

Ther been in Englund xxxvj. shires, lij. m^l. and lxxx. townes, xl. m^l. and xj. parishes, lx. m^l cc. xv. knighthes fees, wherof religious have xxvij. m^l. and xv. fees. The somme of the xvth of all Englund is xxxvij. m^l. ix. c. xxx. li. xj. d. ob. in clere, without colectours dispencis, that is iiij. xxij. li. vj. s. viij. d. The length of Englund from Scotlond to Totnesse conteyneth viij^c myles. The bredeth therof from Saint Davis in Wales unto Dover, ij^c. myles and l. The circute therof, iiij. m^l. and xl. myles.

Weight and Measure.

By the discretion and ordynaunce of oure Lorde the king weight and mesure were made. It is to be knowen that an Englisse penny, which is called a rounde sterlyng, and without clyppynge, shall weye xvij. cornys of whete taken owte of the middyll of the ere. And xx. maken an ounce; xij. ounces maken a pounde, which is xx. s. of sterlings. And viij. pounde of whete maken a galon of wyne; and viij. galondys maken a London bussell, which is the eight parte of a quarter.

fol. 16, ro.

A good horsse must have xv. propertyes and condicions, that is to witte, iij. of a man, iij. of a woman, iij. of a fox, iij. of an hare, and iij. of an asse. Of a man, bolde, prowde, and hardy; of a woman, fayre brested, fayre of here, and esy to

lepe upon; of a fox, a faire tayle, shorte eres, with a good
trotte; of an hare, a grete eye, a drye heed, and wele rennyng;
of an asse, a bigge chynne, a flat leg, and a good hone. Wele
raveled wymen or wele traveled horsses were never good.

fol. 16, v°. written as prose.

Aryse erly,
Serve God devoutely,
And the worlde besely,
Doo thy work wisely,
Yeve thyn almes secretely,
Goo by the waye sadly,
Answer the people demuerly,
Goo to thy mete apetitely,
Sit therat discretely,
Of thy tungē be not to liberally,
Arise therfrom temperally,
Go to thy supper soberly,
And to thy bed merely,
Be in thyn inne jocundely,
Please thy love duely,
And slepe suerly.

Who that maketh in Cristemas a dogge to his larder,
And in Marche a sowe to his gardyner,
And in Maye a fole of a wise mannes councell,
He shall never have good larder, faire gardeyn, nor wele
kepte councell.

Far from thy kyn cast the,
Wreth not thy neighbor next the,
In a good corne contrey rest the,
And sit downe, Robyn, and rest the.

Who that byldeth his howse all of salos,
And prikketh a blynde horsse over the folowes,
And suffereth his wif to seke many halos,
God sende hym the blisse of everlasting galos!

There been thre thinges full harde to be knownen which waye
they woll drawe. The first is of a birde sitting upon a bough.
The second is of a vessell in the see. And the thirde is the
aye of a yonge man.

Two wymen in one howse,
Two cattes and one mowce,
Two dogges and one bone,
Maye never accorde in one.

Wrt,

A BALLAD.

From MS. Harl. 7333. fol. 192, r^o, a, fifteenth century.

Halsam squiere made thes ij. balades.

The worlde so wyde, the ayer so remuable,
 The sely man so litle of stature,
 The groue and grounde of clothing so mutable,
 The fuyre so hoete and sotile of nature,
 The water never in oon, what creatour
 That made is of thes foure thus flettyng
 May stedfaste bee, as here is levynge ?
 The more I goo, the forther I am behynde ;
 The more behynde, the nerrer my weyes ende ;
 The more I seche, the worse kan I fynde ;
 The more presente, the firther oute of my mynde ;
 Is this fortune, not I, or in fortune,
 Thaughe þ goo loosse, I tyed am with a loygne.

Here begynneth a dialoge betwene man and deth.

[This is in Latin.]

Hull.

CREED, PATER NOSTER, &c.

In English verse, from MS. Arundel, 292, fol. 3, r^o, and v^o, of the early part of the thirteenth century.

Credo in Deum.

I leve in Godd al-micthen fader,
 ðatt hevene and erðe made to gar :
 And in Jhesu Crist his leve sun,
 Ure onelic loverd, ik him mune,
 ðatt of de holigost bikennedd was,
 Of Marie ðe maiden boren he was,
 Pinedd under Ponce Pilate,
 On rode nailedd for mannes sake,
 ðar ðolede he deadd widuten wold,
 And biriedd was in de roche cold ;
 Dun til helle licten he gan,
 ðe ðridde dai off deadd at-kam,
 To hevene he steg in ure manliche,
 ðar sitteð he in his faderes riche,
 O domes dai sal he cumen agen

To demen dede and lives men :
 I leve on ðe hali gast,
 Al holi chirche stedefast,
 Men off alle holi kinne,
 And forgivenesse of mannes sinne,
 Up-risinge of alle men,
 And echelif I leve. Amen.

Pater Noster.

Fader ure ðatt art in hevene blisse,
 ðin hege name itt wurðe bliscedd,
 Cumen itt mote ði kingdom,
 ðin hali wil it be al don
 In hevene and in erðe all so,
 So itt sall ben ful wel ic tro ;
 Gif us alle one ðis dai
 Ure bred of iche dai
 And forgive us ure sinne
 Als we don ure wiðerwinnes ;
 Leet us noct in fondinge falle,
 Ooc fro ivel þu sild us alle. Amen.

Ave Maria.

Marie ful off grace, weel de be,
 Godd of hevene be wið ðe,
 Oure alle wimmen bliscedd tu be,
 So be ðe bern datt is bornen of ðe.

In manus tuas.

Loverd Godd, in hondes tine
 I biqueðe soule mine,
 ðu me boctest wið ði deadd,
 Loverd Godd of soðfastheedd.

¶ Wanne I ðenke ðinges ðre,
 Ne mai hi nevре bliðe ben ;
 ðe ton is dat I sal awei,
 ðe toðer is I ne wot wilk dei,
 ðe ðridde is mi moste kare,
 I ne wot wider I sal faren.

¶ If man him biðohte,
 Inderlike and ofte,
 Wu arde is te fore
 Fro bedde to flore,
 Wu reuful is te flitte

Fro flore te pitte,
 Fro pitte te pine
 Ðat nevre sal fine,
 I wene non sinne
 Sulde his herte winnen.

Wrt.

THE THIRTY-TWO FOLLIES.

From MS. Gg. i. 1, fol. 629, r^d, Bib. Publ. Cantab. temp. Edw. II.

Ici commencent les .xxxij. folies.

Ke nul bien ne set, et nul veut aprendre ;
 Ke mut acceit, e n'ad dunt rendre ;
 Ke taunt doune, e rien ne reteint ;
 Ke mut promette, e ne donne nient ;
 Ke tant parle qe nul ne li escute ;
 Ke tant manace ke nul ne li doute ;
 Ke tant jure que nul ne li creit ;
 Ke demaunde quanke il veit ;
 Ke à enfaunt ou à fol son conseil cunte ;
 Ke pur autri honur sei meime met à hunte ;
 Ke rien n'ad en burs, e tut bargaine ;
 Ke ascient pert, e nient ne gaine ;
 Ke tant fet en un jour, que ne puet à simaine ;
 Ke pur estrange eschace, le soen demaine ;
 Ke autre blasme, dunt il meimes est cupable ;
 Ke trop se fie en chose que n'est mi estable ;
 Ke felun cunust, e li coyst à sei ;
 Ke à soun seignur trop se desrai ;
 Ke en bone pees desire la guere :
 Ke se entremette de chose dunt n'ad qe fere ;
 Ke fol est, e plus sol se fet ;
 Ke se enjoyt de soun melfet ;
 Ke n'ad qe li serve, ne li meime ne veut ;
 Ke trop se mape, kaunt fere ne le estoet ;
 Ke bien pout elire, e de gré se prent à pire ;
 Ke tut quide veindre par mut mesdire ;
 Ke tant se avaunce, qe nul ne li loe ,
 Ke pur autri le soen desavoe ;
 Ke rien ne veut fere, ne autre ne let ;
 Ke quide qe bien seit quanke li plet ;
 Ke tut en prent, e nient ne escheve ;
 Ke sanz reison sun bon amy greve.

Hull.

ITINERARY FROM VENICE TO JOPPA.

From MS. Sloan. 689. fol. 42, r^o. of the fifteenth century.

A Venetiis ad Parentium sunt 100 mi^l. Italica
 A Parentio ad Corphonam 700.
 A Corphona ad Modonam 300.
 A Modona ad Cretam 300.
 A Creta ad Rhodum 300.
 A Rhodo ad Cyprum 300.
 A Cypro ad Joppen tridui navigatione.

Hull.

A SONG.

From MS. Harl. 7371 of the sixteenth century.

vagabunduli,	Omnes metuite
jucunduli,	Partes gramaticæ,
Tara tantara teino.	Tara &c.
us libere,	Quadruplex nebulo
nus lepide,	Adest, et spolio,
Tara &c.	Tara &c.
dissolvimur,	Data licencia,
is obvolvimir,	Crescit amentia,
Tara &c.	Tara &c.
im in joculis,	Papa sic præcipit,
o in poculis,	Frater non decipit,
Tara &c.	Tara &c.
consuimus,	Chare fratercule,
metuimus,	Vale et tempore,
Tara &c.	Tara &c.
is non deficit,	Quando revertitur,
nos reficit,	Congratulabimur,
Tara &c.	Tara &c.
catholice,	Nosmet respicimus,
postolice,	El vale dicimus,
Tara &c.	Tara &c.
æ volueris	Corporum noxibus,
quæ jusserris,	Cordium amplexibus,
Tara &c.	Tara tantara teyno.

Hull.

A SONG.

From MS. Cotton. Vespas. A. xxv. fol. 50, v^e, temp. Hen. VIII.

So longe may a droppe fall,
That it may perse a stone;
So longe trewthe may thrall,
That it shall scarce be knownen.

So longe may poweres wynke,
To lawgh at this or that,
That untruthe shall not shrynde
To say she cares not whatte.

So longe errore may raigne,
And untruthe soo increase,
That it shal be mutche paine
The same agayne to cease.

So longe lies may be cryed
Unto the peoples eares,
That whan truthe shal be tried,
Ytt may be with sume teares,

So longe we may goo seke
For that which is not farre,
Till ended be the week,
And we never the narre.

So longe we may be blynde,
Yf we fele not the greefe,
That harde wil be to fynde
For our disease reefe.

So longe we may forgete
Owre dutie unto God,
That sore we shal be bette,
And yet see not the rodde.

So longe we may in vaine
Forsake the way and pathe,
That grete shal be our paine,
Whan God shall shew his wrath.

So longe may God permytte
Us wretches to offende,
That it shall passe mans wytt
The fawte for to amende.

So longe, if we have grace,
 Goddes mercy we may crave,
 That in dew tyme and space
 I truste we shall it have.

Hull.

A BURLESQUE SONG.

S. Cotton. *Vespas.* A. xxv. fol 135, v°. temp. Hen. VIII. Some parts
 of song are almost defaced in the MS. and very difficult to decypher.

Newes! newes! newes! newes!
 Ye never herd so many newes!

A upon a strawe,
 Cudlyng of my cowe,
 Ther came to me jake-dawe,
 Newes! newes!

Our dame mylked the mares talle,
 The cate was lykyng the potte;
 Our mayd came out wyt a flayle,
 And layd her under fat.
 Newes! newes!

In ther came our next neyghbur,
 Frome whens I can not tell;
 But ther begane a hard scouer,
 "Have yow any musterd to sell?"
 Newes! newes!

A cowe had stolyn a clafe away,
 And put her in a sake;
 Forsoth I sel no puddynges to day,
 Maysters, what doo youe lake?
 Newes! newes!

Robyne is gone to Hu[n]tyngton,
 To bye our gose a flayle;
 Lyke Spip, my yongest son,
 Was huntyng of a snalle.
 Newes! newes!

Our mayd John was her to-morowe,
 I wote not where she berwend(?) ;
 Our cate lyet syke,
 And takyte gret sorowe.

* * * * *

Hull.



SATIRE ON THE BLACKSMITHS.

From MS. Arundel. 292, f. 72, v°. fourteenth century, written as prose.

395.
 ✓
 Swarte smekyd smethes smateryd with smoke
 Dryve me to deth wyth den of here dyntes ;
 Swech noys on nyghtes ne herd men nevere,
 What knavene cry and clatering of knockes,
 The cammede kongons cryen after col ! col !
 And blowen here bellewys that al here brayn brestes.
 Huf ! puf ! seith that on, haf ! paf ! that other,
 Thei spyttyn and spraulyn and spellyn* many spelles.
 Thei gnauen and gnacchen, they grony to-gydere,
 And holdyn hem hote with here hard hamers.
 Of a bole hyde ben here barm-fellys,
 Here schankes ben schakeled for the fere flunderys,
 Hevy hamerys thei han that hard ben handled,
 Stark strokes thei stryken on a stelyd stokke,
 Lus ! bus ! las ! das ! rowtyn be rowe,
 Swech dolful a dreme the devyl it to-dryve !
 The mayster longith a lityl, and lascheth a lesse,
 Twineth hem tweyn and towchith a treble,
 Tik ! tak ! hic ! hac ! tiket ! taket ! tyk ! tak !
 Lus ! bus ! las ! das ! swych lyf thei ledyn,
 Alle clothe merys, Cryst hem gyve sorwe !
 May no man for brenwateres on nyght han hys rest.

* An interlinear gloss in a later hand has *eche of hem at othere*.

Wrl.



THE THRUSH AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

From MS. Digby, 86, at Oxford, written in the reign of Edward I.

comence le cument par entre le mauvis et la russinole.

Somer is comen with love to toune,
With blostme and with brides roune,
The note of hasel springeth ;
The dewes darkneth in the dale,
For longing of the niȝtingale,
This foweles murie singeth.

Hic herde a strif bitweies two,
That on of wele, that other of wo,
Bitwene two i-fere ;
That on hereth wimmen that hoe beth hende,
That other hem wole withe miȝte shende,
That strif ȝe mowen i-here.

The niȝtingale is on bi nome,
That wol shilden hem from shome,
Of skathe hoe wele hem skere :
The threstelcok hem kepeth ay,
He seith bi niȝte and eke bi day
That hy beth fendes i-fere.

“ For hy biswiketh euchan mon
That mest bileveth hem ouppon ;
They hy ben milde of chere,
Hoe beth fikele and flas to fonde,
Hoe wertheth wo in euchan londe,
Hit were betere that hy nere.”

“ Hit is sheme to blame levedy,
For hy beth hende of cortesy,
Ich rede that thou lete :
Ne wes nevere bruche so strong
I-broke with riȝte ne with wrong,
That mon ne miȝte bete.

Hy gladieth hem that beth wrowe,
Bothe the heye and the lowe,
Mid some hy cunne hem grete :
This world nere nouȝt, ȝif wimen nere
I-maked hoe wes to mones sere,
Nis nothing al so swete.”

“ I ne may wimen herien nochut,
 For hy beris swikale and false of thohut,
 Also ic am vndersonde ;
 Hy beris feire and briet on hewe,
 Here thout is fals and ontrewe,
 Ful are ic have hem fonde.”

Assamende the king menest of hem ;
 In the world ner non so crafti mon,
 Ne nor so riche of londe,
 I take witnessse of moxie and fele,
 That riche werea of worldes wele,
 Mache wes hem the shonde.”

The misterye hoo wes wroth :
 “ Fowel me thinketh thou art me loth,
 Swete tales for to showe :
 Among a thorsom levedies i-tolde,
 Ther nis nec wickede i-holde,
 Ther by sizeth on rowe.”

Hy beris of here make and milde ;
 Hemself hy came from shome shilde,
 Whilene boares wowe ;
 And sweetest thing in armes to wre,
 The mon tha holdeth hem in gle
 Fowel wi ne art thou hit i-nowe.”

“ Gentil fowel, seist thou hit me,
 Ich habbe with hem in boure i-be,
 I-haved al mine wille ;
 Hy willeth for a luitel mede,
 Don as unsoul derne dede,
 Here soules for to spille.”

“ Fowel, me thinketh thou art les,
 They thou be milde and softe of thes,
 Thou seyst thine wille ;
 I take witnessse of Adam,
 That wes oure furste man,
 That fond hem wyde and ille.”

“ Threstelcok, thou art wod,
 Other thou const too litel good,
 This wimen for to shende :
 Hit is the swetteste driverie,
 And mest hoo commen of curteisie,
 Nis nothing also hende.”

The mest murthe that mon haveth here,
 Wenne hoe is maked to his fere
 In armes for to wende.
 Hit is shome to blame levedi ;
 For hem thou shalt gon sori,
 Of londe ich wille the sende.”

“ Niȝtingale, thou hastest wrong,
 Wolt thou me senden of this lond,
 For ich holde with the riȝtte,
 I take witnessse of sire Wawain,
 That Jhesu Crist ȝaf miȝt and main,
 And strengthe for to fiȝtte.

So wide so he hevede i-gon,
 Trewe ne founde he nevere non
 Bi daye ne bi niȝtte.
 Fowel, for thi false mouth,
 Thi sawe shal ben wide couth,
 I rede the fle with miȝtte.

Ich habbe leve to ben here,
 In orchard and in erbere,
 Mine songes for to singe ;
 Herdi nevere bi no levedi,
 Hote hendinese and curteysi,
 And joye hy gunnen me bringe.

Of muchele murthe hy telleth me,
 Fere, also I telle the,
 Hy liveth in longinginge.
 Fowel, thou sitest on hasel bou,
 Thou lastest hem, thou hastest wou,
 Thi word shal wide springe.

Hit springeth wide, wel ich wot,
 Hou tel hit him that hit not,
 This sawes ne beth nout newe
 Fowel, herkne to mi sawe,
 Ich wile the telle of here lawe,
 Thou ne kepest nout hem, I knowe.

Thenk on Constantines quene,
 Foul wel hire semede fow and grene,
 Hou sore hit son hire rewre :
 Hoe fedde a crupel in hire bour,
 And helede him with covertour,
 Loke war wimmen ben trewe.”

“ Threstelkok, thou hastest wrong,
 Also I sugge one mi song,
 And that men witeth wide ;
 Hy beth briȝtore ounder shawe,
 Then the day, wenne hit dawe
 In longe someres tide.

Come thou hevere in here londe,
 Hy shulen don the in prisoun stronge,
 And ther thou shalt abide.
 The lesinges that thou hastest maked,
 Ther thou shalt hem forsake,
 And shome the shal bitide.”

“ Niȝtingale, thou seist thine wille,
 Thou seist that wimmen shulen me spille,
 Datheit wo hit wolde !
 In holi bok hit is i-founde,
 Hy bringeth moni mon to grounde,
 That prude weren and bolde.

Thenk oupon Saunsum the stronge,
 Hou muchel is wif him dude to wronge,
 Ich wot that hoe him solde.
 Hit is that worste hord of pris,
 That Jhesu makede in parais,
 In tresour for to holde.”

Tho seide the niȝtingale,
 “ Fowel, wel redi is thi tale,
 Herkne to mi lore ;
 Hit is flour that lasteth longe,
 And mest i-herd in everi londe,
 And lovelich ounder gore.

In the worlde nis non so goodleche,
 So milde of thouthe, so feir of speche,
 To hele monnes sore :
 Fowel, thou rewest al mi thohut,
 Thou dost evele, ne semeth the nohut,
 Ne do thou so nammore.”

“ Niȝtingale, thou art ounwis,
 On hem to leggen so michel pris,
 Thi mede shal ben lene ;
 Among on houndret ne beth five,
 Nouther of maidnes ne of wive,
 That holdeth hem al clene.

That hy ne wercheth wo in londe,
 Other bringeth men to shonde,
 And that is wel i-seene.
 And they we sitten therfore to striven,
 Bothe of madnes and of wive,
 Soth ne seist thou ene."

" O fowel, thi mouth the haveth i-shend,
 Thoru wam wel al this world i-wend
 Of a maide meke and milde ;
 Of hire spong that holi bern,
 That boren wes in Bedlehem,
 And temeth al that is wilde.

Hoe ne weste of sunne ne of shame,
 Marie wes ire riȝte name,
 Crist hire i-shilde ;
 Fowel for thi false sawe,
 For beddi the this wode shawe,
 Thou fare into the filde."

" Niȝttingale, I wes woed,
 Other I couthe to luitel goed,
 With the for to strive :
 I suge that icham overcome,
 Thoru hire that bar that holi some,
 That soffrede woundes five.

Hi swerie bi his holi name,
 Ne shal I nevere suggen shame
 Bi maidnes ne bi wive ;
 Hout of this londe willi te,
 Ne rechi nevere weder I fle,
 Awai ich wille drive."

Hull.

MORAL ADMONITIONS.

From MS. Lansd. 762, fol. 9, r°, of the fifteenth century.

*hise been the ix. answers which God gave to a certeyn
 re that desired to wit whate thinge was moost plesure to
 in this worlde.*

Yeve thy almes unto poore folke whilst thoue livest, for
 pleaseth me more than thoue gavest a grete hill of golde
 thy deth.

2. Yeve out teres for thy synnys and for my passion, for that pleasest me more than thowe wepte for worldly thinges as moch water as in the see.

3. Suffre noyious wordis with a meke harte, for that pleasest me more than thowe bete thy body with as many roddys as growen in an hundred wodys.

4. Meke thyself and breke thy slepe and yelde owte preyers, for that pleasest me more than thowe sentest xij. men of thyne owne coste to the Holy Lande.

5. Have compassion the seeke and poore, for that pleasest me more than thowe fastesth fifty wynter brede and water.

6. Saye no bakbiting wordis, but shon from them, for that pleasest me more than thowe yedest barefote that men myght folowe thyne stappis of blode.

7. Love thy nayghber, and turne alle that he saithe or dothe to good, for that pleasest me more than yf thowe every daye enspired to heven.

8. Whatesower thowe aske, aske it firste of God, for that plesest me more than yf my Moder and all the Saintes in heven praied for the.

9. Me onely love, and alle other for me, for that pleasest me more than yf thowe every daye goo upon a whele stikking fulle of nayles that shulde prik thy body through.

Hull.

LIST OF ERRORS CHARGED AGAINST THE VAUDOIS IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

From MS. Cotton. Julius D, xi. fol. 84, r^o. in a hand of the fourteenth century.

Errores Valdensium.

Primus, quod ecclesia Romana est domus mendacii et a Deo reprobata.

Item, quod soli Deo est obediendum.

Item, quod papa non habet tantam potestatem quantum sanctus Petrus, nisi sit ita sanctus sicut sanctus Petrus.

Item, quod censura ecclesiæ Romanæ non est timenda, quia ejus prælati non possunt aliquid solvere vel ligare.

Item, quod ordines Romanæ ecclesiæ non sunt a Deo sed a traditione hominum.

Item, quod mali sacerdotes curiae Romanæ non possunt confidere corpus Christi, quare non est credendum, vendendum, et percipiendum ut tale.

- quod etiam laicus de secta ipsorum potest conficere, imo
etiam mulier.
quod non est nisi semel in anno conficiendum, modumque
nefandissimum habent.
quod ipsi sunt missi a Deo cum potestate apostolorum.
quod ipsi possunt sine licentia cujuscunque prædicare.
quod plus habet de auctoritate bonus laicus quam malus
sacerdos, quia quantum habet quis de bonitate tantum
habet de auctoritate.
quod mere laici etiam conjugati de ipsorum secta possunt
confessiones audire.
quod omne juramentum est peccatum mortale.
quod omne mendacium peccatum mortale est.
quod non est credendum purgatorium post hanc vitam.
quod orationes, misse, elemosinæ, et alia suffragia facta
pro defunctis, non valent, quia non sunt nisi propter
avaritiam inventa.
quod non ulla sunt vel fuerunt miracula in curia Romana.
quod indulgentiae summorum pontificum et aliorum
prælatorum nichil valent.
quod sancti non audiunt orationes nostras, nec est ad
ipsos recurrendum.
quod peregrinationes in nullo proficiunt.
quod solus dies dominicus est feriandus, quia alia festa
sunt festicula.
quod non est crucibus nec ymaginibus defferendum,
quia sunt ydola.
quod sacramenta ecclesiæ propter quæstum sunt inventa,
et propter quæstum ministrantur.
quod bonitas vel malitia ministrorum auget vel diminuit
virtutem sacramentorum.
judicare hominem ad mortem quacunque de causa est
peccatum mortale.
quod decimæ sacerdotibus Romanæ ecclesiæ non sunt
persolvendæ.
quod ecclesia Romana ex invidia et malitia persequitur
ipsos, quia veritatem docent.
quod nullus extra sectam ipsorum salvatur.
decelando ipsos, quia ipsorum magistros detegere est in-
expiable peccatum.
quod non sunt dicendæ orationes quarum actores
ignorantur.
quod non est dicenda Ave Maria, quia ejus actor ignoratur.
habent etiam inter se mixtum abominabile, et perversa
docmata ad hoc apta, sed non reperitur quod abu-
tantur in partibus istis a multis temporibus.

Item, in aliquibus aliis partibus apparet eis dæmon sub specie
et figura cati, quem sub cauda sigillatim osculantur
Item, in aliis partibus super unum baculum certo unguentum
perunctum equitant, et ad loca assignata ubi volunt
erint congregantur in momento dum volunt. Sed ista
ta in istis partibus non inveniuntur.

Writ.

~~~~~  
SONG ON WOMAN.

From MS. Lambeth, 306, fol. 135, of the fifteenth century.

Women, women, love of women  
Make bare purs with some men.  
Some be nyse as a nanne hene,  
    3it al thei be nat so;  
Some be lewde, some all be shreude,  
    Go schrewes wher thei goo.  
  
Sum be nyse, and some be fonde,  
And some be tame y undirstonde,  
And some cane take brede of a manys honde;  
    Yit all thei be nat so.  
  
Some cane part withouten hire,  
And some make bate in eviri chire,  
And some cheke-mate withoute sire;  
    Yit all they be nat so.  
Some be lewde, and some be schreued;  
    Go wher they go.  
  
Some be browne, and some be whit,  
And some be tender as accripe;  
And some of theym be chirly ripe;  
    Yit all thei be not soo.  
Sume be lewde, &c.  
  
Some of them be treue of love,  
Benethe the gerdelle, but nat above;  
And in a hode above cane chove;  
    Yit all thei do nat soo.  
Some be lewde, &c.  
  
Some cane whister, and some cane crie;  
Some cane flater, and some cane lye;  
And some can sette the moke awrie;  
    Yit all thei do nat soo.  
Sume be lewde, &c.

He that made this songe full good,  
 Came of the northe and of the sothern blode,  
 And somewhat kyne to Robyn Hode ;  
 Yit all we be nat soo.  
 Some be lewde, &c.

*Hull.*

TETRASTICHS.

Collection of wooden fortune cards, of the time of Queen Elizabeth,  
 in the possession of Charles Babbage, Esq.

Thou art the hapiest man alyve,  
 For everye thinge dothe make the thryve ;  
 Yet maye thy wyfie thy maister bee,  
 Wherfor take thryfite and all ffor mee.

And he that readeas thys verse even nowe  
 Maye hope to have a lowrингe lowe,  
 Whose lookes are nothinge lyked soo badde,  
 As ys her tonge to make hym madde.

Aske thou thy wyfie yffe she can tell,  
 Whether thou in maryage hast sped well ;  
 And lett her speake as she dothe knowe,  
 For xx. pounde she wyll saye noo.

A wyfie that maryethe husbandes three,  
 Was never wyshedetherto by mee ;  
 I wolde my wyfie sholde rather dyee,  
 Then for my deathe to wep or cryee.

Iff that a batcheler thou bee,  
 Kepe the soo style, be ruled by mee,  
 Leste that repentance, all to latte,  
 Rewarde the withe a broken patte.

Iff thou be younge then marye not yett,  
 Iff thou be olde thow haste more wyt ;  
 For younge mens wyves wyll not bee taught,  
 And olde mens wyves bee good for naught.

I shrowe hys hart that maryed mee,  
 My wyfie and I cann never agree ;  
 A knavishe quenne by Jis I doo sweare,  
 The good mans bretche shee thinkes to were.

Receave thy hape as fortune sendethe,  
 But God yt ys that fortunne lendethe ;

Wherfore yff thou a shrewe hast gotte,  
Thinke with thyselfe yt ys thy lotte.

Take upp thy fortune wythe good hape,  
Wyth rytches thou doste fyle thy lappe;  
Yet lesse were better for thy store,  
Thy quyernes sholde be the more.

Thou haste a shrowe to thy good man,  
Perhapes an unthryfte to; what than?  
Kepe hym as longe as he cann lyve,  
And at hys ende hys paseport geve.

Thou maist bee poore : and what for that?  
Howe yf thou hadest neither cape nor hatte?  
Thy mynde maye yet so quyet bee,  
That thou maist wyne as much as iij.

Thys woman maye have husbandes fyve,  
But never whilst shee ys alyve;  
Yet dothe shee hoope soo well to spedde,  
Geve upp thy hoope, yt shall not nedde.

*Hull.*

#### BURLESQUE RECEIPT.

From a copy of Caxton's *Mirrour of the World, or th'ymage of the sei*  
fol. Lond. 1481, in the King's Library in the British Museum, fol. ult.  
written by some owner of the book in the year 1520.

*A good medesyn yff a mayd have lost her madened to  
make her a mayd ageyn.*

Yff a zong woman had a c. men take,  
I can her ageyne a mayd make,  
With a lytelle medesyne  
That ys wertows frely fyne,  
So that she wylle yt take.  
She must be wondyrly fled,  
And leyd in an esy bed,  
In a hot hows;  
She must be wondyrly fed and welle  
Wythe good chekenys and grewell,  
And wythe good fat swynys sowse;  
She must have i . . . ed and a lowse, (?)  
Wyth the sound of a belle  
She must have the neyzyng of a mere,

And ix. li' of gnattys smere,  
 And do as I yow telle.  
 She must have also  
 The oyll of a mytys too,  
 With the kreke of a henne,  
 And the lyȝthe of a glaweworme in the derke,  
 With ix. skyppys of a larke,  
 And the lanche of a wrenne,  
 She must have of the wyntyrs nyȝhte  
 vij. myle of the mone-lychȝ;  
 Fast knyt in a bladder;  
 ȝe must medyl ther among  
 vij. Wellshemens song,  
 And hang yt on a lader;  
 She must have the left fot of an ele,  
 Wyth the krekynge of a cart-whele,  
 Wele hoylyd on a herdill;  
 ȝe must caste ther upon  
 The mary of a wheystone,  
 And the lenthe of Judas gerdylle.

*Hull.*

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### VERSES.

the copy of Caxton's *Game of Chesse*, fol. Lond. 1474, in the King's  
 ȝ, in the British Museum; written by John Wilson, temp. Hen. VII.

In word and eke in dede  
 Obey thy livinge Lorde,  
 Him serve with feare and drede,  
 Namely whiche is thy God.  
 Within thy hearte and minde  
 Judge no evill of thy freinde;  
 Love God with all thy hearte,  
 So shalte thou not fele the smarte  
 Of Goddes most cruell rodde;  
 Never put thy truste from God.

*Finis, quod Willson.*

*Hull.*

---

### POPULAR MAXIMS.

From MS. Lansd. 210, fol. 80, v<sup>o</sup>, time of Mary.

*The sayng of olde Housbendmen.*

That the hasty or tymly sowyng  
 Somtyme yt faylyth,

Butt to late sowyng  
Seldom or never wyll prevyth.

Many a man wylle go bare,  
And take moche kark and care,  
And hard he wyll fare,  
Alle the days of hys lyfe ;  
And after comyth a knave,  
The worst of a thrave,  
And alle he shalle have  
For weddyng of hys wyfфе.

*Hull.*

#### QUALITIES OF A GENTLEMAN.

From MS. Sloan. 775, fol. 55, v°, of the 15th century.

In whom is trauthe, pettee, fredome, and hardynesse,  
He is a man inheryte to gentylmene.  
Off thisse virtues iij. who lakkyth iij.,  
He aught never gentylmane called to be.

*Hull.*

#### SONG.

From MS. Harl. 4294, of the fifteenth century.

He hathe myne hart everydele,  
That cane love true, and kepe yt wele.

Sit amonges the knyghtes alle,  
At te counselle but ye be calle,  
And see and sey nott alle ;  
Whatsoever ye thynk avyse ye wele.

In bower amonges the byrdes bryghte  
Spare thy tong and spend thy syghe,  
. . . . . ace, be nott to lyghte ;  
Whatsoever, &c.

When thou goo to the nale,  
Syng as a nyghtyngale ;  
Beware to whom thou telle thy tale.  
Whatsoever, &c.

Laughe never with no lewde crye,  
Rage nott for no velony,  
. . . . . rybaudry.  
Whatsoever, &c.

And thou goo unto the wyne,  
 And thou thynk yt good and fyne,  
 Take thy leve whane yt ys tyme.  
 Whosoever, &c.

With thy tong thou mayst thyselfe spylle,  
 And with tonge thou mayst have alle thy [wylle] ;  
 Her and se, and kepe the stylle.  
 Whosoever, &c.

*Hull.*

### THE HARROWING OF HELL.

I published an edition of this early miracle-play, I have discovered  
 a copy, of the time of Edward I., in MS. Digby, 86; and as the pro-  
 contains several variations from the other copies, it may with propriety  
 place in this collection.

*Hou Jhesu Crist herowede helle,  
 Of harde gates ich wille telle.*

Leve frend, nou beth stille,  
 Lesteth that ich tellen wille,  
 Ou Jhesu fader him bithoute,  
 And Adam hout of helle broute.  
 In helle was Adam and Eve,  
 That weren Jhesu Crist wel leve ;  
 And Seint Johan the Baptist,  
 That was newen Jhesu Crist ;  
 Davit the prophete and Abraham,  
 For the sunnes of Adem ;  
 And moni other holi mon,  
 Mo then ich ou tellen con ;  
 Till Jhesu fader nom fles and blod  
 Of the maiden Marie god,  
 And suth then was don ful michel some,  
 Bonden and beten and maked ful lome,  
 Tille that Gode Friday at non,  
 Thenne he was on rode i-don,  
 His honden from his body wonden,  
 Nit here miȝte hoe him shenden,  
 To helle sone he nom gate  
 Adam and Eve hout to take ;  
 Tho the he to helle cam,  
 Suche wordes he bigan.

*Hull.*

PRICES OF ARTICLES IN THE REIGN OF  
ELIZABETH.

From the common-place book of Roger Columbell, of Darley Hall, Derbyshire, Addit. MS. in Mus. Brit. No. 6702. Many of the entries are dated in 1588.

Fol. 84.

Mem. that I payd Wyllam Halley, the xxxth daye of June, 1586, the last payment for my three new windooes about then finished, 9s. 6d., and for the same worke I had delivered hym before at severall tymes 3ls. 8d., so that for thys worke I have now payde hym hys dewe covenant, which was 40s., and ijd. more, wherof the towe great windooes be to be mesured by foute, contayne 5 skore and one foute, which weare at 3d. every foote just 25s. 3d., and the litle window I take to be 18tene foute, which wear 4s. 6d. to be hewen by greatt by lyke prise.

Stuff bought at Darby agaynst my dawghter Tranthe weddinge, God prosper hyr! vid. the . . of September, 1587.

|                                                          |          |
|----------------------------------------------------------|----------|
| In primis, accteclothe of j. yerd. di. and d. q. . . . . | 17s. 6d. |
| It' 18tene yards of lace prise . . . . .                 | 6s.      |
| It' di. j. oz. of sylke . . . . .                        | 12d.     |
| It' for 3 dozen buttons . . . . .                        | 9d.      |
| It' j yard & di. of fustion . . . . .                    | 18d.     |
| Sume 26s. 9d.                                            |          |
| It' for Peter, ij yards sylle rashe . . . . .            | 6s. 8d.  |
| For j dozen & di. of greate buttons for him. . . . .     | 18d.     |
| For half j. elne mockade for Tranthe . . . . .           | 14d.     |
| For di. a yard of fustian . . . . .                      | 6d.      |
| j qr. of taffata to lyne hyr pinions . . . . .           | 6d.      |
| For halfe one elne of lawne for her . . . . .            | 3s. 3d.  |
| For fringe & lace for a peticote . . . . .               | 2s.      |
| j. qr. & di. of fringe lace . . . . .                    | 5d.      |
| That time spent . . . . .                                | 3d.      |
| Summa 16s. 3d.                                           |          |
| Summa totalis 43s.                                       |          |

|                                                            |          |
|------------------------------------------------------------|----------|
| For ij payre of Jersey hoose . . . . .                     | 13s. 4d. |
| For 4 elnes changable taffata for hyr gowne . . . . .      | 54s.     |
| For lace, silke, and ffrindge for the same gowne . . . . . | 38s.     |
| For fustian ij. yards & demy . . . . .                     | 2s. 6d.  |
| Hoose ij payre . . . . .                                   | 2s.      |
| Crule fringe and lace for my wyves peticote . . . . .      | 2s. 8d.  |
| Silke lace for a peticote vid. 3 yards & di. . . . .       | 2s. 8d.  |
| 2 yarde and 3 quarters changeable tofft tafata . . . . .   | 27s.     |
| Lace and ffringe for her kirtle . . . . .                  | 2s. 6d.  |
| A girdle and Mocbeado for their doerbodyes (?) . . . . .   | 3s.      |

fol. 85, v<sup>o</sup>.

for a cote and a dublet of lether made 1579.

|                                                      |            |
|------------------------------------------------------|------------|
| map'. is for one yerd and iij. qr. brode cloth . . . | xvijs. 6d. |
| for 40ti yardes of lace . . . . .                    | 12s.       |
| for one oz. Spaynishe sylke . . . . .                | 2s.        |

summa 31s. 6d.

|                                                     |         |
|-----------------------------------------------------|---------|
| t' for 10 yerdys yellow lace that went to my lether |         |
| dublett . . . . .                                   | 3s. 4d. |
| for 4 scaynes yellow sylke . , . . . .              | 6d.     |
| for 3 dosen buttons . . . . .                       | 6d.     |
| for bumbast .12. and tafita . . . . .               | 7d.     |

fol. 89.

1586. Reckned with Roger Ball, on Easter eve for hys years wage now paste, which is xxvjs. 8d., wherof stopte upp for the rent of hys howse and hys croft with 4 buttes in the felde 4s. 8d., and for hys other closes 14s., for haye in Darley Pes 3s., for a strike of wheate 3s., and for one day plowinge 10d. Sume 25s., and now delivered hym 2s., so that he is now 4d. in my dett.

fol. 91.

A dewtye belonging of oulde tyme to the churches. Every house payd at Easter for small tithinges ij.d. ob., one garden peny, j. reeve penye, j. farthyng called a waxfarthinge, and another called a chaddfarthinge, the waxfarthinge for lyght of the alter, the chaddfarthinge to hallow the fonte for christining of children and for oyle and creame to anoyle sicke folkeswyth.

The parson had the garden penye for tythinge, and the bisshop had the j.d. ob. Then the parsons charge was to fynde bread and wyne to serve with at Easter of hys paseroull. And the parishe by howserowe to fynde every sundaye in the yeare j. penye white lofe for holye bread, and a halpeny for wyne to receyve the . . . . with.

*Wrt.*

## SONG ON AN INCONSTANT MISTRESS.

From MS. Harl. 2252, fol. 84, v<sup>o</sup>, of the time of Henry VIII.

O mestres whye  
 Owtecaste am I  
 All utterly  
 From your plesaunce ?  
 Sythe ye and I,  
 Or this truly,  
 Familiarly  
 Have had parlaunce.

And lovyngly  
 Ye wolde aply  
 My company  
     To my conforte ;  
 But now truly  
 Unlovyngly  
 Ye do deny  
     Me to resorte,  
 And me to see  
 As strange ye be,  
 As thowe that ye  
     Shuld nowe deny,  
 Or else possede  
 That nobylnes  
 To be doches  
     Of great Savoy.  
 But sythe that ye  
 So straunge will be  
 As toward me,  
     And wyll not medylle,  
 I truste percase  
 To fynde some grace,  
 To have free chayse,  
     And spedē as welle.

*Hull.*

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#### THE PROVERBS OF HENDING.

Another copy of these curious proverbs (printed at p. 109 of the pre<sup>ss</sup> volume,) is found in MS. Digby, 86. We give the commencement.

*Hending the Hende.*

Jhesu Crist, all this worldes red,  
 That for oure sunnes wolde be ded  
 On that holi rode tre,  
 He lete ous alle to ben wise  
 And enden in his servise,  
     Amen, per seinte charité.

Wit and wisdom lerneth ȝerne,  
 And loke that no man other werne  
     To ben ful wis and hende ;  
 For betere were to ben wis,  
 Than to werren for and gris,  
     Were se mon shal ende.  
 ' Wit and wisdom is god wareis,'  
     Quod Hendyng.

May no mon that is in londe,  
 For nothing that he con fonde,  
     Wonen at hom and spede  
 Fele thewes for to lere,  
 So he that haveth wide were  
     Fouht in fele thede ;  
 ‘ Also fele thedes also fele thewes,’  
     Quod Hending.

*Hull.*

~~~~~  
TUTIVILLUS.

on MS. Douce, 104; on the last page of a fine MS. of Piers Plowman, of
 the end of the fourteenth century.

Tutivillus, the devyl of hell,
 He wryteth har names, sothe to tel,
 admissa extrahantes.
 Beit wer be at tome for ay,
 Than her to serve the devil to pay,
 sic vana famulantes.
 Thos women that sitteth the church about,
 Thai beth al of the develis rowte,
 divina inpotentes.
 But thai be stil, he wil ham quell,
 With kene strokes draw hem to hell
 ad patientiam flentes.
 For his love that ȝou der boȝth,
 Hold ȝou stil, and fangel noȝth,
 sordem aperte deprecantes.
 The blis of heven than may ȝe wyn,
 God bryng us al to his in,
 Amen semper dicentes.

*Unde Beda.—Qui osculatur meretricem pulsat campanam
 ferni.*

Hull.

~~~~~  
**FAITH AND REASON.**

on MS. Bodl. 623, Bern. 2157, of the fifteenth century. See similar  
 verses at pp. 127, 205, of this volume.

Witt hath wonder, that reason ne can  
 Telle hough mayde is moder and God is man ;  
 Lett be thi reason, lett be thy wonder ;  
 For feithe is above and reasoun is under.

BELIQUAM ANTIQUEM.

Hoc mens ipsa stupet, quod non sua ratio cernet,  
Quomodo virgo pia genetrix sit sancta Maria;  
Hac Deus alius homo, sed credit ratio miro,  
Namque fides superest cum perfida ratio subit.

*Hull.*

LLAD ON SEEING HENRY VIII. AND HIS  
DAUGHTER DANCE.

From MS. Ashmole, 176, of the sixteenth century.

Ravysshed was I, that well was me,  
O Lord to me so fayne;  
To see that sight that I dyd see,  
I longe full sore ageyne.

I saw a kynge and a prynce  
Daunsynge before my face,  
Most lyke a God and a Goddess,  
I pray Christ save their grace!

This King to see, whom we have songe,  
His vertues be right muche;  
But this prynce being so yonge,  
There can be found none suche.

So facunde fayre she ys to see,  
To her lyke ys none of her age;  
Without grace yt cannot be,  
So yonge to be so sage.

This King to see with his fayre floure,  
The mother standing bye;  
Yt dothe me good yet at this houre,  
On them when that thinke I.

I pray Christ save father and mother,  
And this yonge ladye fayre;  
And send her shortlye a brother,  
To be Englandes righte heire.

*Hull.*

SONG ON DEFERRING MARRIAGE.

From MS. Harl. 2252, fol. 84, v<sup>e</sup>, of the time of Henry VIII.

Som do entende  
There yowthe for to spende,  
Tyll hyt be at an ende,  
Or they wyll mary;

For they do haste pretend,  
 Fortune wyl do condyssend  
 There substance to amend  
     By a great lady.  
 But sche that hathe grete rente,  
 When there corage ys spente,  
 Wyll nothyng be contente,  
     With them to mary.  
 Tho that so do use  
 Of hys degree to muse,  
 Tyll yowth do them refuse,—  
     They do oftyne varye.  
 Ye that hathe good substans,  
 Take ye one for your plesaunce,  
 Gentlyly to have dalyaunce,  
     Whylys that your yowthe dothe tary.  
     *Hull.*

THE EVILS OF LENDING. *A. 291 A. 208*

From MS. Harl. 941, fol. 23, v°. of the time of Edward IV.

I wold lene but I ne dare,  
 I have lant I will bewarre ;  
 When y lant y had a frynd,  
 When y hym asked he was unkynd :  
 Thus of my frynd y made my foo,  
 Therefore darre I lene no moo.  
 I pray yo of your gentilnesse  
 Report for no unkyndnesse.

THE MADMAN'S SONG.

From MS. Bodl. Oxon. 851, Bern. 3041, of the fifteenth century.

Be God and Saint Hillare,  
 Mi clerk was of il lare,  
 Wan he red hillar  
     Long in is pistil.  
 I swere be mi chatter,  
 I weld that Sis Allkar,  
 Rihte with hir ers bar  
     Had pist in this wistil.  
 I am a hert, I am no are,  
 Onys I fley, I wel no mare ;  
 It is i-write in my hod,  
 That I am a swyere god.

I am an hare, I am non hert,  
 Onys I fley and let a fert;  
 ȝe mow se by my hod,  
 My hert is nowt, my hed is wod.

*Hull.*

## PRIDE, ENVY, AND ANGER.

From MS. Harl. 957, fol. 27, v°. of the fourteenth century.

*Superbia.*

Prid man I the forbede  
 If thou be god and feyr and wis,  
 Of wytte, of word, of thout, of ded,  
 Thank God, for al is his.

*Invidia.*

Envi for lak of al thinges  
 Even als it es delt in two ;  
 Of manslathtring haf na langinges,  
 Ne of his wel be thou noyt wo.

*Ira.*

Ire thou do out of thin hert,  
 That wirkis bat niht and day ;  
 If it beleve yt sal be that  
 Thou sal bathe fraist and fanday.

*Hull.*

## A CHARM TO FIND STOLEN GOODS.

From Henslowe's Diary in the Library of Dulwich College, temp. Elizabeth

*To know wher a thinge is that is stolen.*

Take vergine waxe and write upon yt “ Jasper + Melchi-  
 sor + Balthasar +”, and put yt under his head to whome the  
 good partayneth, and he shall knowe in his sleape wher the  
 thinge is become.

*Hull.*

## THE TESTAMENT OF THE CHRISTIAN.

From MS. Lansd. 762, fol. 3, r°. of the fifteenth century.

Terram terra tegat, Dæmon peccata resumat,  
 Mundus res habeat, spiritus alta petat.

*Terram terra tegat.*

Four poyntis my wille, or I hence departe,  
 Reason me movethe to make as I maye.

irst to the erthe I bequethe his parte,  
y wretched careyn is but fowle claye,  
ke than to like, erthe in erthe to laye;  
th it is, according by it I wolle abide,  
s for the first parte of my wille, that erthe erthe hide.

*Dæmon peccata resumat.*

yne orrible synnes that so sore me bynde,  
ith weight me oppresse, that lyen so many fold,  
many in numbre, soo sondry in kynde,  
e ffeende by his instaunce to theym made me bold;  
om hym they come, to hym I yolde wolde;  
herfore the second parte of my wylle is thus,  
at the fende receyve all my synnes as hys.

*Mundus res habet.*

hate availeth goodys, am I ones dede and rotен;  
em alle and some I leve, peny and pounde,  
uely or untruely, some I trowe mysgoten,  
ough I wot not of whome, howe, nor in whate grounde;  
e worldis they been, them in the worlde I founde;  
nd therfore the thirde parte is of my wille,  
le my worldly goodes let the worlde have stille.

*Spiritus alta petat.*

owe for the fourth poynte, and than have I doo;  
edefulle for the soule me thinketh to provide;  
ence muste I nedes, but whother shalle I goo?  
lowte my demerytts which weyen on every side;  
it Goddys mercy shall I truste to be my guyde,  
nder whoes liecens yet while I maye breth,  
nto heven on high my soule I bequeth.

*Hull.*

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**METRICAL TREATISE ON DREAMS.**

From MS. Harl. No. 2253, fol. 119, ro. of the reign of Edward II.

Her comensez a bok of svevenyng,  
That men meteth in slepyng;  
Thurth David hit y-founden ys,  
That wes prophete of grete pris.  
Tho he was in a cyté  
Of Babyloyne, of grete pousté,  
The princes him bysohten alle,  
Bothe in toun ant in halle,  
That he huere svevenes aredde,

That huem thohte a-nyht in bedde,  
And undude huere svevenes ariht  
Thurh the holi gostes myht.  
Mon that bryddes syth slepynde,  
Him is toward gret wynnynge.  
Mon that meteth of lomb ant got,  
That tokneth confort, God yt wot!  
Mon that thuncheth he breketh armes,  
That y-wis bytokneth harmes.  
Mon that syth tren blowe ant bere,  
Bitokneth wynnynge, ant no lere.  
Mon that styth on tre an heh,  
Gode tidyng him is neh.  
Mon that syth the skywes clere,  
Of somthing he worth y-boden here.  
Mon that syth briddes cokkynde,  
Of wraththe that is toknynge.  
Mon that thuncheth him beste dryven,  
His enimy wol with him striven.  
Mon that of cartes met,  
Of dede mon tidyng he het.  
Mon that shet, ant bowe bent,  
Of somthing he worth y-send.  
Mon that met of broche ant ryng,  
That bitokneth syker thyng.  
Mon that broche other ryng for-lest,  
He bith bitreyed alre nest.  
Selver seon ant gold bryht,  
That is weder cler ant lyht.  
Eysil drynke ant bitre thyng,  
Som serewe him is comyng.  
Mon that to God doth offryng,  
Of gladnesse hit is tydyng.  
Mon in albe other cloth whit,  
Of joie that is gret delit.  
Armes y-sen ant eke bataille,  
Hit is strif ant wrape withoute faille.  
Thilke that hath berd gret ant long,  
He worth of power gret ant strong.  
Mon that thuncheth is berd ys shave,  
That bitokneth harm to have.  
Armes habbe grete ant longe,  
That is power ich onderstonde.  
Armes habbe sherte ant lene,  
That is feblesse ase at ene.  
Gerlaund whose hath ant croune,

Forsoth him worth honour in toun.  
 Mon that sith the hevene undon,  
 To al the world hit is wycked won.  
 Buen y-shrud in gode clothe,  
 That is sykernesse ant counfort bothe.  
 Mon that wolde erne, ah he ne may,  
 That is seknesse, *par fay*.  
 Tapres make, and condle lyhte,  
 That is joie, day ant nyhte.  
 Bokes rede other here reden,  
 That is tidyng of god deden.  
 Mon that is in lokyng,  
 Deceyte him is comyng.  
 With kyng speke other emperour,  
 That is digneté ant honour.  
 Heren symphayne, other harpe,  
 That bitokneth wordes sharpe.  
 3e that falleth toht other tweyn,  
 Thi nexte frendes shule deyn.  
 3et thou makest houses newe,  
 Joie ant blisse the shal siwe.  
 3ef thin hous falleth mid the wowe,  
 The worth harm ant eken howe.  
 3ef thou ridest on hors whyt,  
 That is joie ant delyt.  
 Reed hors seon other ryden,  
 Gode tidinge that wol tiden.  
 On blac hors ryden other seon,  
 That wol luere ant tuene buen.  
 Mon that meteth himself sek ys,  
 Of wommon accusynge that is.  
 That sith himself gomeninge and wod,  
 Bitokneth serewe ant no god.  
 With suerd other knif whose is smyte,  
 Of tuene he shal est y-wyte.  
 Mon that thuncheth he hath feir face,  
 Bitokneth god ant feir grace.  
 Mon that sith him in water cler,  
 Of longe lyve he worth her.  
 Blac whosse sith is oun face,  
 Him worth blame in uche place.  
 Water passen cler ant stille,  
 Bitokneth sikernesse ant wille.  
 In water thikke ant trouble buen,  
 Bytokneth bo deceyte ant tuen.  
 In diches falle grete ant deope,

From blame ne shal he him kepe.  
In grete water ase Temese is throwe,  
Evel toward he may trowe.  
Mon that syth gret snow ant hayl,  
Hit bitokneth gret travail.  
With swerd other knyf fyhte,  
That ys deceynte al aryhte.  
Lombren suen other calf,  
Bytokneth plenté on uch half.  
Mon that sith gestes come,  
Y-wayted he is to buen y-nome.  
Whose sith his fomon in bataille,  
Anguisse him tid withoute faille.  
Lahtoun make ant to-delve,  
Bytokneth joie to him selve.  
Mon y-turned into beste,  
That is wraththe ant eke cheste.  
Mon that sith is hous bernynde,  
Ful gret peryl him is comynde.  
Whose hym wossheth of cler water other welle,  
Of joie ant wynnyng he shal telle.  
That is hed is wyt whose meteth,  
Gret byȝete hit bytokneth.  
Whose thuncheth is hed is shave,  
Strong hit is from luere him save.  
Whose meteth is her is long,  
He wroth of poer gret ant strong.  
On whan houndes berketh fele,  
Is fomon him foundeth tele.  
ȝef thou hast on newe shon,  
Thou shalt joie underfon.  
ȝef the meteth thin shon beth olde,  
In anguisse the worth y-holde.  
ȝef the meteth me wossheth thin heved,  
Sunne ant peril the worth byreved.  
ȝef thou etest of thystles ȝurne,  
Thy fomon the freteth on uche hurne.  
ȝif thou sist two mone,  
In pousté thou shalt waxe sone.  
ȝef the thuncheth thou sist the mone,  
Shapen of hard the worth to done.  
ȝef the thuncheth thou y-bounden art,  
Lattyngne the worth strong ant smart.  
ȝef thou hast a bed of pris,  
The worth a trewe wyf y-wis.  
ȝef thou sist the see ful cler,

The is god toward ner ant ner.  
 ȝef the see is yn tempeste,  
 The tid anguisse ant eke cheste.  
 Whose foule sith is honde,  
 He is fol of sunne ant shonde.  
 Whose meteth him lasse y-maked,  
 Of is power he byth aslaked.  
 ȝef thou more ant more wext,  
 Of god poer thou shalt buen hext.  
 ȝef mon thuncheth that he is wedded,  
 Longe he worth seek in bedde.  
 Mon that thuncheth he ded ys,  
 Newe hous and comfort shal buen his.  
 ȝef thou with dede mon spext,  
 Muche joie the is next.  
 Whose thunchest himself adreint,  
 Of desturbaunce he bith ateint.  
 Whose briddes nest hath y-founde,  
 Good shal to him abounde.  
 ȝef thou sist thyn havek flen,  
 In joie thou shalt weole y-sen.  
 Brudale other songes heren,  
 Bytokneth plenté to alle feren,  
 ȝef the thuncheth thou gest bare-fot,  
 Bytokneth serewe ant no god.  
 ȝef the thuncheth thou takest veil,  
 Bitokneth joie, god, and eyl.  
 Tren with frut whose sith,  
 Biȝete forsothe that byth.  
 Eyr mysty whose syth,  
 Desturbaunce that bith.  
 Of bestes him hated whose sith,  
 Luere of frend that byth.  
 Cartes urne whose sith,  
 Wraththe of frend that byth.  
 D[r]ynke eysil whose syth,  
 To sothe seknesse that bith.  
 Eryen lond whose him syth,  
 Travail for sothe that bith.  
 Berd shave whose syth,  
 Muche joie that bith  
 Armes other legges mis-turnd wose syth,  
 Langour ant mournyng that bith.  
 Croune underfonge whose syth,  
 Heththe ant menske that byth.  
 Whit heved whose syth,

Gret byȝete that byth.  
 Heved shave whose syth,  
 Wyte him wel deceyte that bith.  
 Houndes berkynde whose syth,  
 Proude von the speketh with.  
 With houndes biset whose him syth,  
 Tuene of enymis that bith.  
 Wosshen is heved wose syth,  
 Of sunne ant peril to-lyvred he byth.  
 Thistles eten whose him syth,  
 Evel speche of fon that byth.  
 Hevene y-leȝed wose syth,  
 Harm in huerte sothliche hit byth.  
 Urne feintliche whose him sith,  
 Seknesse that tokneth ant byth.  
 Caroles make ant condles lyhte,  
 That is joie ant murthe bryhte.  
 With maide wedded whose him syth,  
 Anguisse on soule mon saith that byth.  
 Mantel werie whose him syth,  
 Confort ant joie that byth.  
 Whose the dede speketh wyth,  
 Fader other moder, whose hit bith,  
 Ase the Latyn seith y-wis,  
 That is muche joie ant blis.  
 Casten drynke other mete,  
 That a mon hath, er y-ete,  
 Other with soster have to donne,  
 Other soster taken him to monne,  
 That is a bytokenyng  
 Of sunne ant of mournyng.  
 His teth falle whose syth,  
 Luere of frend ychot that byth.  
 Wong-teth blede ant tharewith falle,  
 Deth of cun we mowe calle.  
 Hous falle other berne whose syth,  
 Sclaundre ne may he wyten him wyth.  
 White hors ant rede habbe,  
 God tydynge withoute gabbe.  
 Wondrynde whose hym syth,  
 Mournyng that bytokneth ant byth.  
 Blake hors other falewe habbe,  
 Apeyrement, y nul nout gabbe.  
 Hyinselve dronke whose syth,  
 Led drawen other swyn therwyth,  
 Feblesse of body that ilke byth.

Galded other seek whose hym syth,  
 Robbed other outlawed therwyth,  
 Wreyng ant gret blame that byth.  
 With yrne y-smite whose him syth,  
 Mournynge that ilke byth.  
 His face in water whose syth,  
 Long lyf that ilke byth.  
 Ys face feyr whose syth,  
 Joie ant menske that ilke byth.  
 Ys face lodlych whose syth,  
 Bytoknyng of sunne that byth.  
 Water cler whose syth,  
 Bytoknyng of sykernes that byth.  
 Water troublé whose syth,  
 Wreyng for sothe that ylke bith.  
 Wallen suen ant of hem drynke,  
 Other in house walle spryng,  
 Joie ant bizete that is toknyng.  
 Water into hous y-bore whose sith,  
 Tocknyng of peril that byth.  
 Children bueren other habbe,  
 That is harm withoute gabbe.  
 Joie in swevenyng whose syth,  
 Mournyng that tokneth ant byth.  
 Mon y-turnd into beste,  
 He wraththed God atte leste.  
 Uncomely to bataille gon,  
 That is shome of is fon.  
 Whose thuncheth him in prisoun,  
 That is chalenge ant raunsoun.  
 Whose him thuncheth ben peint on bord,  
 That is long lif at lut word.  
 The mone blody other doun falle,  
 Travail ant peril me may calle.  
 Himself y-bounde whose may sen,  
 Other in swymmyng ben,  
 Other wycchen other weddyng,  
 That is travail other gret lattyng.  
 Sheren shep whose syth,  
 Sothliche harm that byth.  
 Whose wepeth in swevenyng,  
 Other meteth of cussyng,  
 Other palmen may y-sen,  
 Joie ant blisse that wol ben.  
 The sonne cler whose syth,  
 That bitokneth pes ant gryth.

The sonne derk whose may se,  
 Peril of kynges that wol be.  
 The sonne reed whose syth,  
 Shedyng of blod that tokne byth.  
 Sterren of the hevene falle,  
 Gret bataille that is withalle.  
 Tueyn monen at eve y-sen,  
 Chaunge of kyng other prince that mai ben.  
 Thourne whose thuncheth he syth,  
 That beth grete wordes ant styth.  
 The erthe quaque whose may sen,  
 Harm to thilke stude wol ben.  
 Whose geth on hontyng,  
 That bytokneth purchasyng.  
 Whose thuncheth that he flyth,  
 Chaunge of stude that ilke bith.  
 Whose sith clothes bernynde,  
 Deceite is the bytoknyng.  
 Folle vesseles in house y-sen,  
 Plenté that tokneth to ben.  
 Whose thuncheth he God sith,  
 Other out that to him biliht,  
 That, ase suggeth this clerkes,  
 Bytokneth gode werkes,  
 Somme seggeth hit is ylle,  
 Ant that be at Godes wille.  
 Gurdel wosshen whose syth,  
 Choste ychot that ylke byth.  
 Of alle swevenes that men meteth,  
 Day other nyght when hue slepeth,  
 No mon ne con that sothe thyng  
 Telle, bote the hevene kyng,  
 He us wyte an warde bo,  
 Ant ever shilde us from ur fo.

Wrt.

## AN EPITAPH.

From MS. Lansd. 762, fol. 19, v°. fifteenth century.

Farewele, my frendis, the tide abideth no man,  
 I am departed from hens, and so shall ye;  
 But in this passage the best song that I can,  
 Is *Requiem æternam*, nowe Jeshu graunte it me!  
 Whan I have ended all myn adversitie,  
 Graunte me in paradise to have a mancion,  
 That shed thy blode for my redempcion. Amen!

H[er]Z

## THE CHARACTERISTICS OF COUNTIES.

MS. Harl. 7371. Hearne has printed a different version from a Rawlinson's Library, in the fifth volume of his edition of Leland's *y.* We are indebted to the Rev. Joseph Hunter for our knowledge copy.

Hervordschir, shild and sper;  
Woseterschir, wringe per.  
Glowseterschir, schow and naile;  
Bristowschir, schip and saile.  
Oxenfordschir, gurd mare;  
Warwickschir, bind beare.  
London, globber;  
Sothery, great bragger.  
Schropschir, my schinnes ben scharpe,  
Ley wood to the fir, and yef me my harpe.  
Lankaschir, a fair archer;  
Cheschir, thacker.  
Northumberlond, hastie and hot;  
Westmerlond, tot for sote!  
Yorkestschir, fall of kniȝtes;  
Lincolnschir, men full of miȝtes.  
Cambridgeſchir, full of pikes;  
Holland, full of dikes.  
Suffolk, full of wiles;  
Norffolk, full of giles.  
Essex, good huswives;  
Middelsex, full of strives.  
Kent, as hot as fir;  
Sussex, full of mir.  
Southampton, dire and wete;  
Somersetschir, good for whete.  
Devinschir, miȝt and strong;  
Dorcetschir, will have no wrong.  
Willschir, fair and plaine;  
Barkschir, fill vaine.  
Harvordschir, full of wood;  
Huntingdonschir, corne full good.  
Bedfordschir, is not to lack;  
Buckinghamschir is his make.  
Northampton, full of love,  
Beneath the girdel, and not above.  
Nottinghamschir, full of hoggys;  
Darbyschir, full of doggys.  
Leicesterschir, full of benys;

Staffordschir, full of shrewd quenys.  
 Cornewall, full of tyme ; ~~hyne~~  
 Wales, full of gentlemen.

*Probata sunt ista omnia.*

*Hull.*

### THE SEVEN NAMES OF A PRISON.

From MS. Harl. 7526, fol. 35; of the fifteenth century.

*Domus punicionis ista habet hæc septem nomina.*

*Primum nomen istius prisone vocatur,*  
 A place to bury men that be quyk,  
 Here to contene new with bred and watour,  
 iiii. att oones putt in oone pytt;  
 Here abydyng mercy telle they be quytt ;  
 Thus mane is browght downe into *quorum*,  
 To dwelle inn thyss place *sepulcrum vivorum*.

*Secundum nomen istius carcer habet,*  
 A place to ponyshe man for his trespass,  
 To remember hymselffe whyle he hathe brethe,  
 And dayly to labure for mercy and grace,  
 To God and hys adversary, duryng the space  
 That he abydythe here thus strayte under *quorum*,  
 In thyss place namyd *castigacio peccatorum*.

*Tercium nomen dabitur isto dungio,*  
 Distruction of mannyss body, name, and credans ;  
 Hys honesté steynyd, and he replet with sorow and woo ;  
 Hys goodes disperpuled, and he broght to indigens ;  
 Hys wyffe redles, chyldren gydles, seruautes withdraw  
 hym fro ;  
 Wyth hunger thurste and cold hymselffe ponyshyd to *quorum*,  
 And for lacke of sewrte faste fetterd in *destructio vivorum*.

*Quartum nomen at dicitar laquei istius,*  
 Sethe cruelle wylle of every mannyss adversary,  
 Here to ponyshe hym for dett or wrathe so malicious,  
 That here itt is herd to fynde so gud remedy,  
 As he shalle att large with labure and policy ;  
 Thus by cruelty man is kepte here under *quorum*,  
 Petyously in thyss place, *volutas inimicorum*.

*Quintum nomen istius soveæ ita probatum,*  
 A place of proff for man to knowe bothe frend and foo ;

**Sum hold abacke, sum nott att home, and sum bethe owte a towne,**

Sum saye well, sum say ille, “ why hath he gyd hym soo ?

Lett hym shyfte and selle that he hath or ever that he goo”.

**Thus man is chast, lackingyng sewrté, and putt under *quorum*,  
He hath no frendes, the lengere abydyth in *probacio amicorum*.**

*Sextum nomen vocatur istius turris,*

A place for man to distribute his goode,

To content the cruelenesse of his grevos adversary,

And so long to byde in prisone, that for lacke of foode

He muste be fayne to selle bothe gowne and hode ;

For lake of mony straytly kepte here under *quorum*,

Wastyng his goodes in thys place *distributio bonorum*.

*Septem nomen dabitur iste gaolo,*

Lose of mannys tyme that heve is nott applyed,

The daye passyth, goodes wastithe, reintes dekeith allesoo ;

The nyght comethe, to truste our frende he is deceyved,

Dettours withholdyth, for to borow he is denyed ;

Thus dayly man leseth tyme, the term ys almoste doone,

God be owre socour, and us kepe fro *perdicio temporum*.

*Ihesus.*

**O yee herttes hard, in welthe, eayse, and gretnes,**

Remember welle thes vij. fold names of prisoun,

**With pyté, almes, and charyté, prisoners to reles,**

Be mercyfalle, agré, take parte, and sumwhat pardoone,

Disdeyne nott to help us, kepe you frome discencioune ;

**A mane above is sone under by a draght of chekmate,**

Alle you att large pray God ffor us that be here in Ludgate.

*Explicit. Wottour Grevz.*

*Hull.*

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GEOGRAPHY IN VERSE.

From MS. Bib. Reg. 19 D. I. fol. 287, v°. of the fourteenth century.

Recapitulatio omnium terrarum civitatumque tocius mundi.
Primo de Asia Anglice lingue.

This world ys delyd al on thre,
Asie, Affrike, and Europe.

Wole ȝe now here of Asie,
How fele londes thereinne be.

Heȝtetene kynges londes
Ben in Asye the stronge;

Of tho londes the sixe ben
 By the occeane see,
 India, Aracusia, Persia,
 Assyria, Persis, and Media,
 These alle stonden by that see.
 Mesopotamia, Caldea, Siria,
 Brabia, Bactria, Palestria,
 Iberia, Phenesona, Scicia, Amazonia,
 Albania, Hiriania, Alemannia,
 Capadocia, Colcos, Asia, Scicilia,
 The lasse Asia and the lond of Histria ;
 These ben Prestere Johanes londes ;
 On ys Fenicia, Egypete the more,
 And Rubie, Tire, Sidonie,
 The lond of Macedonie,
 Egypete the lasse, Ethiope,
 Ciremen, and Cicie, Corizame,
 Turia, Caldea, Frigida, Pamphilea,
 Suria, and the lond of Judia :
 These bene alle in Asya.

Iste sunt terre et civitates Africe.

By that othere syde is Aufrike
 Thereinne stondeth Nadabora,
 Garamancia, Libia, Cirenem, Getulia,
 Gropolitane, Cutense, Ganges, and Cicia,
 Gotulie and Minudia, Tingurie, Mauritania,
 These stonden in Amona.
 The ferreste londes that bene
 By the est syde of Affrike,
 Dacie, Gepide, Humie, Hungrie, Arkadie,
 Sciciona, Elladia, Tessalia, Partar, Akaia,
 Ostabares, Ethma, Ariobares, and Mulcia,
 Agrosetane, Carrase, Carmele, Hore, Arbanie,
 Segor, Selboye, and Theocliter,
 These ben alle ferre.
 Parthi, Elauente, Ferior, Penonie,
 Sebore, and the Tyer cliter,
 These londes bene ferthere.
 Libertre, Calicardania, Aschos, Samaria,
 Parapones, Simbris, Cipher, and Tibris,
 Militigate, Affrua, Solumbre, Curia,
 Idapes, Hermenye, Turote, Valerie, Aleas,
 Achaye, Septrie, and Multie,
 These ben alle in Aufrike.

Europa.

In Europe ben londes mo,
 Ac hei ben lasse than tho,
 Girtlonde, Russie, Hungrie, and Sclavonie,
 Pullane, Pugie, Linge, Hungrie, and Geptrie,
 Bucedonie, Rodes, Cesilie, Saragunce,
 Puille, Calabre, Romanie, Tharce,
 Garum, Aquile, Tuscane, and Lombardie,
 These ben londes swithe fre.
 Lavenne, Campaigne, Burgoine,
 Provence, Fraunce, Normendie,
 Armowe, Britaigne, Burdeles,
 Spayne, Galys, and Portyngale,
 Murce, Cartage, Aragunce, Valace,
 Baskle, Aragun, Navare, and Gascogne,
 Neburneis, Gutte, Fordane, and Champaine,
 Beth alle by the suth est see.
 On the North see on on
 Stondeth Flaundres, and Braben,
 Yanond, Saxone, Loerenne, and Snaide,
 Alemaine, Denemarche, Norwey and Trace,
 Venelond, Gutlond, Iselond, Grenelond,
 Maydenelond, Hakeslond, Fryselond,
 Goutlond, Wyteri, Mai, and Scotlond,
 Muref, Galeway, Orkeney, Man, Huitegale,
 Yatis eke in the tale.
 Northumberlond, Cumberlond, Westmerlond,
 Coupelond, Wales, and Engelond,
 Cornewayle, Irlond, Colriche, and Iselond,
 By the see syde of Irlond. *Explicit.*

Hill.

PROPERTIES OF GOOD WINE.

the last leaf of MS. Reg. 12 D. XI, written early in the fourteenth century.

o vin crut en croupe de mountaygne en ag...e du souleyl à doiz de peez dieu. Unqe la vigne où il cruist n'i fut semée chée ne crotée de marle, n'i ont porté si ly ruginole nen ly en son beke, ou lessa choier en volant. En ceo vin ai idu .xx. lettres, ces sount treis .b.b.b., treis .c.c.c., treis reis .n.; huit .ff. Les treis .b. signifient q'il est bon, bel, inc. Les treis .c. signifient q'il est court, cresp, et cler. treis .s. signifient q'il est sein, sad, et saverouse. Les .n. signifient q'il est net, nais, et natureus. Les vit .ff.

signifiant q'il est fin, fres, froit, fort, frick, flurant, freignant, et furmente fort, come muson à blaunk moyn, raumpaunt come esquirel, decendaunt cum foudre, poignant come aloyne de cordwaner, il saut, il trop, il nait, il regne, il set ...ir lange de leccher si come mue sus peron de ceo quart ne bevera pur moy noun n..... ne beverez atten bon campagnon.

Wrt.

SONGS OF A PRISONER.

From the MS. *Liber de Antiquis Legibus*, of the thirteenth century, in the possession of the Corporation of the city of London. Musical notes are added in the original.

Ar ne kuthe ich sorghe non,
Nu ich mot manen nun mon,
Karful wel sore ich syche;
Geltles ihc sholye muchele schame,
Help God for thin swete name,
Kyng of hevene-riche.

Jesu Crist, sod God, sod man,
Loverd thu rew upon me,
Of prisun thar ich in am
Bring me ut and makye fre.
Ich and mine feren sume,
God wot ich ne lyghe noct,
For othre habbet misname,
Ben in thyss prisun i-broct.

Al-micti, that wel licth,
of bale is hale and bote,
Hevene king, of this woning
ut us bringe mote,
Foryhef hem, the wykke men,
God ! yhef it is thi wille,
For wos gelt we bed i-pelt
in thos prsun hille.

Ne hope non to his live,
Her ne mai he bilive,
Heghe thegh he stighe,
Ded him felled to grunde;
Nu had man wele and blisce,
Rathe he shal thar of misse,
Worldes wele mid y-wise
Ne lasted buten on stunde.

Maiden, that bare the heven king,
 Bisich thin sone, that swete thing,
 That he habbe of hus newsing,
 And bring us of this woning
 For his muchele misse ;
 He bring hus ut of this wo,
 And hus tache werchen swo,
 In thes live go wu sit go,
 That we moten ey and o
 Habben the eche blisce.

Hull.

PRAISE OF WOMEN.

From MS. Harl. 4294, fol. penult. r^o, of the fifteenth century.

I am as lyghte as any roe,
 To preyse womene wher that I goo.
 To onpreyse womene yt were a shame,
 For a womane was thy dame ;
 Owr blessyd lady beryth the name,
 Of all womene wher that they goo.
 A woman ys a worthy thyng,
 They do the washe and do the wrynge,
 "Lullay ! lullay !" she dothe the syng,
 And yet she hath but care and woo.
 A womane ys worthy wyght,
 She servyth a mane both daye and nyght ;
 Therto she puttyth alle her myght ;
 And yet she hathe but care and woo.

Hull.

ON ANGRY PEOPLE.

From MS. Lansd. 762, of the fifteenth century.

te marvaile and wonder I have in my conceite,
 hise maner people that sodenly wol be wrothe,
 ether they have cawse or noon, for nothing woll they let ;
 specially with them that of their wrethe be not lothe.
 /e truely tro I, that who redeth the sothe,
 their labour shall have but a mok,
 lat last fallen in agayne, like an olde rawe cok.

Hull.

THE LEGEND OF FURSÆUS.

From MS. Jun. No. 23, Bibl. Bodl. Oxon. fol. 48, r^a. The story of Fursæus is one of the oldest, if not the oldest, of the Western Purgatory legends. Bede, in his Eccl. Hist. has given an abstract of it from the early Latin account which is still preserved in different manuscripts, and from which the Anglo-Saxon account seems to be a pretty close translation.

De visionibus Fursei.

Men, ða leofestan Paulus se Apostol, ealra þeoda lareow, awrat be hym sylfum, þæt he wære ge-læd up to hefonum oððæt he becom to þære þriddan heofonan, and he wæs ge-læd to neorxnawange, and þær þa gastlican dygelnysse ge-hyrde and ge-seah, ac he ne cydde na eorðlicum mannum ða ðe he ongean com hwæt he ge-hyrde oððe ge-sawe, ȝysum wordum writende be him sylfum : *Scio hominem in Christo ante annos quatuor-decem raptum usque ad tertium cælum, et cætera. Quum raptus est in paradisum, et audivit archana verba quæ non licet homini loqui.* ðæt is on Englisc, Ic wat þone man on Criste, þe wæs ge-gripen nu for feowertyne gearum and ge-læd oðða þriddan heofonan, and eft he wæs ge-læd to neorxnawange, and þær ge-hyrde þa dygelan word ȝe nan eordlic man sprecan ne mot. Hu meta rædað sume menn þa leasan ge-setnysse ȝe he hatað Paulus ge-sihðe nu he sylf sæde, þæt he ða dygelan word ge-hyrde þe nan eordlic man sprecan ne mot.

We wyllað nu eow ge-reccan oðres mannes ge-syhðe, þe unleas is nu se apostol Paulus his ge-syhðe mannum ameldian ne moste.

Sum Scyttisc preost wæs ge-haten Furseus, æðel-boren for worulde, arwurðes lifes, and ge-lyfed swyþe. He wæs fram cild-hade ge-læred on clænnysse wunigende, estful on mode, lufigendlic on ge-syhðe, and on halgum mægnum dæghwamlic þeonde. ða for-let he fæder and modor and magas, and on oðrum earde ælðeodig leornode. Æfter þysum arærde mynster, and þæt mid æwfæstum mannum ge-sette. Eft æfter fyreste getimode him untrumnyss swa þæt he wearð to forð-siðe ge-broht. ða ge-namon twegen englas his sawle, and fleogende mid hwitum fiðer haman betwux him feredon. And an þridda engel fleah him aet-foran, ge-wepnod mid hwitum scylde and scinendum swurde. ða þry englas ge-licere beorhtnysse scinende wæron, and þære sawle wundorlice wynsumnysse mid heora fiðera swege on beleddon, and mid heora sanges dreame micelum ge-gladodon. Hi sungon: *Ibunt sancti de virtute in virtutem; videbitur Deus Deorum in Sion.* ðæt is on Englisc, þa halgan

farað fram mihte to mihte; ealra Goda God byð ge-sequen in Sion. Ða ge-hyrde he eft oðerne sang swlyec uncuðne manegra þusenda engla þus cweðende, *Exierunt obviam Christo*, ðæt is, Hi eodon to-geanes Christe. Hwæt ða an engel of ðam uplicum werodum bebead þam ge-wæpnodan engle þe ða sawle ge-lædde, þæt hi eft hi ongean ge-lædan sceoldon to ðam lichaman ðe heo of ge-læd wæs. Ða cwæð se engel him to þe him on ða sweðran hand fleah, “þu scealt eft þinne lichaman underfón, and agifan Gode þinre carfulnysse weorc and fremmincge.” Ða cwæð se halga Furseus, þæt he nolde his willes heora ge-ferrædene for-lætan. Se engel him andwyrde “Æfter þinre carfulnysse godre fremmincge, we cumað eft to ðe and ge-nimað ðe to us.” Hi ða sungon, and seo sawul ne mihte undergytan hu heo on ðam lichaman eft becom for þas dreames wynsumnysse. Ða betwux hancrede læg se halga wer ge-educod mid rosenum hiwe ofergoten, and þa licmenn þær rihte his neb unwrugon. Ða befran Furseus hwi heora ge-hlyd swa mycel wære, oððe hwæs hi swa miclum wündrodon. Hi ða andwyrdon and sádon, þæt he on efnunge ge-wite, and þæt his lic læge on flora ealle þa niht oð hancred. He þa up ge-sæt, smeagende his ge-syhðe, and het hine huslian, and swa untrum léofode twegen dagas. Eft ða on þære þridan nihte middan astrehte his handa on ge-bedum, and bliðe ge-wat of ðisum ge-swincfullum life. Ða comon eft ða þry foresædon englas and hine ge-læddon. Hwæt þa comon þa awyrigedan deoflu on atelicum hiwe þære sawle to-geanes, and heora an cwæð, “Uton for-standan hi foran mid ge-feohte.” Ða deoflu feohtende scuton heora fyrgenan flan on-gean þa sawle. Ac þa deoflican flan wurdon þærrihte ealle adwæscste þurh þas ge-wæpnodan engles gescyldnysse. Ða englas cwædon to ðam awyrigedum gastum, “Hwi wylle ge lettan ure sið-fæt? Nis þes man dæl-nymend eowres for-wyrdes?” Ða wiðerwinnan cwædon þæt hit unrihtlic wære, þæt se man þe unriht ge-pafode sceolde butan wite to reste faran, þonne hit awritten is þæt þa beoð eal swa scyldige ðe ðæt unriht ge-pafiað swa swa þa þe hit ge-wyrcað.” Se engel þa feaht ongean þa awyrigedan gastas to ðan swyðe, þæt ðam halgan were wæs ge-ðuht þæt þas ge-feohtes hream, and þæra deofla ge-hlyd mihte beon ge-hyred geond ealle eorðan. Ða deofla eft cwædon, “Ydele spel-lunga he beeode, ne sceal he un-ge-derod þæs ecan lifes brucan.” Se halga engel cwæð, “Buton ge ða heafod-leahtras him on be-fastnion, ne sceal he for ðam læssan losian.” Se ealda wregere cwæð, “Buton ge for-gyfon mannum heora gyltas, ne forgið se heofonlica fæder eowere gyltas.” Se engel andwyrde, “On hwam awræc ðes mann his teonian?” Se deofol cwæð, “Nis ná awritten þæt hi wrecan ne sceolon; ac buton ge

for-gifon of eowrum heortum wið eow agyltendum." Se engel cwað : " Us bið ge-demēd aet-foran Gode." Se ealda sceocca eft cwað. " Hit is awritten, buton ge beon swa bylewite on unscæðegnyssse swa swa cild, næbbe ge infær to heofonan rice." " Ðis bebed he nateshwon ne ge-fylde." Se Godes engel hine beladode and cwað, " Mildsunge he hæfde on his heortan, þeah ðe he manna ge-wunan heolde." Se deofol andwyrde, " Swa swa he þat yfel on ðam menniscum ge-wunan underfeng, underfo he eac swa þat wite fram þam upplican deman." Se halga engel cwað, " We beoð aet-foran Gode ge-semde." Ða wiðerwinnan wurdon ða oferswiðde þurh þas engles ge-wim and ware. Ða het se halga engel þone eadigan wer be-seon to middan-earde. He þa be-heold underbæc and ge-seah swylce an þeostorfull dene swiðe niðerlic, and ge-seah þær feower or-mæte fýr atende, and se engel cwað him to, " Ðas feower fýr ontendað ealne middan-eard, and onzelað þæra manna sawla þe heora fulluhtes andetnysse and behat þurh forgægednysse apægdon. Ðæt an fýr ontent þæra manna sawla ðe leasunga lufdon. Ðæt oðer, þære ðe gytsunge fyligdon. Ðæt ȝridde, þæra þe ceaste and twy-rædneysse styrodon. Ðæt feorðe fýr for-bærnð þæra manna sawla þe facn and arleasnysse beeodon. Ða ge-nealæhte þat fýr þam halgan were, and he sona afyrht to ðam engle cwað, " Ðæt fyr ge-nealæcð wið min." Se engel andwyrde, " Ne byrnð on ðe þurh wite þat þat ȝu on life ne onældest þurh leahtras. Ðeah ðe ðis fýr egesclic si and mycel þeah hwædere hit onælð aelcne be his ge-wyhtum. Swa se lichama byð ontend þurh neadwis wite." Se ge-wæpnoda engel ða fleah him aet-foran to-dælende þone lig, and þa oðre twegen him flugon on twa healsfa, and hine wið þas fyres frecednysse ge-scyldon. Ða deoflu þa mid ge-feohte ongean þa sawle scutan, and heora an to ðam englum cwað : " Se þeowa ðe wát his hlafordes willan, and nele hine ge-fremman, sceal beon ge-witnod mid myclum witum." Se halga engel befran, " Hwæt ne fylde þes man his hlafordes willan ?" Se sceocca andwyrde, " Hit is awritten, þat se healica God hateð unriht-wisra gyfe. He hæfde ge-numen lytle ær sumne clæð aet anum sweltendum menn." Ða cwað se engel, " He ge-lyfde þat ge-hwylc ðe him ænige gyfe sealde behreowsunge on life gedyde." Se deofol andwyrde, " Ærest he sceolde heora dæl bote afandian, and syððan heora sylene underfön." Se engel andwyrde, " Uton sceotan to Godes dome." Se awyrigeda gast andwyrde, " God ge-cwað, þat aelc syn þe nære ofer eorðan ge-bet, sceolde beon on ðyssere worulde ge-demēd. Ðes man ne ge-clænsode hys synna on eorðan, ne her nan wite ne underfehgð. Hwar is nu Godes rihtwisnyss ?" Se engel hi þreade and cwað, " Ne tælege for-þan ðe ge nyton Godes

diglan domes." Se deofol andwyrde, "Hwæt is her gediglod?" Se engel cwæð, "Æfre byð Godes mildheortnys mid þam menn þa while þær byð ge-wened ænig bæhreowsung." Se deofol andwyrde, "Nis nu his tima to bæhreowsigenne on ðissere stowe." Se engel andwyrde, "Nyte ge ða miclan deopnysse Godes ge-ryne weald þeah him beo alyfed gyt be hreowsung." ða cwæð sum oðer deofol, "Hit is awritten, lufa þinne nextan swa swa ðe sylfne." Se engel andwyrde, "ðes wer dyde góð his nextan." Se wiðerwinna andwyrde, "Nis ná ge-noh þæt man his nextan góð dó, buton he hine lufige swa swa hine silfne." Se halga engel andwyrde, "ða góðan dæda synd geswutulunga þare soðan lufe, and God forgylt ælcum menn be his dædum." Hwat se deofol ða mid hospe cwæð, "ðæs mann behet þæt he wolde ealle woruld-ping forlaetan, and he syððan lufode woruld-ping on-gean his behat, and ongean ðæs apostoles bebode þe þus cwæð, Ne lufige ge þisne midden-eard ne ða ping ðe on midden-earde synd." Se halga engel andwyrde, "Ne lufode he woruldlice æhta for his neode ánum, ac to dælenne eallum wædigendum." Se ealda wregere eft cwæð, "Hit is awritten, buton þu gestande þone unrihtwisan, and him his unrihtwisyssse secge, ic of-ga his blodes gyte æt þinum handum. ðæs man nolde cyðan þam syngiendum heora synna." Se engel cwæð, "Hit is awritten be þam yfelan tyman, þæt se snotera sceal suwian þonne he gesyhð, þæt seo bædung næfð nænne forðgang." On eallum þyssum ge-flitum wæs þæra deofla ge-feoht swyðe styðlic ongan þa sawle, and þa halgan englas, oððæt þurh Godes dom þa wiðerwinnan wurdon ge-scylde, and se halga wer ða wearð mid ormætum leohte befangen. ða beseah he up, and ge-seah feala engla werod on mycelre beorhtnysse scinende, and þæra halgenna sawla wið his fleogende mid unasecgendlicum leohte, and afluxdon þa deoflu him fram, and þæs fyres organ him fram adydon. ða ge-cneow he betwux þam halgum twegen arwurðe sacerdas, þe ær on life wæron his landes menn swyðe namcuðe. Hi ða ge-nealæhton, and him cuðlice to spræcon; an þara hatte Beanus, oðer Meldanus. ðær wearð þa ge-worden mycel smylnys þære heofonan, and twegen englas flugon swylce þurh ane duru into þære heofonan, and þa sloh þær mycel leoht ut æfter þam englum, and wæs ge-hyred feower engla weoroda sang, þus cweðende, *Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus Dominus Deus Sabaoth.* ða sæde se engel þam eadigan were, þæt se dream wære of þam uplicum werode, and het hine georne ðæs heofonlican sanges hlyftan, and cwæð, "Soðlice on ðisum heofonlicum rice ne becymð næfre unrotnyss buton for manna lyre." Eft ða comon fleogende of ðære heofonlican digelnyssse englas, and cyddon þæt he sceolde eft to worulde ge-cyrran. Furseus

þa wearð þurh þas bodunge ablicged, and þa twegen försedan sacerdas abædon æt þam englum þæt hi moston hine ge-sprecan, and cwædon him to, " Hwæs ondræst þu ðe anes dæges færelد þu hæfst to siðienne ?" Furseus þa befrán, " be ge-endunge þyses middan-eardes " Hi cwædon, " ne byð se ge-endung þyssere worulde na gyt, ðeah ðe heo gehende sy, ac mancynn byð ge-swent mid hungre and mid cwealme ; ðurh feower þing losiað manna sawla, þæt is þurh leahtras, and þurh deofles tihtinge, and þurh lareowa gymeleaste, and þurh yfele ge-lysunge unrihtwisra heafod-manna. Ofer þam lareowum is Godes yrre swyðost astyrod, forjan ðe hi for-gymleaseað þa godcundan béc, and ymbe þa woruld-þing eallunga hogiað, bisceopum and sacerdum ge-dafenað, þæt hi heora lare gymon and þam folce heora pearfe secgan. Mynster-mannum ge-dafenað þæt hi heora lare gymon, and þam folce heora lif on stilnysse adreogan. ðu soðlice cyð þine ge-sihðe on middan-earde, and beo hwil-tidum on digelnysse and hwil-tidum betwuxmannum. ðonne þu on digelnysse beo heald, þonne georne Godes beboda, and eft þonne þu ut færst betwuxmannum far for heora sawle hælu na for weoruldlicum ge-streone. Ne beo ðu carful embe woruldlice ge-streon, ac miltsa eallum ðinum wiðer-winnuni mid hlutre heortan, and agild góð for yfele and ge-bide for ðinum feondum. Beo þu swa swa getriwe dihtnere, and nan þing þe ne ge-ahnige buton bigleofan and scrude. Aféð þinne lichaman mid alyfedum mettum, and ælc yfel for-seoh." Æfter þysum mynegungum, and menigfealdum oðrum larum, ge-wende eall þæt heofonlice werod upp to þam heofonlicum þrymme, and þa twegen sacerdas Beanus and Meldanus samod. Furseus soðlice mid þam þrim englum ge-wende to eorðan. Hi becomon þa eft to ðam witnigendlicum fyre, and se ge-wepnoda engel rýde him weg þurh þæt fýr, to-dælende þone lig on emp twa. Hwæt ða deoflu þa scuton of ðam fyre, and awurpon ane unrihtwise sawle byrnende uppon þone eadigan wer Furseum, swa ðæt his sculdor and his hleor wurdon, ontende mid witnigendlicum fýre. Furseus sona oncneow þa sawle se wæs his tun-man ær on life, and he ge-nam æt his lice sumne clæð swa swa we lytle eow sædon. ða englas þa ge-læhton þa sawle, and awurpon into ðam fyre. þa cwæð sum þæra deofla, " swa swa þu ær under-fenge his góð, swa ðu scealt beon his even-hlytta on his witum." Godes engel andwyrde, " Ne under-feng he his þing for nanre gytsunge, ac for his sawle alysednysse," and þat fyr sona ge-swá. ða cwæð se Godes engel to þam were Furseum, " þæt þæt þu sylf on-ældest þæt barn on ðe. Gif ðu ne under-fenge þyses synfullan mannes reaf æt his forð-siðe, ne mihte his wite ðe derian. Boda nu eallum mannum dædbote to donne, and and-

ysse to sacerdum, oðða endenextan tide heora lifies, ac swa
eah nis to under-fonne nanes synfulles mannes æhta on his
endunge, ne his lic ne sy on haligre stowe be-byrged, ac beo
him ge-sæd ær he ge-wite þa teartan witu þæt his heorte mid
þære bitemysse beo ge-hrepod, þæt he eft mage æt sumon sæle
beon ge-clensod, gif he his unrihtwisnysse huru on his forð-siðe
behreowsað and ge-nihtsumlice dælð. Ne under-fo se sacerd
swa þeah nan þing ðæs synfullan mannes æhta, ac hi man dæle
pearfum æt his byrgene.' Æfter ðyssere spræce comon ða
englas mid þære sawle, and ge-sæton uppon þære cyrcan hrofe
þær þæt lic læg mid mannum beset, and þa englas heton hine
oncnawan his agene lichaman, and hine eft under-fón. Furseus
þa beseah to his lichaman swylce to uncuðum hreafe, and
nolde him ge-nealæcan. Se halga engel cwæð, "Hwi onscunast
þu to under-fonne ðysne lichaman, ðonne þe ðu miht butan leahtre
heonon forð habban. Soðlice þu oferswyðdest on ðyssere
ge-drefednysse, þa unalyfedlican lustas þæt he heononforð on-
gean ðe naht ne magon." ða ge-seah he opnian his lichaman
under þam breoste, and se engel him cwæð to "ðonne þu ge-
edcucod byst, ofergeot þine lichaman mid fant-wætere, and þu
ne ge-fredet nane sarnysse buton þam bærnytte ðe ðu on þam
fyre ge-lætest. Do wel on eallum þinum life, and we siððan
æfter þinum wel-dædum bliðne ðe eft genimað to us." Se
halga wer Furseus aras þa of deaðe øpre siþe, and ge-seah him
onbutan mycele menui læwedra manna and ge-hadodra, and mid
mycelre geomrunge heord mennisce anginn and dysig bemænde.
He ge-set þá, and sæde be endebyrdnysse ealle his ge-syhðe þe
him þurh Godes englas on þære hwile ge-swutelod wæs. He
wearð begoten mid fant-wætere swa swa se engel het, wes
þeah þæt bæret he he ge-læhte æt þam unrihtwism were on
his sculdre, and on ansyne æfre ge-sewen. Mycel wundor þæt
hit wearð ge-syne on þam lichaman þæt þæt seo sawul ana
under-feng. He ferde ða geond ealle Yrland, bodiende þa ðing
þe he ge-seah and ge-hyrde, and wæs mid Godes gyfe wun-
derlice asylled, nanes eorðlices þinges wilnigende. Eallum
godum mannum he wæs lufigendlic, unrihtwism and synfullum
egeslic, on godcundum wundrum he scean and affygde deoflu
fram ofsettum mannum, and þearfan ge-hyrte. Ferde þa twelf
gear swa bodiende betwux Yrum and Sceottum, and syððan
ofer eall Angel-cynn, and eac sum mynster on ðysum iglande
arærde. Wende syððan suð ofer sá to Francena rice, and
þær mid mycelre arwurðnysse under-fangen wæs, and mynster-
lif arærde. ða æfter lytlum wearð he ge-un-trumod and ge-
wat to heofonanrice, to ðære ecan myrhðe þe he ær ge-seah,
on þære he leofað ge-sælig symle mid Gode. Amen.

His líc wearð bebyrged mid mycelre arwurðnyssse, and eft
embe feower gear ansund butan ge-wemmedlicre brosnunge on
oðre stowe bebyrged. Þær beoð ætowde his ge-earnunga þun
wundra þam Ælmihtigum to lose, se þe is ealra leoda waldend.

Wrt.

THE CREED, PATERNOSTER, &c.

From MS. in the Library of Caius College, Cambridge, of the thirteenth century. This and the following article were kindly communicated by the Rev. J. J. Smith, M. A. fellow and tutor of Caius College.

Credo. Ich i-leve in God, fader almightynd, scheppare of hevene ant eerthe, aant in Jhesu Crist oure meneliche loverd, that kenned is of þen holigost, y-boren of þen mayden Marie, y-pined under Ponce Pilate, oon rode y-don, det ȝ i-bured, alizste intho helle, þene þridde day aroos of det, astehey into hevene, siþ on his fader rith half Goddes alweldinde, þenene is cominde tho demene quike ȝ þe deede; hic hleve in þe Holigost, holie chirche, tieradene(?) of haluuen, foruiȝnesse of sinnen, arysnesse of flesse, ȝ eche lif. So bee hit, þat is, Amen.

Pater noster. Fader oure þat art in heve, i-halgeed bee þi nome, i-cume þi kinereiche, y-worthe þi wylle also is in hevene so be on erthe, oure iche-dayes-bred gif us to-day, ȝ forgif us oure gultes, also we forgifet oure gultare, ȝ ne led ows nowth into fondingge, auth ales ows of harme. So be hit.

Ave Maria. Hayl Marie, fol of milce, God is mit the, þu blessed among wymmen, i-blessed be frut of þine wumbe. So be hit,

In manus tuas. On þine hondes hich breethe (or biteche) mine gost, þu me bowȝtest, loverd of sothnesse.

HYMN ON THE EVANGELISTS.

From MS. No. 44, in the library of Caius College, Cambridge. In the MS. each stanza forms a single line. It is accompanied with musical notes.

Laus devota mente,
Choro concinente,
Christo sit cum gloria !
Qui evangelistas,
Veri dogmatistas,
insignivit gratia,

Quique suo more
Lucem et fulgore
dat per orbis climata,
Tales dum elegit,
Per quos jam subegit
hæreses et schismata.

Hii bis bini fontes,
Valles atque montes
irrigantes flumine,
Orti paradiso
Mundum indiviso
illustrantes famine.

Illos per bis bina
Visio divina
singnat animalia,
A quibus dum visa,
Formis tunc divisa,
gestu sed æqualia.

Pennis decorata,
Terris elevata,
cum rotis euntia,
Facie serena,
Oculorum plena,
virbi Dei nuncia.

In his possunt cerni
Anuli quaterni
quibus archa vehitur,
Quibus dogma sanum
Per Samaritanum
circumquaque seritur.

Et ali quasi plaustro
Mulier ab austro
Salomonem adiit;
In hac seu quadriga
Angnus est auriga,
qui pro nobis obiit.

Istis in his bis binis
Capud est et finis
Christus complens omnia.
Horum documentis,
Horum instrumentis,
floret, stat, ecclesia.

A
A
E
E
Z
Z
Z
Z

Ad eorum laudem
Caveamus fraudem,
 immo quæque vitia;
Horum ut doctrina
Virtus nos divina
 ducat ad cœlestia. Amen.

TOPOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

**MS. Arundel, in the College of Arms, No. 50, fol. 214, r°. of the beginning
of the fourteenth century, formerly belonging to the Abbey of Bury.**

Longitudo aulae Westmonaster. est .cc. lxx. pedes; latitudo, .lxxiiij. ^{or} ped.
Longitudo aulae archiepiscopi Ebor. apud Ebor. vj. ^{xx}.ij. ped.;
 latitudo, lxxvj. ped.
Longitudo aulae in castello apud Novum Castellum, .v. ^{xx}.v.
 ped.; latitudo, xlviij. ped.
Latitudo claustrum Dunelm. vi. ^{xx}. xvij. ped. } præter
Inter columpnas et murum. xiiij. ^{or} ped. . . . } bancum
Latitudo aulae hospitium ibidem, lv. ped.; longitudo, .iiij. ^{xx}
 viiij. ped.
Latitudo claustrum Sancti Eadmundi, viij. ^{xx} v. ped. } præter
Inter columpnas et murum. xiiij. ^{or} ped. } bancos.

On the verso of the same folio. -

Nomina quarumdam aquarum decurrentium per quasdam
 villas famosas in partibus borealibus.
Twede currit descendendo a Norham usque Werewiche inter
 Angliam et Scotiam.
Thille incipit in monte de Chiviot et in citerioribus ejus par-
 tibus et paulatim se recolligendo, et juxta Wlhorepund
 alveum faciendo decurrit in Twede subter (?) Norham.
Choket currit apud Feltone, et non longe inde ubi est castellum
 de Werkwrhe decurrit in mare, et ibi in insula Coket
 dicta per unum milliare a terra distante est cella una
 pertinens ad abbatem Sancti Albani, et habet tantum
 duos monachos.
Apud Alnewiche currit Alne.
Apud Morpa currit Wanspicht
Circa prioratum Dunelmiae currit Wer.
Ad Novum Castellum currit Thine.
In principio libertatis Sancti Cuthberti currit Theyse.
Item parum citra currit Swale.
Apud Chestre currit Stanleburne.
Apud Alvertone currit
Apud Thrusly currit Wradewathe.

Apud Thadcastre currit Hwerp.
 Apud Aberford currit Coket.
 Apud Sandale currit Keluir.
 Apud Donecastre currit Done.
 Apud Rosintone Thorne
 Apud Bautre et Rathforde Nele.
 Apud Ebor. Use, quæ quondam Jior(?) dicebatur, a quo
 etiam dicitur Jiorke, id est Jior hooe.
 Apud Wlhore, Glend.
 Apud Boweltone, Bremiz.
 Apud Pontem de Burche Intpihot (?)
 Apud Newewerche, Dunham, et Thorkegeye, Trente.
 Apud Lincolne, Withine.
 Apud Wetherby, Idele. (?)

Wrt.

§ 2, 1, 2, 3 OLD SUPERSTITIONS. *Burchard*

From the Pænetential of Bartholomew Iscanus, bishop of Exeter, 1161—
1186. MS. Cotton. Faustina, A. VIII. fol. 32.

Qui alieni lactis vel mellis vel cæterarum rerum abundantiam *Corr. 168*
 aliqua incantatione vel maleficio auferre et sibi adquirere
 nisus fuerit.

Qui dæmonis illusione decepti creduntur et profitentur se in
 famulatu ipsius quam vulgus insipiens Herodiadem vel Dia-
 nam vocant, et cum innumera multitudine ire vel equitare, et
 ejus jussis obedire.

Qui mensam præparavit cum tribus cultellis in famulatum *cf. Corr. 15*
 personarum, ut ibi nascentibus bona prædestinent. *corr. 153* (*cf. 61*)

Qui votum fecerit ad arborem vel aquam, vel ad quamlibet rem } *cf. Corr. 10. 66*
 nisi ad ecclesiam. } *cf. Corr. 162*

Qui kalendas Januarii ritu paganorum futura maleficiis inqui- *cf. x. 17*
 rendo obstruant, vel ipsa die opera incipit ut quasi melius *Corr. 7. 104*
 nullo anno prosperentur.

Qui ligaturas vel incantationes et varias fascinationes cum *x. 18. cf. 63.*
 maleficio carminibus faciunt, et in herba vel in arbore vel
 in bivio abscondunt, ut sua animalia a clade liberentur.

Qui filium suum super tectum aut in fornace posuerit pro *x. 14. cf. Corr.*
 sanitate recuperandi, vel propte rhoc carminibus vel charac- *x. 14.*
 teribus vel figmento sortilegio vel aliqua arte, et non divinis
 orationibus seu liberali arte medicinæ usus fuerit.

Qui in colligendis herbis medicinalibus aliquod carmen dixerit
excepto divino, s. Pater Noster et Credo in Deum, et hujus-
modi.

¹⁹⁶ Qui observat in lanificiis vel tincturis vel cæteris operibus car-
mina vel sortilegas impositiones, ut per hæc proficiat, vel
interducit ignem aut aliquid tale de domo sua ferre ne fœtus
sui pereant.

¹⁹⁶ Qui de funere alicujus mortui vel de ejus corpore vel de vesti-
mentis divinationes exercet, ne mortui vindicentur aut in
ipsa domo alter non moriatur, aut per hæc aliquem profectum
aut salutem adquirat.

Qui in festo Sancti Johannis Baptiste aliquam sortilegam
operationem ad inquirenda futura fecerit.

^{~ 149} Qui corniculæ vel corvi cantu vel obviatione presbyteri vel
alicujus animalis aliquod prosperum seu adversum evenire
crediderit.

Qui in horreum vel cellarium arcum vel aliquod tale projecerit,
unde diaboli ludere debeant quos faunos vocant, ut plus
afferant.

Qui in visitatione infirmi eundo vel redeundo alicujus petre
motione vel quolibet alio signo aliquam conjecturam boni seu
mali concipit.

Qui masculam vel feminam in lupinam effigiem alicujus ani-
malis transformari posse crediderit.

Qui vestigia christianorum observarerit et cespitem inde tol-
lendo vocem [nocere] alicui posse crediderit.
ex concil. Agathensi.

Perquirendum est si aliqua femina sit quæ per quædam
maleficia et incantationes mentes hominum se immutare
posse dicat, i. ut de odio in amorem, aut de amore in odium
convertat, aut ut bona hominum aut dampnet aut surripiat.
Et si aliqua est quæ dicat se cum dæmonum turba in simi-
litudine mulierum transformatam certis noctibus equitare
super quasdam bestias et in eorum consortio annumeratam
esse. Hæc talis omni modo scopis correcta ex parrochia
ejiciatur.

Wrl.

MEMORIAL VERSES.

From MS. Lansd. 762. fol. 99, r^o. of the time of Hen. vij.

wiche. | chester. | ter. | bury.
 Nor. | row. | ches. | sales præsules habet Anglia
 tales.
 Millia quinque decem fuerant plagæ tibi, Christe,
 Et quadringentæ decies septem quoque quinque ;
 Si ter quinque pater et ave tu dixeris anni
 Uno quoque die, tot erant tibi vulnera Christi.
 Si quis bene biberit, tanto est lætior ;
 Et qui se ebiberit, tanto est stultior ;
 Lectum cum intraverit sompnis tanto firmior ;
 Mane cum surrexerit tanto mens est latior ;
 Bursum cum inspexerit, fit dolor ejus tristior.
 Who that drynketh wele, mych is he the gladder ;
 Who that drynketh to moch, more is he the madder ;
 Whan he goth to his bed, his slepe is the sadder ;
 At morowe whan he waketh, his brayne is the bradder ;
 Whan he loketh in his purce, his sorowe is the sadder.
 Auro quid melius ? Jaspis. Quid Jaspite ? sensus.
 Quid sensu ? ratio. Quid ratione ? modus.
 Of life and deth nowe chuse the,
 There is the woman, here is the galowe tree ;
 Of boode choyce harde is the parte ;
 The woman is the warsse, drive forthe the carte.
 Si sapiens fore vis, sex serva que tibi mando :
 Quid loqueris, et ubi, de quo, cui, quomodo, quando.
 Calamitis pursse penyles per vicos ecce vagantur ;
 Yf it be as I ges, male solvunt quod mutuantur.
 Loqui me sæpe, penitus tacere nunquam.
 Dimidium lunæ pariter cum sole rotundo,
 Et pars quarta rotæ, nichil plus exigit a te.
 A nothole dedit A., disis D., contulit arthos
 A., messembris M.; collige, fiat Adam.
 Wil. Con. Wil. Ruphus, Hen. pri., Steph., Hen. que
 secundus,
 Ri., Johan. Henricus, Edwardus, tres, Ri. que secundus,
 Henricus quartus, Hen. quin., Hen. quoque sextus,
 Ed. quart., Ed. quintus, Ri. tertius, septimus Henry.
 Davit profeta cantavit carmina læta,
 Versus bis mille sex centum sex canit ille.
 Est ori., west occi., bori. norte, sed south petit auster.
 Tres digitæ scribunt totum corpusque laborat ;
 Scribere qui nessiunt nullum putant esse laborem.
 Infans, postquæ puer, adolescens, post juvenis, vir,
 Dicitur inde senex, postea decrepitus.
 To thy frende thowe lovest moste,
 Loke thowe tell not alle thy worste,
 whatesoever behappes ;

For whane thy frende ys thy foo,
 He wolle tece alle and more too,
 be ware of after clappes.
 Accipe per ceram carnem de virginex veram.
 I winked, I winked, whan I a woman toke,
 Sore me for-thinked, that I so moche wynked,
 For had I never more nede than nowe for to loke.
 Qui viduam capit in socium, sine fine dolebit,
 Nam caput in disco defuncti semper habebit.
 Non est in mundo dives qui dicit habundo.
 Ald. al. bas. bil. bussh. brad. brod. can.
 cas. che. cre. col. cord. gorn. dow. far. far.
 lang. lym. port. pon. tur. ripa. win. walle.
 Per multūm risum possumus cognoscere stultum.
 Si quis in hoc mundo vult multum gratis haberi,
 Det, quærat, *el* capiat, plurima, pauca, nichil.
 Est tuus, Anna, pater Jozafath, Nazafath, tua mater.
 Nulla gratia perit nisi gratia gramaticorum.
 Est et semper erit litil thanke in fine laborum.
 Per-vigili cura semper memorare futura.
s/ Tempora trancibunt, gaudiague vana perhibunt. *et gaudiu-*
 Allia, vina, Venus, fumus, faba, pulvis, et aguis, *m/*?
 Hœc noceant oculis, sed vigilare magis.
 O dives, dives, non omni tempore vives,
 Da tua dum tua sunt, post mortem tunc tua non sunt.
 Dum moritur dives, occurunt undique cives;
 Dum moritur pauper, vix unus adesse videtur.
 Nil valet ille labor, ubi nulla præmia sequitur; *sequitur*;
 Nil valet ille decor, ubi nil probitatis habetur;
 Nil valet hæc mulier, cui quilibet associetur.
 Qui non vult dum quid, dum vellet forte nequivit
 Quatuor millenis sex centum quatuor annis
 Nexus in fervo Adam pro crimine primo.
 Arbor Lencester, quæ bona cambuca fiet.
 Cur moritur homo, dum salgea cressit in orto:
 Per nullam sortem poterit depellere mortem:
 Contra vim mortis non est medicamen in ortis.
 Qui tumbam cernis, cur non mortalia spernis,
 Tali namque domo clauditur omnis homo.
 Grus gruit in gurna, facit optima pocula mirra.
 Male perire famæ quam nunquam pardere famæ.
 In veritate dico, pauper est qui caret amico.
 Qui mel in ore gerit, me retro pingere querit,
 Cujus amicitia nolo michi sociam.
 Sum verus et falsus, etiam sum parvus et altus.
 Multorum manibus aliniatur opus—

(Manie handes make light worke.)
 Cum rapitur fraude equus, tunc ostia claude.
 S. servus, famulus, C. cervus, bestia silvis
 Trem, fra. me. goliob. et ob hoc tibi prebio dem. fi. 4
 Pri. re la fe re fa ter my fa quar. my la,
 Quin. fa fa, sex. fa la., sep. ut sol., oc. tenet ut fa.
 Nullus sibi amat, qui semper "da michi" clamat.
 To yane, sneze, sobbe, wamble, rowte,
 Ossito, stermito, singulcio, nauseo, starto,
 Swallow, chewe, gape, cough, belche, spitte
 Glucio, masticco, hio, tussio, ructo, streeque,
 Omnia contingunt hæc sine sponte viro,
 Quid valet ars vel opes? quid gloria quid venerari?
 Cum mors cuncta capit conditione pari.
 Noscitur per nasum cimiliæ quæ vendit omasum.
 Purnere qui ledit, sed scribit marmore lœsus.
 In viridi campo steterunt principes ambo,
 Unus erat Jesus, alter fuit Bartholomeus;
 Emerunt vagam propter dimidium marcum,
 Tunc dixit Jhesus "volo comedere solus."
 Respondit Abraham, "non sic facis, per meam barbam"
 Accepit baculum, vellat percutere Jhesum;
 Jhesus clamabat Petrum, Paulum qui vocabat, que
 Ambo venerunt, Habraham bene verberaverunt.
 Tunc dixit Jhesus, "ego sum hic timide solus;
 Adiuua me modo vagam, grossum vobis dabo."
 Tunc dixit Abraham, "hewe, hev, quod hoc veni unquam,
 Si non venissem, nunquam bene verberavisse." my
 Si meus iste liber tingatur sorde, magister,
 Infringet natibus verbera dira meis.
 Dic quot denarios, quot dies, tibi postulat unus;
 Tot libras simul et medias tibi suppetit annus,
 Grossus tot junge tot denarios superadde,
 Si vis post cenam stomachi deponere penam.
 Sta quod sis lassus, vel centum perfice passus.
 Semper rogare rogata tenere tenta docere.
 Hæc tria discipulum faciunt superare magistrum,
 Fatres, et fures, muscas, pulices, quoque mures.
 Hoc et non plures demon confundere cures.
 Si cœlum multe caderet, morerentur Alaudæ.
 Dic homo vas cinerum, quid confert flos facierum,
 Copia quid rerum, mors ultima meta dierum.
 Aspera vox ite, vox iste jocunda venite;
 Ex meritis vitæ dependunt, ite, venite.
 Psallite devote, distincte metra tenete,
 Vocibus estote concordes, vana cavete;
 Nunquam posterior versus prius incipiatur,

Quam finis anterior perfecto fine fruatur.
 Hii sunt qui psalmos corruptunt nequiter almos,
 Dangler, cum jasper, lepar, galper, quoque draggar,
 Momeler, forskypper, forereynner, sic et overleper;
 Fragmina verborum Tutivillus colligit horum.
 Anna solet dici tres concepisse Marias,
 Quas genuere viri Joachim, Cleophas, Salomeque;
 Ut ductere vivi Joseph, Alpheus, Zebedeus,
 Prima parit Christum; Jacobum secunda minorem,
 Et Joseph justum peperit cum Simone Judam;
 Tertia majorem Jacobum volucremque Johannem.
 Est grave præstare, gravius præstare rogare. p. 259
 Cum peto pardo rem periter debentis amorem.
 Whose thought is cumbered and is not clene,
 Of other mens dedes the worse wolle he deeine;
 Deme not my deedes, thought they be naught,
 Deme whate thowe wilte, thowe knowest not my thought.
 Sic sapiens scribit, nemo sine criminè vivit;
 Quis tunc, dic quæso, dicit sine criminè.
 Felix qui totam duxit sine criminè vitam.

fol. 102, r°.

- = Si secus secum duxit, ambo in foviam cadent.
 Si vis post cenam stomachi deponere penam.
 Sta dum sis lassus, vel centum perfice passus.
 Hæc abbathia ruit, hoc notum sit tibi, Christe,
 Jutus et extra pluit, terribilis est locus iste.
 Bullecampe ecce dies attinctus sanguine fuso.

Hull.

AN OLD ENGLISH SONG,

ritten in a hand of the time of Ed. II. on the comparative difficulty of learning secular and church music. MS. Arundel. 292. f. 71, v°.

Un-comly in cloystre. i coure ful of care,
 I loke as a lurdeyn. and listne til my lare,
 The song of the cesolfa. dos me syken sare,
 And sitte stotiand on a song. a moneth and mare.
 I ga gowlende a-bowte. al so dos a *goke*,
 Mani is the sorwfol song. it sigge upon mi bok;
 I am holde so harde. un-nethes dar i loke,
 Al the mirthe of this mold. for God i for-soke.
 I gowle au mi *grayel*. and rore als a roke,
 Litel wiste i ther-of. qwan i ther-to toke:

Summe notes arn shorte. and somme a long noke,
 Somme kroken a-*weyward*. als a fleshoke.
 Qwan i kan mi lesson. mi meyster wil i gon,
 That heres me mi *rendre*. he wenes i have wel don:
 Qwat hast thou don, dawn Water. sin saterdai at non?
 Thu holdest nowt a note. by God! in riht ton.
 Wayme, leve Water. thou werkes al til shame,
 Thu stomblest and stikes fast. as thou were lame;
 Thu tones nowt the note. ilke be his name,
 Thu bitist a-sonder bequarre. for bemol i the blame.
 Wey the, leve Water. thou werkes al to wondre,
 Als an old cawdrun bigynnest to *clondre*,
 Thu tuchest nowt the notes. thou bites hem on sonder:
 Hold up for shame. thou letes hem al under.
 Thanne is Water so wo. that wol ner wil he bledē,
 And wendis him til William. and bit him wel to spede.
 'Got it wot!' seys William. 'ther-of hadd i nede:
 Now wot i quou *judicare*. was set in the crede.
 Me is wo so is the be. that belles in the *walmes*;
 I donke upon David. til mi tonge talmes;
 I ne *rendredre* nowt. sithen men beren palmes:
 Is it also mikel sorwe. in song so is in salmes?
 Ya, bi God! thou reddis. and so it is wel werre.
 I solfe and singge after. and is me nevere the nerre;
 I horle at the notes. and heve hem al of *herre*:
 Alle that me heres. wenes that i erre;
 Of bemol and of bequarre. of bothe i was wol bare.
 Qwan i wente out of this word. and liste til mi lare,
 Of effauz and elami. ne coud y nevere are;
 I fayle faste in the fa. it files al my fare.
 Set ther ben other notes. sol and ut and la,
 And that froward file. that men clepis fa;
 Oftent he dos me liken ille. and werkes me ful wa,
 Miȝt i him nevere hitten. in ton for to ta.
 Set ther is a *streuant*. witȝ to longe tailes,
 Ther-fore has ure mayster. ofte horled mi kayles;
 Ful litel thu kennes. qwat sorwe me ayles;
 It is but childes game. that thu witz David dayles.
 Qwan ilke note til other lepes. and makes hem a-sawt,
 That we calles a *moyson*. in gesolrent; en hawt;
 Il hayl were thu boreن. ȝif thou make defawt,
 Thanne sais oure mayster. "que wos ren ne vawt."

Wrt.

THE BOOKE OF HAWKYNG
AFTER
PRINCE EDWARDE KYNG OF ENGLANDE.

From the Harleian MS. 2340. In the first leaf of the volume, which contains one or two more tracts, is the following sentence in the hand writing of Humfrey Wanley.

"Præsentem codicem domino meo D.D.
Vir per-eruditus Petrus Nedham
S. T. P. 12 die Octobris, A.D. 1719."

The hand in which the original of this manuscript is written, appears to be about the time of Henry the Sixth. Kindly communicated by Sir Henry Ellis.

This is the maner to kepe hawkes; but not al maner of hawkes, but only goshaukes and sperhaukes. Firste to speke of haukes, they beth egges, and afterward they be disclosed hawkes. Andwe schuld say that haukes eyrith in wodes and not bredeth. And then when they begynne to feder anon by kynd, they woll drawe them somewhat oute of here neste, and clambre over bowes, and come agayn to here neste, and then beth clepid bowers; and after the feste of saint Margarete they woll fle fro tre to tre, and then they beth callyd branchers. Then who so woll take hem, he moste have vrens y-made of good smal threde to encile the hawkes that ben i-take. And thou wolte take a goshawke let his wach be a colvour; and yf he falle not there to put a rabbett; and if he falle not there to putt a wesylle; and if he fall not there to loke never other wach. And when thu hast take a hawke encile that hawke in this maner. Take the nedill and the threde, and put throwte the neder lydde, and so of the other, and knytte both thredes on the top of his hede; then she is enciled as she ought to be. Then bere this hawke upon thy fiste, and kaste here opon here berke, and lete here be there unto morrow at even. Then take the thredes, and kut them essily away for breking of her lyddes; then softt and faire be gynne, fede here and fare feire with here till she woll stande opon thi fiste, for it is drede for hertyng of her whingys, and in the same nyght after that feding wake here all that nyght, and a morow bere her all that day, and then she woll be prevey ynoght to be reclaymed. And if it be a goshawke or tercell that schall be reclaymed, ever fede here with wasche mete eke at the drawing and eke at the reclaymyng; but loke that it be hote; and in this maner thu most wasch it. Take the mete and strike it up and down in the water and wring the blode out and fede here therwith. And

if she be an eyas, thu most wasch it more clenner then thu doste to a brawnchere, and with a lynnyn cloth wipe here mete. And ever more the iij. day yeve here castyng while she is fleyng. And in this maner yeve here castyng. Take new blanket cloth and kut feire pelotis of an ench long, and take the flesch and kut v. morcels, and with a knyfis poynt make an hole in every morcell, and put the in them pelotes of clothe, and take a feire disch with water, and put here therein; then take the hawke and yeve here a morcell of hote mete the mowntnaunce of half here soper; then take that lyeth on the water, and fede her for all nyght; if it be a sperhawke ever fede here with on-wasch mete. And loke that here casting be plumage; then loke well that it be clene under the perke, and a morow thu shalt finde the casting under the perke and therein shall ye knowe wheder the hawke be sounde or no, for som gobet woll be yellow and som grene, and som glemous repyng and derke and sum clere; for if it be yellow, she gendrith an evyll called the frounce. This yvelle woll arise in the mouthe other in the cheke, and if it be grene she gendrith the ree. This yvell wolle arise in they hedde and make the hedde swell, and but it have help it woll downe into there leggs, and if it go from the legges to the hedde agayn, forsooth the hawke is but lost. And if it be glemous and roping, she gendrith an yvell y-callyd the cray, that is when an hawke may not mute.

Medicyne for the Frounce.

Take a silver spone, and put the smale ende in the fire til it be hote, and opyn his mouthe, and bren the sore, and anoynt it with the merowe of a gose wyng that hath ley long, and she shall be hole. And if the frounce be wox as grete as a note, then there is a grub therein, as it were the mawe of a pigion; then thu most kut it with a rasure in this manner; lete holde the hawke and flytt there the sore is, and thu shall fynde there the grubbe; take it oute all hole, and take a peyre off sheres, and kut the skyn away, make it as feir as ye mowe, and with a lynnyn cloth wipe away the blode and anoynt the sore with bame iij. dayes arewe, and afterwardes with popilion, unto the tyme that it be hole.

For the ree to goshawke.

Take a dase, and stampe it in a morter, and wring oute the jus, and with a penne put it in to the hawkes naris onys or twys, where the hawke is lere gorgyd, and lete here tire anon afterward, and every day till it be hole. To a sper-hawke take perseley morys in the same manner.

For the Cray.

Take and chaufe with your hondes her fondement with luke water long tyme, and after that take the powdere of saxifrage or ells the powder of Rewe and a quantite of May butter, and temper it well togider til they ben even in ellede; then put it in a litel round box, and stop it faste, and as ye fede your hawke an hole mele anoynt here mete therewith, and that schal make her love her mete the better for love of the onement and kepe her fro the Cray, and fro other evylle may moo.

Another. Take fresch butter, and put in here foudement with youre handes, and she schall be hole.

Another. Take porke and wete it in hote mylke of a goote other a kowe, and fede her ther with &c.

The frounca comyth when a man fedith his hauk with porke cat other kydde. iiiij. melys arewe. The Ree comyth in faute of hote mete, of colde, other of smoke, other els of grete fervent hete in the neste. The Cray comyth of wasch mete that is wasch in hote water in defaute of hote mete. Also it comyth of thredes the which is in the flesch and namly in tyryng, and everyche iij. day in the somer and onys in the weke in the wynter lete your hawke bathe if it be myry weder and not ell. When thou bathist thi hawke, ever more before yeve here a morcell of hoote mete vnbsp;wasch, thogh she be a gos-hawke, and al other tymes i-wasch. And yf that ye woll that your hawke fle in the morowtyde, fede here the nyght afore with a morcell of hoote mete waschyn in vinegre, if the hawke be in high astate, and withoute dowte she woll fle well. And if thi hawke be full gorged, and woldest sone upon have a flighte, take iij. cornys of whete and yeve it here and she woll cast here gorge, and anon after fede here with a morcell of hote mete and cast here in a derke place; and if she be over gorged do the same maner. And vndyrstand wel that hole fotid bryddes beth not holsom to hawke while hawke is fleyn, but while he is in mewe. And clove fotyd bryddes ben good to hawk while he fleith and meweth as wode-coke, snyte, perterich, ffesaunt, and bestes of the venery ben goode as martyns, squirelles, conynggs, and harys; and loke that thou passe not of harys flesch iij. or iiij. melys, for yf ye do, forsoth he shall be blynde, as it hath be seyn oft tymes. Also be well ware of venyson for it is verey poysen to hawke. Also hote befe as it is slay is verey poison to hawke, excepte the herte. Also pigeons is goode, for olde colours makith hawke drye. Crow doth the same. Ravyns ben poison to hawkes. A yong roke is full goode as chikyn ben. Pyes cawekes ben goode to goshawkes, and not to sperhawkes, for they moste

have tendere mete as sprous, eysoges, owsilless, and presches, and other smale briddes. Also batiges ben perlys, for if hawkes ete them they woll caste her fethers, thogh it were in chef fleynge tyme. And also loke what bryddes that bith cloverfoted and necessary to men, and such ben goode for hawkes, and not hole foted, as my mayster hath taught me. Also loke that thy hawke tire every other day while she is fleynge, for nothyng in the worlde is that woll clese a hawkes hedde as tyryng, and the swetteste tyryng that is to goshawke and sperhawke is a pigge is tayle. Nere the lees the rumpe of a beste clenish the hedde better. Allso a pigeons fote is good tiryng. Ffor on of the principall causes that the ree genderys is faute oute of tiryng.

Here beginneth the termys of Hawkyng.—

In the begynnnyng of termes of hawkyng, who so woll him lere, hem schall he fynd six there ben of termys. The first is holde fast when abatith. The ij. is rebate your hawke to your fiste. The iij. is fede your hawke and sey not geve here mete. The iiij. is that an hawke suyth is beke and not wypith. The v. cast your hawke to the perke, and say not ley. The vi. is that your hawke joketh, and not slepit. And who so woll lern the kyndely speche of hawkyng, many ther ben that hereafter suyth. The first is to say this is a feire hawke, a huge hawke, a long hawke, a shorte hawke, thyk, and sey not this is a grete hawke. And ye shall shall say this hath a large beke, or a sworte of a huge hedde, or a smalle feire. I sesounde enfered yes. And ye shall say this hawke is full y-gorged, and hath endewedd, or i-put over. And ye schull say that your hawke mutith and not sclisith. This hawke hath a feirer long wyng, a feirer long tayle with vj. barrys oute, and stondith upon the seven. This hawke is enterpennyd, that is to say when the fethers of the wyngs be bytwine the body and the thyres. This hawke is engowted into braell ende. This hawke hath an huge legge, other a flatt, other a rounde, other a feire ensered leg, on the fete flatt. And ye schull say that the hawke hath white canwas other red mayle. And ye shall understand that a goshawke or tercell, that is a fore hawk, hath no mayle, but after the first coote. And if there be eny hawke, and she rewarde gladly to her game, ye shull say cast your hawke thereto, and say not lete flee. And ye schull say when your hawk hath nome a foule and brekith away fro here, ye schull say that your hawke hath stomfede many fethers of the foule, and is not broke away; for in kyndely spech ye schull say that your hawke hath nome a foule, and not i-take. And ye schull say I have founde a covey of pertrich, a bevey of quayles, and eye of fesaunts. And if ye recleme your hawke, ye moste

withdraw on mele into iij. into the tyme that she wolde come, and then encrese her melys better and better. And if your hawke shall fle to pertriches, ye moste make your hawke to know a pertrich; and when sche knowith a partrich go to felde where is covey, and lete the spanyell flusche up the covey. And if that she abate lete her fle, but be war that thou constreyne her not to flee. And if she neme oon rewarde her upon here foule, the merke the covey and goo afore them somewhat and lete that partrich that ye have in your bagge fle be a creance, so that the hawkenym the partrich fleyn; then cast the hawke to and he woltnym her withoute doute; then gof yndde more of the covey, and he woll take y-nogh of hem withoute any doute: then reward your hawke, and in this manner: take a knyf and strike of the pertrich hedde and the nek, and strik away the skyn fro the neck, while the hawke plumyth on the pertrich, and then hold the neck and the hedde togyder to her, and then sche woll leve the foule, and come to the fust to the mete. Then yeve her to reward the brayn, the eyen, and the flesch abouthe the neck, and lete her not fle afterwardes til she have sewyd her beke or rowsed her; then is your hawke made **as towchynge to perteriches.**

For an hawke that hath casting, and may not cast to make her cast.

Take the jus of salendyne and yeve it her, other iiij. cornys of whete. Other take a greyn of staphisagre, and put under her tong, and she shall caste and the hawke sounde.

For the dry frounce.

Take the rote of polypody that groweth on okis and seth hem a grete while; then take it fro the fire and lete cole in tomylke warme, then wasch your flesch therin and fede your hawke iij. tymes, and withoute doute he schall be hole.

For hawkes that been dry, and desireth to drynke to kepe hem moyste in kynde.

Take the jus of horehunde, and wete thy hawkes mete there-in, and fade her therewith onys or twyys, and she shall be hole.

For wormes wilin the hawk, called flylaundris.

Take the jus of nepter, and put it in a small gutte of apon other a henne, and knyt the bothe endes with a threde, und fastyng let here receyve it all hole and knyt the beke lest he cast it oute. The time of his sikenes is when a hawk rapith and skryllyth opon the fuste.

hackyng ; and when he begynneth to clambre upon bowys use hym ever more to hackyng, and till he flyethe fro tre to tre, he woll come to hackyng. Then he woll not come but thu moste hake and leve his mete opon a borde in his neste, and he woll come thider to his paste eche day. Now thu knowyst how he schalle be servyd, but what mete he shal be fed with, I shall tall the ; loke that he be fedde iiiij. tymes every day after that he is caste oute, first at iiiij. at the clok, then at ix., then at ij. after noon, then at vij., but loke if ye may fede his eche mele with diverse metis, and but yf thou may ech other day, at the leste ech iij. day, oon day with beof, another with moton, another with porke, on mele, and that schal make here harder then an eyas because that he lieth oute in the reyne and wynde as good a braunchere be cause he is braunchere, and when he ful ferme is sevenygh befor ere thu take his, withdraw his mete, but wasch not his mete, and after pich an vreyn in the wey that thou seist hym come in, and over drawe hym, then encile him, and do al things abovesayd. Then ordeyn his gesses redy and his bell, and fare feire with hym in the rebatyng, then tech him to light from thi fiste to the grounde, and fro the grounde to thi fist, both ner and ferrer by a creaunce. And if he shall fly to the revere make him come to the tabur, and in this maner. Take a tabre and a stik brode in the ende and put flesch in the ende, and recleme him thertow; then when he is well reclemyd ther too anesal hym to a malard, and when he is made unto a malard, lete oon have a tame malard under a banke of the revere prevely, and lete hym with the stik recleme the hauk that hath the tabre aboue his necke, and when he seith the hauke comyng lete hym bete the tabre and then with the betyng lete him that hath the malard kast her up, and then the hawke wol forsake the tabre, and seysyne the malard. Then afterward use him to fle to a wylde malard, and when he shall fle ther moste be a counterevere to make the soule spyn so when the hawke schall come in, he shall carie it to londe, then yeve hym the herte to rewarde. And if your hawke shall be made to heron, thu moste take a tame heron add drawe out the both eyon, of her, and breke her byll, and bynde aboue the herouns hedde hoote mete, and put her in a place at thy devyce, then shew her to the hawke, and the hawke if he have eny corage wol fle to here, and because of the mete that he seith on the herons hedde, he woll season her in the hedde; then kutte the grete bonys of the wynggis and with a penne draw oute the merowe, and set opon the hedde of the heron for to make her love the hedde. Also thu moste have som sugur for sugere and merowe of the wynges moste be mellyd togeder: and in this wyse rewarde the hawke when he taketh a crane,

bittour, shoulere, other pofire. And who so wol hawk for the heron or eny of thees foulys, he moste bring sugure to rewarde the hawk with hym.

*For to make an hawke use all the seson, ffee othere leve,
et cetera.*

But if that he go to raveyn holde hit in eye then when he levith foly, and taketh that he shuld neygh him nere aud nere faire withoute any fray, then rewarde him ooner his foule as myche as he woll ete withoute brysing or brekyng his cleys, for that is good to do, and then thu myghtest mewe him, and therto use his crafte as thogh he flewe every day, and thus he moste he servyd when men levith hawkynge for a seson.

For to slee lise on hauke.

Take scapysagre, and sethe it in water, and when it is colde lete the hauke bathe her therin, and afterward he woll scheke oute all the lyse when he dryeth hym.

For hauke that hath lost his corage and luste.

An hauke that hath his corage, man may knowe if he take hede, for such is his manner when he caste to his foule he fleith awayward as thoght he knewe never that foule, other fleith a lytill while after, and anoon he yeldeth it up. Therefore take oyle of Spayne and temper it with clere wyne, with the yolke of an ege, and put therin beof, and yeve v. morcell to the hauke, then sette her in the sonne, and at yeve fede here with an hoote foule, and but if that avayle, rubbe his tonge, and the ruff of his mouth with powdere of sange, and when it draweth toward youe, fede hym with an hoote foule. And if thu do so iij. that hauke was never so jalyte and so luste afore as he shall be afterward and com to his corage ageyn.

• *For an hauke that traneyleth opon the teyne.*

An hauke that traveyleth upon the teyne. Man may knowe if he take hede, for suche is her maner that she wolde pante for abatyng then another doth, for in and if she shold fie a litell while almoste she wold lese her breth, whether she be high or lowe. Therefore take a quantite of rednesse of hasyll to powdere of rasne, and peper, and sumwhat of gyngere, and make therof in fresch grece, make iij. pelotys and holde the goshawke to the fire, and when he feleth the heet, make her swollow the iij. pelotys be strength, and knyt the beke fast that she caste not oute, and do so iij. tymes and of the teyn he is saved.

Another. Yeve here jus of rasne and jubarde onys or ij. and he shall be hoole.

For hawkes combered in here bowels.

If thu wylte wyte that thyn hawke be cobured in here bowels, at his eyen thu mayst perceve, for his eyen woll be derke, and ungladly, and her foundement woll defile her brael. Medicine very is to take the hawkes mete, and anoynt it in powder of canell, and yeve her, and she shal be hoole.

For wormys called anguilles.

Sech lassers quikke, and make her swollow hem and they schull dye. *Another peryd.* Take the jus of dragonce, and put full the gut of a capon thereof, and then kut it in gobetts, and departe it as the hawke may over swolowe it, and so put in his body, and knyt the beke for oute castyng.

For the stone.

Anoynt the hawke is erys with oyle of olyve and put in powdere of alym with an holow strawe.

Another. Yeve hym the jus of crysteg ladder and he shal be hoole.

For sekenesse of swellyng.

A wykked felonie is swolle of such maner coverte that no man may it hele, that the hawke schal not dye thus a man may help hit and somewhat his lyf lenght. The hawke wol be egre and glettens and on the seke side lennor where the sikenes light, and his fete woll be of colour of hony. Therfor take the roote of confurye and sugar eche like moch, and do seth it in a fresch grece with the thyrde part of hony, then draw it thorugh a feire cloth, and ofte yeve thy hawke, and he schall heele.

For hawke that woll sowre.

Take the jus of fenell, and yeve it her onys, or ij. and that shal be nyme her that pryd, and make her egre, whether sche be hieght other lowe.

For bleynes in hawke mouthe, called ffounches.

Of the founches it is drede for it is a noyous sekenes, and draweth hym to deth, and halte him streyte, for men seith that it comyth outte of coold, for coold doith hawkes grete disese, and makith flume fall outte of the vrayne, but if it have hastely help it wol stop his nare thralles; therfor take fenell, mariolle and kersounelich moch, and seth it and drawe it thorugh a clowte,

and otherewyles wasch his hedde therwith and do sum in the ruffe of his mouthe.

For bocches that groweth in the gewe.

Kut hem with a knyf and lete oute the quetor that thu findest therin, and afterwardes clese it clene with a silver spone, other els of tyn, and then fil the hoole full of poudere of arnement y-brent, and opon that poudere do a lytel lard reside, and so it wol away; and if it be in the foote, do the same as is sayd before.

For to make an hawke high of astate.

Take a quantite of pork, hony, and butter elech moch and purged grece, and do away the skyn, and do sethe togeder, and anoynt thy mete therin and fede hym, and but he encresse take the weng of an enede, fede him and kepe hym fro trauayle, and do so oft thogh the enede be never so fat, and if it passe fourtenyght that he be nat hight never nyl I melle.

For sekenes within the body of an hawke and it schew noght oute to help hym and he shal after leve long y-noght, and goode thereto ffor a scabbyd hawke.

Take old grece brymston and cinomome and cofye efere and anoynt the scabbe to the fire, and he schall be hole.

For methys that devorith the pennys of an hawk.

Take mellfoyle and stamp it, and take it, and put it in vinenegre, and menge thereto the torde of a gose, and lete all thys remayn togedere iij. dayes, then after take al togedere and put in a lynnyn cloth, and queyse out the jus, and anoynt the place that the pennys ben devored, and namly in the wynges, and in the tayle; then afterwardys make poudre of syndres and cast in the tayle iij. dayes, but not arewe but from to iij. daies.

For the coght.

Take pouder of bayes, and do it on flesch of a colouure, and if he have it ofte he woll hele.

For the cramp in hawkes legges.

Fede hym with an Irchyn, and but that avayle take the hote blode of a lambe, and anoynt his leggs unto the tyme he be hole.

For the cramp in hawkes wyng.

Take a white lof sumwhat cooldere then it comyth oute of the oven, and kut her almoste a too in the peth, and ley the hawks wyng therin, and of the cramp he is savyd.

For hawke that hath loste his clee.

A newe clee schall not growe, but take a mowse and open hym, and anoynt the place wher the clee fil of with the galle of a hog, and he schal be he hole.

For an hawk that castyth his flesch.

Geve hym the jus of cerfoille, other seth rasne in water and put his flesch therin when it boyleth et cetera.

For hawkes i-poysend.

Take a stone and make pouder of her, then take treacle and iij. greynes of peper, and yeve to the hawke, and kepe him ix. dayes after; ageyn take triacle and the greynes of peper and bren her to pouder and caste that pouder on hote mete and fede your hawk and he shal be delyveryd.

For an hawke that is bite of a beest.

Take the fethers away, and if it be but litel, with a rasure kut it, and anoynt it with hote butter. Then take olybanum rasine wax and talow and confye al thees to gedere, and anoynt the sore with this oynement tyl it be hole,

For dede flesch in a hawke.

Take alow and saxifrage, and make pouder and put on the sore, and he schal be hole.

How a penne that is brokyn schal be drawe oute withoute eny laboure.

Take the blode of a raton and caste abowte the penne that is broken, but be woll ware that it touche no hole penne, and anoon the hawk wol caste her oute. Then take hony soden, and make a pynne and lete it drop in the hole where the penne fil oute, and anon ther wyl a newe pen growe. And if a penne be broke in the cave take another penne like the same and sewe here with a nedyl there. The which thu schalt do better by experiance then thorgh the techyng of this boke, and in all poynts of hawkyng experiance is chef. If thu wilst that thyng hawke take an hare or a connyng bynde gesses in the both leggs, for then he schal take withoute hertyng. And be wel ware when an hawke hath bathed of venym that he taketh oute of his tayle with his beke, and anoynteth his cleys with and venemthyth himself and sleeth. Therfor as sone as he prouned hym, take that away fro his beke. Also if thy hawke skrylle or crye, other wyse then he ought, take and yeve his jeremyse with powder of peper. Also in the morow tyde when thou goyst oute to hawkyng, say *in nomine Domini volatilia celi*

erunt sub pedibus tuis. Also lest he be hurt of the hevron, say,
vicit leo de tribu Juda radix David, alleluia. Also if thy hawke
 be bitte of eny man say *Quem iniquus homo ligavit Dominus per
 adventum suum solvit.* A man may knowe by the ungladnesse
 after the chear that he maketh, but strong it is to knowe thing
 that a man may not se in what wyse the sickenesse holdeth
 hym, when mon wote here whereof it cometh. Therto thou
 shalt do suche madecyne ffeude her wel with an henn, and then
 make her faste ij. daies after to voydon his bowell, the iij. day
 take honey soden and fil his body full and bynde his beke for
 out castyng; then set her in the sonne, and when it drawith
 toward even fede her with a hoote foule, for so taght me my
 mayster, and if hele not therof loke never other medycyne.
 There is a sikenes in the entrayles of another kynde then this
 is, that is when hawke may not put over for the stoppyng of his
 entre, for if he holde not his mete and casteth it oute, that makith
 the fowle glette for surfete of fethers that men in the mew ye-
 veth hym; and afterwardes when he comyth to traveyle and is
 avoyde of the rever, then he is slow for to flee, and desireth for
 to reste, and when he is opon his perke he slepeth for to putt over
 at the entre, and the flesch that is in his gorge woll be over-
 soden if it be ther any while long holdyng, and when he is awakyd he assaith for to put over at the entre, and it is a cool-
 dyd by the glette that he hath gedered that it wol not be, and
 if he schuld ascape he moste put it over, other caste it other
 dye, and if he caste it he may be holpe therof. Take the yolke
 of an egge rawe, and when thu haste well beten it put thereto
 Spaynesch salte, and as moche hony therto; wete theron thy
 flesch and lete holde the hawke, but if he woll ete it wylfully
 and make hym over swolowe iij. morcell a day til he be hole.
Another. Take hony at the waynyng of the mone, and make
 powder of a kene metall verey smal and when it is well
 grownde take the brest bon of an enede, and do away the skyn,
 and do theron thy powder, and all hote with the powder fede
 hym, and do so iij. tymes and he schall hele.

For the goute.

Take and yeve an irchyn to youre hawke onys or twyes,
 and he schall hele.

For the mytes.

Take the jus of wermote, and do where where they been,
 and they schall dye.

For an hawke i-woundyd.

Take away the fethers about the wounde, and take the white
 of an egge and oyle of olyve and mediſ efere and anoynte the
 wounde, and kepe it with wlake wyn unto the tyme; then see

dede flesch to be wastyd, and after take encerce of clene wax, as moche of on as of a nother, an corfyte it in fere, and when thou wilt anoynt it, anoynt it with a penne tyl the tyme the skyn growe agayn; and if thou see dede flesch theron and woldyst it to be delyvryd, take letigres, and brenne it to pouder, and put opon the wounde till the dede flesch be consumyde, and there anoynt it with the oynement forsayd and he shal hele.

For the fevere and the hete.

Take and yeve hym the ins of mogworte onys or twyes. The signe is when an hawke hath the ffevere he holdeth down his hede, and his wynggs hongeth doun, and his fete woll be passyng hoote.

For the goute in the wyngis.

Take guy that groweth on the grounde and sethe it in water, and after stampe it and bynd by the sides aboue his wynges, and his wynges in the seyd water; putte then hoote vinegre, and spoute opon his wyngs and oyle of laure, and he woll hele.

For brekyng of a bone.

Iff ther be a bon broke take a hoote loff and bynde aboue on nyght. *Another.* Take a cokke torde soden in vinegre and do the same, and sanabitur.

For a legge or a thigh brokyn.

Take mastik and an oyntmente of the erth called olybanum serpentarie, and consolidam inmorem, and stampe al this togeder, and put in a lynnenn clooth, and wrap the leg other the thight in the sayd clooth, and clese oute the queter away with a penne, and lete it remayne there v. dayes and v. nyghtes, et cetera.

That a hawke be not putte in mewe.

If thu lovyste wel thi hawke put here not in mewe to late; for if it be a sore hawke put her in the month of February, and if it be a mewer put her in the month of January, for who so for covetyse of fleyng lessith the tyme of his hawkys mewing, and holdeth here lenger then afterwardys, he may put here in mewe as aventure wol yeve, for who so put hawke in mewe in the begynnyng of Lente, if he be fedde after here luste, he schall be mewyd in the begynnyng of Auguste. The mewe in this maner schal be sette that no fucher no volymare enter in another wynd ne grete colde nether it hit be hote, but that the party be turnyd toward the sunne, so that in the moste perte

of the day the sonne may shyne in ; then loke that he be not grevyd with no noyse, nother with song of man, but of his that fedeth him ; then ordeyn his fedyng stokke that it hurte hym not in no wyse, and loke that his mete be clene, for of yvell mets wol he non, ne suffre no reyn to wete be syrings of bathyng. She take no hunderyng of her mewyng.

The manere to put hawke in mewe.

Of on thyng be thu wel ware, if he have eny sikenes make thu hym hole or thou put him in, ffor as y understand seke hawke schal never wel mewe, and if he do, he schal not endure, but the while that he is grete and fat, for at the batyng of here astate she may nu lenger endure. Somtyme withoute eny medycyne many men devysiden how they myght hawkes mewe, for sum put her in high astate, and other when they were right lowe, and other when they were full, and other when they were lere, and som other desmerablich lene, and other that tooke no fors but as aventur wold yeve. Therefor ye schal myn avyse say, as y seyn and lernyd. Who so put goshawke sperhawke so hight that he may not higher ben, sche woll holde her long in that poynte or sche mewe or any for luce. And who so put her in mewe so lene, it wol be lenger or sche be remownted. And who so put her in mewe so hungri and so lene if sche have at here lust because of that hugur that sche hadde afore, she woll ete so moche that sche may be dede thereby, as it hath be seyn ofte tymes; but who so woll that his hawke in mewe endure, my councell is that she be nether to lowe nether in grete distresse of hunger, but in that state that sche wolde be lefft fleynge ; then take hede the firste dayes of to moche etyng unto the tyme sche be staunched ; then a man may take her suche mete as I schall telle hym.

How men schal fede here hawkes in mewe.

Suche mete as he hath moste usid, such mete fede hym with the firste viij. dayes and the viij. day ; yeve him briddes y-nowe, and lete her hem take, and plume on hom if she woll the which schall clelse well her bowell, and make here have a talente to hire mete; then afterwarde a man may yeve here what mete that he woll. But the moste flesch that woll make her mewe withoute any other medycyne is the flesch of an enede, a yonge swanne of a kome, and of a raton, so that it be not assawte under heven, it is beste mete to mewe an hawke; and a yonge gose if she have it hoote is full good, and bobetts of grete elys, y-wet in hote blood of moton, for the bobyn nexte the navyl of the ele maketh the hawke after sore age. These ben good to mewe hawke, and kede here in good poynte. Of

thees fleschys loke that she have good plente ech day, so that sche leve sum what uneton ; and what mete that it be, loke that she have such stuff that sche leve sumwhat uneton, and eche day loke that sche have a grete turfe, for she woll ligh theron and defile it with here mutyng, for it woll do here passing grete chere and grete refreshsing. Allso loke that she have every iij. day in sende til she begyn to mewe and afterwardes in water; then when sche is nyght to serme, the flesch of houndys hennys and af fat porke doth here grete good. But of all other fleschis after mewyng, the flesch of an hare oon mele or ij. is beste. And the flesch of a kowe sumwhat in water wasch, for that wol not hastelych benym here grece, ne put here in no grete feulyng for it durith sumwhat with here.

To mewe an hawke blyne.

Hastely to mewe an hawke I schall tell veray medecyne that thou schalt leve, if thou assay seche in woodes other in mares ; that thou have ij. snakes other edders that ben well better, and smyte of the heddes and the ende of the tayle ; then take a newe erthen potte that never was used, and kut hem into smale gobetts and put him therin, and lete strangelych seeth at greete laysere, so that there com oute therof ne breeth, and lete it seeth so longe that the flesch turned into grece, then caste it oute and do away the bonys and geder the grece, and put it in a clene wessett, and as ofte as ye fede your hawke anoynt her mete therein, and lete ete as moche as ye woll, and she shall sone mewe though it were in fleyng tyme. *Another.* Take an eddere, and stryke of the hedde and the tayle, and seeth whete with here, and fede hennes with the whete, and yeve the hennes to thy hawke, and he schal sone mewe.

Who so wolle that his mewe hawk mew not, ne lete falle noon his fethers.

Bere him on fiste al the yere longe, and take poudere of canell and the jus of panys and the jus of frankecoste and medill to gedere, and yef thy hawke am orcel ij. or iij. wette in the sayd jus and he wol not mew, and do so ofte.

Another. Take the skyn of a snake other of an edder that better worchith and kut it in to smale morcellys, and temper it in hoote blode, and make thy hawke often tymes ete, and she schal not mewe.

For to enseyme an hawke.

Allso loke that thyn hawke be ferme or thu drawest him oute, and when he is so, withdrawe his mete in the mewe sevennyghe

and wasch it eche tyme, and sumtyme with vinegre til he be enceymyd; for if he be drawe oute full of grece when he boteth on the fist, the grece wol breke and congeyle to colde, and roote the guttys that the hawke may not receyve no mete, and so he moste nedys deye; then afterdrawe him oute and yeve him blanket to caste, ech other nyght tyl the tyme he be enseymyd, and vinegre; also loke that he fle not tyl that he be clene enseymyd, whether he be mewyd other an eyas hawke; and yf thu wilst knowe whether he be enseymyd other no, take the castynge, and wryng it oute in a bason full of clene water, and if the water bubyll he is not clen enseymyd, and if he do not, he is enseymed.

Here endyth the booke of hawkynge after Prince Edwardre kyng of Englande.

ON FENCING WITH THE TWO HANDED SWORD.

From MS. Harl. 3542, of the fifteenth century.

The man that wol to the to hond swerd lere bothe close and clere,
 He most have a goode eye bothe fer and nere,
 And an in stop, and an owte stop, and an hawke quartere,
 A cantel, a doblet, an half for hys fere,
 Two rowndys an an halfe with a goode chere,
 Thys ys the ferst countere of the too hond swerd, sere.
 Bynde hem togedere and sey god spedē,
 Two quarters and a rownde a stop thou hym bede
 A rake with a spryng there thou hym abyde,
 Falle in with an hauke and stride noȝte to wyde,
 Smyte a rennyng quarter owte for hys syde,
 Fal apon hys harneys yf he wole abyde,
 Come in with a rake in every a syde,
 An hole rownde and an halfe wath so hit betyde,
 iiiij. quarters and a rownd and a ventures stroke wyth.
 Bere up hys harness and gete thou the gryth
 Dobyl up lyȝthy and do as y seye,
 Fal in with an hauke and bere a goode eye.
 A spryng and a rownde and stap in wyth,
 Spare noȝth an hauke yf he lye in thy kyth;
 Smyte a rennyng quarter sory owte of thy honde,
 Abyde apon a pendent and lese not thy londe
 Smyte in the lytfe foote and clene ryȝt dounē,
 Geder oute of thy ryȝte hond and smyte an hauke rounde,

Fresly smyte thy strokis by dene,
 And hold wel thy lond that hyt may be sene.
 Thy rakys, thy rowndis, thy quarters abowte,
 Thy stoppis, thy foynys, lete hem fast rowte.
 Thy spryngys, thy quarters, thy rabetis also,
 Bere a goode eye and lete thy hond go.
 Fy on a false hert that dar not abyde,
 Wen he seyth roundys and rakys rennyng by his side.
 He not hastily for a lytil pryd.
 For lytil wote thy adversary wath hym shal betide.
 Lete strokys fast folowe after hys honde,
 And hauk rounde with a stop and stil that thou stond,
 Greve not gretly thou be tochyd a lyte,
 For an after stroke ys better yf thou dar hym smyte.
 A gode rounde with an hauke and smyte ryȝt doune,
 Gedyr up a doblet and spare not hys croune.
 With a rownde and a rake abyde at a bay,
 With a rennyng quarter sette hym oute of his way.
 Thys buthe the letters that stondyn in hys syȝte;
 To teche or to play or ellys for to fyȝte;
 These buthe the strokys of thy hole grounde,
 For hurte or for dynte or ellys for depys wonde.

Hull.-----
ALCHEMICAL VERSES.

From MS. Harl. 2407, fol. 90, v°, of the fifteenth century.

Ther ys a bodi of a bodi,
 And a soule and a spryte,
 Wyth ij. bodies most be knete.
 Ther bethe ij. erthys, as I the tele,
 And ij. watres wyth hem to dwele ;
 The ton ys whyȝt, the tother ys red,
 To queke the bodies that ben ded.
 And j. fyre in nature I hede,
 And j. ayre wyth hem doþ the ded ;
 And al hyt cometh owte of on kynd,—
 Marke thys wel man in thy mynd.

Hull.

FRAGMENT OF A POEM ON FALCONRY.

In French, from two leaves on vellum, written in double columns at the beginning of the fifteenth century. They appear to have been pasted to the cover of a book, and only the verso of the first leaf and the recto of the second are legible.

* * * * *

fol. 1, v° Qu'il convient que à pié se soit mis
 Et quant le senglier le choisi,
 Tellement de bairez parti,
 Qu'il n'est home si voit tel depart
 Que il ne vousist estre autre part;
 Et cellui qui estoit à pié
 En mains tint un fort espié,
 Si le fery emmi l'escu.
 Mais sachez n'eust pas vescu
 Longuement, si comme je croy,
 Combien qu'il fust ou prince ou roy,
 Se trois levriers qui là sourvindrent,
 Qui le senglier aux nachez prindrent,
 Ne fussent adoncques venu;
 Mais bien tost leur est mal venu,
 Car des .ij. les .ij. en tua,
 Et le tiers du tout affola,
 Puis s'en ala par la champaigne.
 N'y a cellui qui ne le craigne;
 Car .ij. hommes a affolés,
 Et si a leurs levriers tuez,
 Et puis si s'en ala sans perdre,
 Car à lui nul n'osoit aherdre.
 Mais encor se affaire l'avoie,
 Plus volenters me combatroye
 A un senglier bien enarmé
 Qu'à un grant cerf bien escauffé.
 Dictes quant on se veult esbatre,
 Est-ce plaisir de se combattre
 Et faire ses membres trencher
 A un serf ou à un senglier?
 Avoir paour, peril, et paine?
 N'est-ce mie chose grevaine?
 Certes si est que que nul die;
 Mais s'il est qui le contredie,
 Que les maulx ne faille endurer
 Que cy m'aves ouï nommer,
 A ceulx qui deduit de chienz aiment,

Et qui maistre et seignur se clament;
 Je sui prest de le mettre por voir:
 Mais il est trop bon assavoir,

vol. 2. Que deduit d' oiseaulx, monseigneur,
 Est sans mal en boute greigneur;
 Car donne proffit et plaisance
 Et bien honneste sans grevance,
 * A tous ceulx qui l'aimera . . .
 Et qui loyalment le deservaint,
 Trop plus grandement . . . pe fais
 Deduit de chiens o . . u . . p . . se defait
 Maint vaillant homme a seignourie;
 Si vueil à mon propos se mie,
 Et monsieur *voul* presentement
 Ce que j'ai dit, vecy comment.
 Je commencheray aux segnieurs,
 Car devés leur sont honneurs;
 En traictant tout premierement
 Des faucons, car clayment
 De tous autres oiscaulx co . . nt,
 Ceulx qui plus grant *plaisance* font.
 Le roy qui *tint* les faucons,
 Pour ce en . . . à beaux et à bons;
 Dit à ses queus qui veult aler
 De main à ses oyseaulx voler,
 Si les mettront à bien apoint,
 Que de deffault n'y aura point.
 Il s'est tresbien matin levé,
 Car il fait temps tout à son gré;
 Et quant il ot sa messe oy,
 Trop grandement s'est resjoy
 D'un faucon on li a donné,
 Duquel se tient tresbien paié,
 Car il est si bon et si bel,
 Que l'en ne trouverroit nul tel.
 Si vous vueil deviser la taille
 De ce faucon royal sans faille
Vecy la devise d'un bel faucon.
 Le faucon est sor et ramage,
 Sain et entier, de gros plumage,
 De large siege bas assis;
 Plus bel en est à mon devis,

Some of the lines in the upper part of this column are very indistinct, a few letters are quite lost, and those which are here put in italics are not *by* certain.

Pié de buctor à se me semble,
 Longue et bien coulourée cengle,
 Et le talon et le charnier ;
 Le petit doy scet bien croisier ;
 Les ongles noir comme corbeau,
 De quoy il a le pié plus beau ;
 Jambe courte et un poy grossette ;
 Cuisse de faisant rondelette ;
 Et si a si large la met ,
 Que poy y pert ce qu'il y met ;
 Gros bec dont la cire resamble
 De couleur à la dicte cengle ;
 Grans narinez, hardi visage ,
 A maniere d'aigle sauvage ;
 Grosses espaulez et long vol ;
 Et fait la bosse sur le col ;
 Grosse queue faucon revers ;
 N'est pas de plumage divers ,
 Car est de blanchez plumes lées ,
 De vermeil apoint coulourées ;
 Et si l'a nature parti ,
 Tellement qu'il est bien parti ;
 N'est pas si grant comme .j. gerfaut ,
 Mais sachiés que petit s'en faut .
 Si a le roy si grant plaisir
 A le regarder et tenir ,
 Que je croy qu'il n'est nul avoir
 Que voulsist du faucon avoir .
 Si vous pri que nous regardon ,
 Se on devroit donner tel faucon
 Pour ce blanc levrier desguisé ;
 Il dit qu'il a queue de rat ,
 Groing de poisson et pié de chat ;
 Et ne mentent en ceste chose ,
 En ce texte fault avoir glose ,
 Car messeant chose seroit
 A tout levrier qui porteroit
 Queue de rat et pié de chat ,
 Ce seroit tresmauvès achat .
 Mais le faucon qu'ay devisé ,
 Ne peut estre trop achetté ,

col. 2. Mesmement quant le roy de France ,
 Il peut prendre si grant plaisirance ,
 Ora le faucon sur le poing ,
 De tel maistre avoit bien besoing ;

Car il sera bien gouverné;
 Le roy ou cheval est monté,
 Si regarde ses fauconniers,
 Qui ont oiseaulz sors et muyers,
 Et de blans en de bis gerfaus,
 Bien out .xxx. piecez d'oiseaulx.
 Sy a le roy grant joie eu
 De ce que ilequez a veu.
 Là est le maistre fauconnier,
 Qui est un gentil chevalier
 Si vont des oiseaulx devisant
 Le roy et lui et ordinant
 Lesqueulx ensemble voleront,
 Et quant les grues trouveront;
 Si voleront de leurs faucrons,
 Ou de .j. gerfaus qu'il out si bonz,
 Voirs est qui sont à leur devis,
 De rivierez en bon paiz,
 Et de mache et d'estanceaux,
 Ou feront voler leurs oiseaulx.
 A la riviere son venu,
 Et li blondes et li chanu;
 Mais la route long demoura
 An trait d'un arc ou prez de la,
 Ne nul o soy son chien menoit,
 Fors trois ou quartre que on tenoit.
 L'un des fauconniers dit au roy,
 Sire, je vous di bien et vray,
 Que j'ay trouvé de bons oiseaulx ;
 Il sont là près de ces ruissiaux.
 Ce n'est pas cerf à destourner,
 Qu'il convient tousdiz doubter.
 Le roy un bien petit soubzrit
 De ce que le fauconnier dit.
 Le maistre fauconnier tenoit
 Un faucon pui si bien voloit.

* * * *

Wrt.

PROVERBS.

From MS. Harl. 3098, fol. 1, r^o, of the fifteenth century.

Do mon for thiselfe,
Wyl thou art alyve;
For he that dose after thu dethe,
God let him never thryve. *Quod Tucket.*

Da tua, dum tua sunt. Post mortem, tunc tua non sunt.

Wsyne mon if thou art, of thi god
Take part or thou hense wynde;
For if thou leve thi part in thi secaturs ward,
Thi part non part at last end.

Too secuturs and an overseere make thre theves.

Hill.

HISTORICAL NOTICES.

Selected from MS. Hale, 73, in the library of Lincoln's Inn, of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

Anno m. cccc. xj. Johannes Badby hereticus erat ignitus, qui dixit sacramentum altarum non esse corpus Domini.

Anno m. cccc. xlivij. Edwardus, filius Henrici sexti, natus erat in festo sancti Edwardi.

Anno m. cccc. lxxxvij. Hoc anno Edwardus princeps et Ricardus frater ejus perierunt xxij. die mensis Junii. Iste Edwardus nunquam fuit coronatus, licet regnabat post patrem suum, ut dictum est, in anno precedenti ij. mensibus et xvij. diebus, et sœpelitur apud turrim Londoniæ, anno ætatis suæ xij.

Anno m. cccc. lxxxvij. Anna Regina obiit veneno urgente.

Anno m. cccc. xcij. Hoc anno, septimo die mensis Novembris, cecidit de sub firmamento lapis ingens tonitrualis in ducatu Austrych, qui ponderabat cc. xl. libros, de quo quidam philosophus compositus quadraginta versus.

Anno m. cccc. xcix. Hoc anno homo quidam nominavit se Parkyn Warbecke, qui propter rebellionem suam erat decollatus. Eodem anno dux de Clarence, alias vocatus comes de Warwycke, puer eligans, erat occisus in turri de Londonia xxvij. die Novembris. Sunt quidam aulici qui dicunt istum Parkyn non decollatum fuisse, sed suspensum apud Tyburne

cum magistro suo qui erudebat dictum Parkyn in omnibus
languagiis.

When qwene Anne was crownyd,
Sir John Dygby was beryed.
A m. d. iij. and thrytty,
Was the date of our Lord I say trewly.

Hull.

CHARMS.

From MS. Sloan. 88, of the fifteenth century.

A charm for the blody flyxe.

In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti, amen! Stabat Jhesus contra flumen Jordanus et posuit pedem suum et dixit, " Sancta aqua per Deum." Te conjuro, Longius miles, lacus Domini nostri Jeshu Christi, lancea perforavit et continuo exivit sanguis et aqua sanguis redempcionis, aqua baptismatis. In nomine Patris, cessit sanguis! In nomine Filii, recessit sanguis! In nomine Spiritus Sancti non exeat sanguis gutta ab hoc famulo Dei N., sicut credimus quod sancta Maria vera mater est et verum infantem genuit Christum, sic retineantur vene quam plene sunt sanguine; sic restat sanguis sicut resticit Jordanus quem Christus in eo baptizatus fuerat. In nomine Patris et Filii, &c.

A charme to staunche bloode, in Englysche.

Jeshu that was in Bedeleme bore, and baptyste in flom Jorden, and stynte the water on the stone, stynte the blode of this man N., thy servaunt, thorouze the vertu of thy holy name, Jeshu, and thy cosen swete seynte John. And say thes charme v. tymes with v. pater noster, iij. the worsshyppe of the v. woundes.

Hull.

PROVERBS.

From MS. Douce, 15, and MS. Harl. 629, of the fifteenth century

Pees maketh plenté,
Plenté maketh pride,
Pride maketh plee,
Plee maketh poverté,
Povert maketh pees.

And therefore, grace growth after governaunce.

From MS. Harl. 4294, of the fifteenth century.

Man, remember thy end,
And thou shalt never be shend.

From MS. Rawl. Oxon. Poet. 32, of the fifteenth century.

A yong man a rewler, recheles ;
A olde man a lechowr, loweles ;
A pore man a waster, haveles ;
A riche man a thefe, nedeles ;
A womman a rebawde, shameles.
Thes v. shalle never thrif blameles.

From MS. Harl. 2252, of the fifteenth century.

He that spendes myche and getythe nowghte,
And owith myche aud hathe nowghte,
And lokys in hys purse and fynde nowghte,
He may be sory, thowe he seythe nowghte.

From MS. Harl. 116, of the fifteenth century.

He that hath a good neyghboure hath a good morowe ;
He that hath a schrewyd wyfe hath much sorowe ;
He that fast spendyth must nede borowe ;
But whan he schal paye aȝen, then ys al the sorowe.
Kype and save, and thou schalle have ;
Frest and leve, and thou schall crave ;
Walow and wast, and thou schalle want.
I made of my frend my foo,
I will beware I do no more soo.

Hull.

A NAVAL ANECDOTE.

From a manuscript in a private library, of the time of Queen Elizabeth.

I have heard a merie report. Shippes of sundry nations lying in a harbour in faire weather, the yong mariners were climing and shewing feates of activitie, one of one nation to outbragge the other. At length a nimble yonker gettethe him to the very toppe of the formaste, and raysing himselfe bolt uprighte, turned round upon his foote without any staye, chalenging his antagonist, or any of the nation to do the like. His antagonist presentley undertaketh the chalendge, but havinge turned scarce halfe about, fell downe, and (as God would) in his tumbling by good hap caught hold of the shrowdes ; and as soone as ever he had a little recovered his spirits, being

halfe dead for feare, yet set a boulde countenance on the matter ;
and he also agayne with a loude voyce dared his adversarie or
any other of that nation to doe the like ; as though that which
befell him by his errorre, he had done of verey purpose.

Hull.

THE SUMMONING OF TEROUANE.

From MS. Arund. 26, fol. 55, v°.

*The Sommacion of the cytie of Terevan, made the xxv. day
of June the vth. yere of our soverain lord king Henry the eight,
to the captain and the inhabitantz of the sayd cytie, by Blew-
mantell Pursevaunt.*

My lordys and other the inhabitantz of this cytie, my lord
the lieutenant-general of the forewarde and army of the right
high, right mighty, and most excellent prince the king of
Fraunce and of Englond, my soverain lord beyng here bye
hathe commaundyd me to somon you to yelde up this thys toune
that ye holde, and that within xxiiij. howres after this my
summacion; and yf ye so do, ye schal have your liffs and goods
savyd; and in case that ye refuse soo to do, and yff he take
hit by stronge hande and armye, he shall do all to be put to fyre
and blode, and upon that take avisement. And I desyre you
to make me an aunswere of youre wille and intencyon as touch-
ing the same.

The capitaneys names of the sayd cytie of Terevan,

The Lord Pont Deremy, capeteyn generall.	} M ^d iiiij. m ^l The Seneshall of Rouvergne. The Lord of Sargus. The Lord of Bournoville.

Wrt.

RECEIPTS FOR GUM AND INK.

From a manuscript written in the year 1511, in the possession of C. W.
Loscombe, Esq.

To make good gome for ynke.

Take the whyte of oxeyron and make clere gleyr therof, and
take the bladder of an oxe, a cowe, or a swyne, that ys new,
and put theryn all the gleyre, and knett fast the bladder, and
hang hyt yn the sone, or yn the smoke, xl. dayes ; then hast
thou good gome to serve for all maner enkys and for bokys.

To make texte ynke.

Take ij. unces of grene vitriole, and cast hym together yn a quarte of standyng rayne water, and lett yt rest iiiij. dayes, and then take iij. unces of gome, and put therto, and lett yt stond iij. dayes together and rest, and thru thou hast good ynke for texte letter.

To make gome water.

Take a vessell with water and do yn gome, and lett yt stond tyll hyt be all lyquyde, and yf thou have a quarte water, take a quarte of gome, and then straye yt thorow a clothe, and then put yn a glas and kepe ytt.

Hill.

A TREATISE ON THE LENGTH OF THE DAYS IN THE YEAR.

From MS. Harl. 941, of the fifteenth century.

Thys tretis was made at Oxynforde be the New Kalendere and proved in all the Universyty.

The xij. day of December ys the shortest day of the yere, for the son aryseth a quarter of an owre after viij. and goth downe iij. quarters after iij., and so that day ys viij. owres and a halfe longe, fro the son arysse tyl the son goe downe.

Fowre wekes and vj. dayes after the foresayd xij. dayes, the day encresyth an owre. And so the xv. day of Januare, the son aryseth iij. quarteres off an owre after viij., and goth downe a quartere after iij. And so the xv. day is viij. owres and half long.

Two wekes and iij. dayes after the forsayd xv. days, the day encresyth an owre. And so the fyrst day of Februare, the son aryseth a quartere after viij., and goth downe iij. quarteres after iij. And so that forsayd day ys ix. owres and halfe long.

Two wekes and ij. days after the forsayd fyrst day, the son encresyth an owre. And so the xvij. day of Februare the son aryseth iij. quarteres after vj., and so the xvij. day ys x. owres and half longe.

Two wekes and on day after the forsaid xxij. day, the day encresyth an owre; and so the fourt day of Marche, the son arysyth a quartere after vj. and goth downe iij. quarteres after v., and so the fourt day ys xj. owres and half longe.

Saynt Gorgys day ys the xij. day of the monyth; the son aryseth at vj. and gooth downe at vj., and so the day ys xij. owres longe.

Two wekes and a day after the forsayd iiiij. day, the day enkresyth an owre. And so the xix. day of marche, the son aryseth iij. quarteres after v., and goth down a quarter after vij. And so the xix. day ys xij. owres longe and half.

Two wekes and ij. dayes after the forsayd thrydde, day the day enkreseth an owre ; and so the xix. day of April, the sonne aryseth iij. quarteres after iiiij., and gooth downe a quartere after viij. And so the xix. day ys xiiiij. owres longe and half, fro son to son.

Two wekes and iiiij. daes after the sayd xix. day, the day enkreseth an owre. And so the viij. day of May, the son aryseth a quarter after iiiij., and goeth downe iij. quarteres after vij., and so the viij. day ys xv. owres longe and half.

Five wekes and j. days after the forsayd sevynt day, the day enkreseth an owre ; and so the twelf day of June, the son aryseth iij. quarteres after iiiij., and goth downe a quartere after viij., and so the xij. day of June ys the longyst in the yere, for he ys xvij. owres and halfe longe.

Thre wekes and v. daes after the xij. day of June, the day decreseth half an owre ; and so the viij. day of July, the son aryseth att iiiij. and goth downe at viij., and so ye viij. day of July ys xvij. owres longe.

Two wekes and iij. dayes after the forsayd xix. daes, the day decreseth an owre ; and so the vj. day of August, the son arysyth iij. quarteres after iiiij., and goth down a quartere after vij., and so the vj. day ys xiiiij. owres longe and half.

Two wekes and on day after the forsayd vj. day, the day decreseth an owre ; and so the xix. day of August, the son aryseth a quartere after v., and goth downe iij. quarteres after vij. And so the xxij. day of August ys xiiij. owres and half longe.

Two wekes and ij. daes after the forsayd xxij. day, the day decreseth an owre, and so the vj. day of September, the son aryseth iij. quarteres after v., and goth down a quartere after vij. And so the vj. day ys xij. owres and half long.

The holi-rode day ys the xiiiij. day. The son ariseth at vj., and goeth downe at vj.

Two wekes and a day after the forsayd vj. day of September, the day dekreseth an owre ; and so the xvij. day of September, the son aryseth a quartere after vj. and goth down iij. quarteres afstre v. And so the xxij. day ys xj. oures and half longe.

Two wekes and a day after the forsayd xxij. day, the day decresith an oure ; and so the vj. day of October, the son aryseth iij. quarteres after v., and goth down iij. quarteres after iiiij. And so the vj. day ys x. owres and half longe.

Two wekes and ij. days after the forsayd xxij. day, the day decreseth an owre ; and so the viij. day of November, the son aryseth iij. quarteres after viij., and goth down a quarter after iij. And so the viij. day ys viij. oure and half longe.

Fowre weke and v. daes after the forsayd viij. daes, the day decreseth an oure ; and so the xij. day of December ys the shortest day in the yere, for the son aryseth a quater after viij., and goth downe iij. quarteres after iij. And so that day ys viij. oures and half longe.

HULL.

ÆSOP'S FABLE
OF
THE TOWN AND COUNTRY MICE.

We have been favoured by Mr. George Burges, with an original version of this fable from a MS. of the thirteenth century, in the British Museum. The principal peculiarity of the present version is, that it is stated in what manner the two mice became acquainted. Mr. Burges is inclined to think that it is taken from a much older copy, and agreed closely with the original Greek, although it would appear that Horace, when he put this fable into Latin hexameters, could not have had the use of one so perfect as the present. We take the opportunity of expressing a hope that Mr. Burges will some day present to the learned world the result of his researches on Æsop's Fables, the extent and value of which have long been known in literary circles.

[MS. Bib. Reg. 15 A. vii.]

Mus quidam de villa sua in qua natus et educatus fuit, ad aliam transire voluit. Movit igitur iter facili pede; sed longa via fessus ad nemus forte pervenit, et dum procedere non posset, sub arbore resedit anxius, quia nec ire potuit, nec, quorum ire debuit scivit. Dum ergo sedens sic sollicitus, viso forte parvo foramine in arboris radice, illuc subintravit, securam ibi noctem cupiens ducere. Erat autem in illo mus silvestris habitator et hospes; qui murem peregrinum statim salutavit et benigne eum suscepit. Ille ergo de generis socio gavisus cum eo resedit, et de substantia sua et vita interrogare cepit, et si quid boni sibi facere posset, inquisivit. Cui mus nemoris respondit, omnibus se habundare dicens, quæ muribus possunt esse necessaria; libenter vellet eum tenere secum, quamdiu velit, et, si hyemare velit, ibi tota familia sibi præberet obsequium; et dixit se tria sextaria victum alium (*sic*) contraxisse ad hyemen, unum boni ordei, aliud nucis, tertium glandis et aquæ copiam. Placuit igitur fesso muri inventa

humanitas, placuit sibi etiam inventa societas, et oblatum comodum acceptavit. Contigit autem ut ipse uno die de foraminis angustia querulosus fieri, et cibaria minus saporosa diceret. Cui, cum sic loqueretur, alter mus benigne respondit et ait;— “ Iste cibus mihi bonus videtur et sapidus, sed hoc facit usus:” at ait mus urbanus, “ si villam mecum adire velles et mea gustare cibaria, ni fallor, nunquam amplius ad ista redire curabis. Et mus nemoris dixit, “ placet utique vobiscum vadere, et videam bona vestra, quæ, si talia sunt ut dicitis, ad ista redire non curabo.” Summo igitur mane facto viam aggressi sunt, et in meridie ad villam venerunt. Mus igitur ille precursor viam ducit; habuit ad horrea, ad molendinum, ad cellaria, ad granaria; et ait illi, “ Hæc omnia ad me spectant, et aperta sunt nostræ voluntati, et quærerit ab eo quid sibi de istis videatur, et qualiter placeant sibi, respectu illorum quæ sunt in nemore:” et ille respondit, nullam esse comparationem istorum ad illa: his itaque factis, in granario hospitium locaverunt et pinguia fecerunt convivia. Mus ergo ruris in ferculis delectatus, per Telum juravit et superos se nolle plus redire ad nemus et ad macram nemoris dietam. Itaque cum sic epulantur et gaudent, contigit dominum domus adesse, et, reserato granario, intrare. Cujus ad introitum, facta est confusio labiorum et mures fugere videres. Mus ergo extraneus, angulorum ignarus quo fugeret, vel ubi lateret non invenit; novissime vero tota domo pererrato, in rimulam se contraxit angustam. Post moram autem, viro regresso, mures ad epulas redierunt et ad tabulas. Sed hospes adhuc trepidus tristis sedit, et sine verbo. Cui mus domus ait, “ quare sodalis, curita sedes ad prandia tristis, et turbaris.” Ille respondit, “ quia mihi cum cibis et gaudio, cum jam mors sit in hostio.” Et aliter dixit, “ Quomodo ergo ita cito est mutatus tuus animus, qui prius bona villæ tantum commendasti:” at ille respondit, “ Vos vestra bona monstrasti mihi et mala insinuare noluistis, unde et ego secure putavi vixisse. Sed modo video pericula vestra et multiplices malorum causas homines esse, et laqueos timere debetis, et mustelam hostem habetis; catti quoque præcipue cavendæ sunt insidiae quæ vobis si in manus incidentis. Sit ergo bona vestra vobis simul et mala habere, quæ natura concessit, mihi vero commoda multa dedit natura nec magna mala contulit; unde si mihi foramen meum redditur vobis vestra granaria in perpetuum relinqu. Melior est paupertas quieta et libera, quam periculosæ divitiæ et mavis gloria.

**A POEM AGAINST THE FRIARS AND THEIR
MIRACLE-PLAYS.**

From MS. Cotton. Cleop. B. ii., of the fifteenth century. This curious poem was kindly pointed out to us by John Bruce, Esq.

Of these frer mynours me thenkes moch wonder,
That waxen are thus hauteyn, that somtyme weren under;
Amonges men of holy chirch, thai maken mochel blonder;
Nou he that syees us above, make ham sone to sonder!
With an I. and an O. thai praysen not Seynt Poule,
Thai lyen on Seyn Fraunceys by my fader soule!

First thai gabben on God that alle men may se,
When thai hangen him on hegh on a grene tre,
With leves and with blossemes that bright are of ble,
That was never Goddes son by my lenté.
With an O. and an I. men weven that thai wede,
To carpe so of clergy, thai cannot thair cred.

Thai have done him on a croys fer up in the skye,
And festned on him wyenges as he shuld flie,
This fals feyned byleve shal thai soure bye,
On that lovelych lord, so for to lye.
With an O. and an I. one sayd ful stille,
Armachan distroy ham, if it is Goddes wille.

Ther comes one out of the skye in a grey goun,
As it were an hoghyerd hyand to toun,
Thai have mo Goddes than we, I say by Mahoun,
Alle men under ham, that ever beres croun.
With an O. and an I. why shuld thai not be shent,
Ther wantes noght bot a fyre that thai nere alle brent.

Went I forther on my way in that same tyde,
Ther I sawe a frere blede in myddes of his syde,
Bothe in hondes and in fete had he woundes wyde,
To serve to that same frer, the Pope mot abyde.
With an O. and an I., I wonder of thes dedes,
To se a pope holde a dische whyl the frer bledes.

A cart was made al of fyre, as it shuld be,
A grey frer I sawe therinne, that best lyked me;
Wele I wote thai shall be brent by my leauté,
God graunt me that grace that I may it se.
With an O. or an I. brent be thai alle,
And alle that helpes therto faire mot byfalle.

Thai preche alle of povert, bot that love thai noght,
 For gode mete to thair mouthe the toun is thurgh soght,
 Wyde are thair wonnynges and wonderfully wroght,
 Murdre and horehamme ful dere has it boght.

With an O. and an I , For sexe pens er thai fayle,
 Sle thi fadre and jape thi modre, and thai wyl the assaile.

Hull.

WHAT IF A DAY OR A NIGHT OR AN HOUR.

The following early version of the two first stanzas of this popular song is taken from Sanderson's Diary in the British Museum, MS. Lansd. 241, fol. 49. See Chappell's National Airs.

What if a day or a night or an ower,
 Crowne thy desires with a thowsand night contentinges,
 Cannott the chaunge of a night or an howre,
 Crosse thy delights with a thowsand sad tormentinges ?
 Fortune, honore, bewtie, youth ar but blossoms dienge ;
 Wanton pleasure, dotinge love, ar but shadowes flienge :
 All our joyes are but toyes, idle thoughts dreaminge ;
 None hath power of one hower in thier lives bereavinge. *See val II, 1.*

Earth is but a poynt to the wourld, and a man
 Is but a poynt to the wourldes compared center ;
 Shale then a poynt of a poynt be so vaine,
 As to triumph in a silly poyntes adventure ?
 All is hasard that we have, ther is nothinge bidinge ;
 Dayes of pleasure ar like streams throughhe faire medowes glid-
 inge.
 Weale or woe, time doth goe, in time no retorninge,
 Secrete fates guyde our states, both in mirth and mourninge. *Vincent*

Hull.

A METRICAL PROVERB.

From MS. Cotton. Vespas. A. xxv.

After droght commy whole rayne ;
 After plesur commethe Payne ;
 But yet it contynyth nyt so.
 For after rayne,
 Commynth drought agayne,
 And joye after Payne and woo.

RECEIPTS, &c.

From MS. Sloan. 4, a volume of medical collectanea of the fifteenth century, by William Wyreestre.

For to take alle maner of byrdys. Take whete or other corne, and take juse of dwale and menche the corne theryn; and ley yt ther the byrdes hawnten, and wher they have eten therof, they shalle slepe that ye may take them with youre handes.

For to take fysche with thy handys.—Take groundis walle that ys senchion, and hold yt yn thi handes, yn the water, and alle fysche wylle gaddar theretoo.

For to melt steyll.—Take coporose and salt-peter and put yn a styllatory of glasse, and stoppe the glasse that the eyre go not owt; and the fyrst water ys nowght, but the second ys good and wyll melt steyll, I warrant yow.

Aqua vitæ secundum fratrem Johannem Wellys, ordinis minorum conventus Bryggewater.—Recipe herbam vocam *warmot*, the tendernesse of bay trees, radyshe redesenelle, merch cerfoyle, sowthernwod rewe an hanfull, pellyole ryalle, mawron calamynt, redemyntes, pullyolle monteyn, mousehere, ocabyons. I lyche moche an hanfull and a half lyverwort mayden here. Y lyche moche ij. hanfulle souththyfelle, iiij. handfulle hertystrong, &c.

There he but ij. metallys and v. colours yn all blasyng of armes, that ys to say; sylver and gold metalles; sabylls, aser, gowles, synaper, and vertecolers.

Is thy pott enty, Colelent? Is gote eate yvy.
Mare eate ootys. Is thy cocke lyke owrs?

Hull.

A DRINKING SONG.

From MS. Cotton. Vespas. A. xxv., of the time of Henry the eighth.

Fyll the cuppe, Phylype, and let us drynke a drame
Ons or twyse abowte the howse, and leave where we began.
I drynke to yow, sweteharte, soo muche as here is in,
Desyeringe yow to followe me and doo as I begin.

And yf yow wille not pledge,
Yow shalle bere the blame;
I drynke to yow with all my harte,
Yf yow will pledge me the same.

Hull.

BURLESQUE RECEIPT.

From the “Academy of Compliments,” 12mo. Lond. 1671. We insert it here as a modern version of a similar burlesque printed at p. 250.

Take nine pound of thunder, six legs of a swan,
 The wool of a frog,
 The juice of a log,
 Well parboil’d together in the skin of a hog,
 With the egg of a moon-calf, if get it you can.
 The love of false harlots,
 The faith of false varlets,
 With the truth of decoys, that walk in their scarlets,
 And the feathers of a lobster well fry’d in a pan;
 Nine drops of rain,
 Brought hither from Spain,
 With the blast of a bellows quite over the main;
 With eight quarts of brimston, brew’d in a beer can;
 Six pottles of lard,
 Squeezed from a rock hard,
 With nine turkey eggs, each as long as a yard;
 With a pudding of hail stones well bak’d in a pan:
 These med’cines are good,
 And approved have stood,
 Well tempered together with a pottle of blood,
 Squeez’d from a grasshopper and the nail of a swan.

Hull.

PROPERTIES OF WINE.

From MS. Addit. 10106, of the fifteenth century.

Wyne of natur propurtees hath nyne,
 Comfortithe courage and clarifieth sighte,
 Gladith the hert, licour moost dyvyne!
 Helithe the stomake of his naturelle myghte.
 Licour of licours! at festes makinthe men lighte,
 Clensithe woondes, engendrithe gentil blode,
 Scowrithe the palet and feble heedis makinthe wode.

Hull.

BALLADS.

From MS. Bib. Reg. 12 B. I. fol. 160, in the handwriting of Ben Jonson.

Melancholy. *To the tune of the ladies' fall.*

Alack ! my very heart could bleed,
With sorrow for thy sake,
For sure a more undoubted knight,
Mischance did never take.

Mirth. *To the tune of Salming's round.*

There was a mad lad had an acre of ground,
And hee sold itt for five pounds ;
Hee went to the taverne and drank itt all out,
Unless itt were one halfe-crowne.

And as he went thence,
Hee mett with a wench,
And ask't her if she were willing,
To go to the taverne,
And spend eighteene pence,
And kiss for the t'other odd shilling.

Hull.

AN APOLOGY FOR ENGLISH GLUTTONY.

From MS. Harl. 2252, fol. 84, v°, of the time of Henry VIII.

There was a merchaunt of Ynglond whyche awenturyd unto ferre contres. When he had byn a monyth or more, there dwellyd a grete lorde of that contre whyche badd this Englysse merchaunte to dener. And when they were at dyner, the lord bad hym prophesyas or myche good do hyt hym, and he sayd he mervaylyd that he ete no better hys mete. And he sayd that Englysshemen ar callyd the grettyste fedours in the worlde, and one man wolde ete more then vj. of another nacyoun, and more vetelles spend then in ony regiou. And then the Englyssh merchaunte anssweryd and sayd to the lorde that hyt was so, and for iij. reasonable cawsys that they were servyd with grete plenty of veteyll ; one was for love, another for phesyeke, and the thyrde for drede. Syr, as towchyn for love, we use to have mony dyvers metys for owr frendes and kynnesfolke, some lovythe one maner of mete and

some another, beawse every man shulde be contente. The second cawse ys for phesyke, for dyvers maladyes that men have some wyll ete one mete and some another, because every man shold be pleasyd. The thyrde cause is for drede; we have so grete abowndance and plente in ower realme, yf that we shulde not kyll and dystroye them, they wolde dystroy and devoure us, bothe beste and fowles.

Hull.

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